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THE LAST SENTINEL
OF CASTLE HILL

A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY

BY

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DEDICATED TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE
NEWFOUNDLAND BRIGADE

To the soldiers of the Newfoundland regiments: the men whose courage and patriotism arose undaunted at the first clash of danger to the British Empire: the men who are fighting for the highest principles of human liberty: to the men of Newfoundland who, in conjunction with the brave soldiers of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and with our gallant Allies, are proving their heroic mettle in the bloodstained trenches of battle-stormed Europe: to these Newfoundlanders and to all such Newfoundlanders as uphold the honour of their native country whether on sea or land—in peace or war—this humble volume is respectfully dedicated by the Author—

JOHN A. O'REILLY.

August, 1916.

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THE LAST SENTINEL OF CASTLE HILL

A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY.

CHAPTER I

THE PARISH PRIEST OF SOUTH BIGHT.

"NEWFOUNDLAND shall yet be a great country in spite of all we hear about bigotry."

Thus thought Father Lambert as he stood on the deck of the schooner *Native Flag* sailing into New Port, having just come around Deadman's Head, locally called Deadman. The reasons for his predicting the future conversion of the whole Island to Catholicity were manifold, but at the moment this idea was recalled to his mind by seeing bunting waving a welcome to him from all the residences in the place, Protestant and Catholic.

"To tell your Reverence the truth," said Skipper Mickle Wells, talking afterwards to Father Lambert about the flag incident, "the people here in New Port are that soort that they'll hist their flags for anybody—even for doctors or politicians or insurance agents. But at the same time I must say that the non-Catholic neighbours here have a great lanin' to our Church, and why wouldn't they? Shure three parts of thim know they're on the wrong boat in abusing the Church."

The harbour of New Port towards which Father Lambert looked from the deck of the schooner *Native Flag*

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extended like some vast Roman amphitheatre such as he had often described to the people. In shape it was nearly oval. At its entrance, on one side rose the frowning wreck-strewn sea-wall of Deadman's Head; whilst on the opposite side the shore reached out into the ocean by the nearly submerged rocks known as Gorman's Foot, which were, if possible, more dangerous to navigation than Deadman itself. Inside of these places the harbour was smooth and landlocked. From Deadman's Head there descended a series of timber-clad hills. The broad river of New Port divided the settlement in two equal parts. On one side there was considerable clearing of land for gardens and meadows. On either side of New Port River there were many acres of good grazing land, and New Port, if it had the advantage of communication by steam and rail with the American Continent, would have been one of the best agricultural districts in Newfoundland. But although Father Lambert tried to awaken the Government at St. John's on the subject, New Port continued to be railwayless and almost roadless for many years. One of Skipper Mickle Wells's arguments against a railway to New Port was that the whistle of the locomotive would "frighten off the bait fish from striking in against Deadman's Head." There was no use in trying to answer such logic as that. But New Port, when Father Lambert came there on the occasion referred to had not even a wharf, and as the active missionary stepped ashore on the slippery stones he was glad to seize the friendly hand of Skipper Robert Bennett, which hand-clasp was as useful to keep him from falling back into the water as it was cordial in its expression of hospitable welcome.

"We're glad to see your Reverence amongst us once more," said Robert, "and we hope you had a good time

THE PARISH PRIEST OF SOUTH BIGHT II

over from West Bight? It was as smooth as could be coming around Deadman."

"Thank you, Robert, but I'm heartily glad to find you looking so well. Family and neighbours all well, eh? That's good. Now, Robert, I want you to get word sent around as quick as you can that I hold a "station" at your house to-night."

"The word is sent already, your Reverence," said Robert, laughing. "Do you see that smoke from the top of Deadman?"

Father Lambert looked and presently saw the column of smoke changed to a red flame of fire that could be seen for miles.

"That's the signal, Father. 'Tis a bonfire made there by the boys. They'd ask no better fun. As soon as the people see that they'll come in their skiffs, I'll warrant you."

Soon they came to the door of Robert Bennett's cottage, and as Father Lambert looked around on the well-fenced meadows and gardens and on the orchard-like enclosure in front of the house he congratulated Robert on the fruits of his industry.

"Yes, Father, many's the hard day's work I gave to make this place look farm-like. I had to cut down a great quantity of heavy timber, and after that there was the rooting out of the stumps and the clearing out of stones. It was no easy job, but now we've got our gardens and meadows and several head of cattle, besides the sheep and a few pigs. 'Tis a great country for sheep, your Reverence, only for the dogs. Bishop Mullock is right in saying a man can't keep a flock of sheep whilst his neighbour keeps wolves."

As they were speaking Robert and the priest entered the cottage. It was one of those old-fashioned out-port structures more common fifty years ago than now.

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A long, two-story house with white walls and black-shingled roof built by Robert himself from the spruce, birch and fir which he had cut down in clearing his farm. A very large brick-and-stone chimney divided the residence into two sections. On one side was the kitchen and other rooms, and opposite was the reserved room or parlour, into which Father Lambert was ushered by Mrs. Bennett and her hospitable spouse.

"Betsy," said Robert to the wife, "here's Father Lambert come to hold a station. Let us ask his blessing as he crosses our threshold."

With these words Robert and his good Betsy knelt on the floor whilst Father Lambert uttered in Latin the sacred words, "Peace unto this house and to all that dwell therein." The Bennett House had been always a place of resort because of Robert's geniality. He was one of those sturdy Irish pioneers, a born leader of men. The Irish youngsters were accustomed to gather on winter nights near Robert Bennett's fireside and converse on things in general. At that time newspapers came from Ireland only at rare intervals, for we refer now to the years which preceded the introduction of Atlantic steamers. And by the time an Irish newspaper spent three months sailing the Atlantic and then took nearly as much longer to reach Robert Bennett's address in New Port it had fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf" in a very literal sense. However, it was joyful tidings to the Hibernians of South Bight whenever it arrived, and when the word was sent around that Skipper Robert had the "Home papers," Tipperary, Wexford, Cork, Limerick, Kilkenny, and Clare were represented by unofficial but none the less sincere delegates near his open fire-place.

It was the era of "dog irons." The abomination known as the American cooking stove had not yet

helped to accelerate the ravages of tuberculosis. The dog irons were two oblong pieces of stone with iron bars affixed to them at right angles, and inside of these irons and across the stones were placed pieces of wood which filled the room with a hospitable glow and gave it what might be called a Christmas look. Such a fire reminded the young Irishmen of the turf fires in the old country. Lan Bennett—Robert's son—was made to read aloud from the papers for the benefit of the Irish youngsters, although he was by no means a literary youth despite the best efforts of Mr. Maloney (the good old Irish schoolmaster). However, he thumbed his way through the papers, and even if he were as great an elocutionist as Charles Dickens he could not have pleased his hearers better. They were more concerned with the matter read than with the manner of the reading. Whilst listening to Lan reading some speech of O'Connell, or of some attempted insurrection, the young men forgot to smoke lest they should be distracted, and many a compliment was paid to Lan's reading, though it was most execrable, thus proving that your oratory will always please your audience if your politics are right. When Alexander had read everything in the papers, including the advertisements, there was an interval for conversation and comment, or to use a modern newspaper phrase, the "lecture provoked considerable discussion." Robert moved a vote of thanks to Lan by telling him to "be off to bed and be sure to finish his prayers before doing so, and not lie down like a dog." (N.B.—The family rosary was always said by the Bennetts immediately after tea—as it should be.) Lan, however, managed to linger a little while longer, and Robert, from motives of hospitality rather than discretion, produced from the cupboard a decanter of what he called the "best rum that ever came out of St.

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Pierre and was never spoiled by paying a halfpenny of revenue."

"Come, Betsy, look alive and set the tray and glasses. Let us have a drop of strong stuff, boys, in honour of the latest news from Ireland."

Betsy sighed but obeyed. She knew that if the rum was not thus demanded it would be asked for under some other pretence, although Robert was a very sober man considering the times in which he lived.

"Now, boys," said the planter, "fill up glasses, help yourselves and drink success to everybody that deserves it and to some that don't."

"The same to yourself, Skipper Robert," came in a chorus from the "boys"; and having taken the dram, conversation again ran on various things.

"That was a cruel hard time Skipper Bill Holland had coming down from St. John's a month ago. He carried away his topsail."

"Well," said another of the boys, "talking about Ireland, do you think, Skipper Robert, that the country will ever get its own Government the same as it should have?"

"I don't know," answered Robert, "though I believe they'll never give up the fight. I remember I was a boy of only eight years at the time of the Wexford rebellion. My father and two of my uncles carried pikes at the battles of New Ross, Gorey, and Vinegar Hill. Our neighbour, Dick Brophy the blacksmith, was born in Wexford, too, and learned his trade in his father's forge, and many a good sharp pike they ground in Brophy's forge to let daylight through the Hessians. Brophy himself believes in physical force to this day."

The young men laughed at this description of the stalwart blacksmith, who was accounted the strongest man in South Bight.

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"Yes, Skipper Robert," said Tom Travers, "and if ever there is any kind of a row in this part of Newfoundland by reason of selling bait to foreign vessels or the like of that I'm sure Dick Brophy would be in the thick of it."

The boys laughed at this apt description of Brophy, and continued their conversation until the eight-day clock which was near the dresser gave forth the hour of ten, and the company rose to go. Robert urged them successfully to take a "stirrup cup" as protection against any ghosts they might meet in going by the old burying ground, which was supposed to be haunted territory, though the boys often said they never met any ghosts along that road worse than Jake Rugley, whose shop and house were at the other end of New Port, ominously near Deadman's Head.

Of Jake Rugley we shall have so much to say in the course of this narrative that we ask the reader to make a note of his name. At present we may remark that Mr. Rugley was popularly regarded as the evil genius of New Port. He was a smuggler, a wrecker, a road contractor, and a custom-house officer and postmaster. He was not even nominally a Catholic, and whenever Skipper Mickle Wells mentioned Rugley's name he always piously blessed himself and took care to say "the Lord between us and all harm."

Whoever may be the Hamlet of this story Rugley is the nearest approach that we have to its Macbeth, and Deadman's Head in its black solitude is not unlike the wild Scottish heath on which the slayer of Duncan met those weird sisters whose prophecies so deceived him.

Whilst we have been describing the social customs of New Port, Father Lambert has gone into Robert Bennett's dining-room and there taken his seat in the

"rocking chair" near the open grate which was filled with blazing birch, spruce, and fir, at that time the chief and almost the only fuel of the country. Skipper Mickle Wells used to say: "If you had to wait for a hate of the fire till you'd get coal in New Port you'd lose your toes with the frost, but why don't the members for the district give us a chance to get a turf fire same as in the owld country? There's as much bog along the side of Deadman's as'd supply all this country with fire."

Mrs. Bennett and her auxiliary maiden Marjory Weldon were busy in preparing dinner for their reverend and revered guest. Mrs. Bennett had taken the delf from the dresser, and what a wonderful arrangement that dresser was! It consisted of three or four small bureaus, and then four shelves arose, and on these shelves were placed a collection of blue pictured cups, saucers, plates, dishes, tureens, inscribed with figures of grapes, wedding parties, horses galloping across bridges, and elaborate gentlemen raising elaborate hats to elaborate ladies in equally elaborate parks. It is only in old curiosity shops that such lustrous sugar-basins and blue-figured cups survive at the present day. But do not smile at such tastes, O ye fashionable lady housekeepers of twentieth-century Newfoundland! Or if you smile at the delf of your aunts and grandmothers, remember that before 1950 your descendants will smile at your present taste for gilt-edged china, and pronounce it so "charmingly ridiculous and antique."

"Come, Father," said Robert, "take your place here at the head of the table and don't wait for any compliments. Betsy and myself want to knw how you like our vegetables and mutton. The wife here is a good cook, Father, but she can't cook a joint of mutton as

well as my poor mother used to do it over in Wexford thirty or forty years ago—rest her soul.”

Now Betsy Bennett was a county Limerick woman, so on hearing such disparaging comments on her cooking and in favour of her county Wexford mother-in-law the spirit of Sarsfield rose in her soul and no matter who was present she would not let the attack go without a reply.

“ ’Tis a pity you’re not back in Wexford where the mutton is so good and so well cooked, and I’d let your mother or some one else cook mutton for you, and get all the thanks she could for it. But I suppose it’s because the priest is here that you want to ridicule me ? ”

Now this matter of cooking was always a bone of contention, but Robert was merely jesting, and looking towards Father Lambert he gave a wink and a guffaw to Betsy’s displeasure. Father Lambert was a “ court of arbitration ” for all South Bight in things great and small, so he settled this trouble.

“ Now, Mrs. Bennett, you must not take your husband’s jokes too seriously. Robert has often told me what a splendid housekeeper and cook you are, so he was only trying your patience and humility by pretending to find fault with your cooking, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it. So, Robert, if you give me a little of that hot mutton, cabbage, and potatoes I think I can dispose of it to the best advantage after my long fast.”

“ All right, sir,” said Robert as he gave him a liberal helping, “ ’tis all native growth, and although you’re an old-county man yourself the people all say that you keep the native flag at the mast-head all the time.”

“ Yes, Robert, and I must say that I can’t agree with people from England, Ireland, and Scotland coming

here and saying that this Island is only fit for one great industry. Why, your own table shows that people in this country can live to a great extent out of the land."

"They could, your Reverence, if they weren't so darned lazy."

Betsy, who was entering the room with the teapot, blazed out when she heard Robert use the condemned word.

"Was it your mother in Wexford taught you to swear that way before the priest, or was it your grandmother, which? And in your own house, too, you owld wretch. If you had a drop in twouldn't be so bad, but in cowl'd blood to do it!"

"I beg your Reverence's pardon," said Robert. "And, Betsy, I'm thankful for your correction, and I'll be just as thankful if you mind your own business once in a while. To tell the truth, Father, I can stand anything but a loafer, and I really think we have too many people in this country that can beat O'Connell if it comes to talking politics, but are slack enough if you put a spade or axe in their hands and ask them to clear some land or dig a few potatoes."

"Do they talk much politics in New Port, Robert?"

"Is it talk politics here? Well, it would take a book agent to beat them when it comes to talking about electic'ns."

"What's their opinion about confederation with Canada? Some people think it's coming."

"Well, Father, I hope you'll live many years, but you'll be a long time dead before you get the South Bight people to give so much as one vote out of ten for union with Canada."

"But, Robert, how do you explain that?"

"'Tis easy to explain it, Father. There's too much Wexford blood in the place to have any truck with

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this confederation business. 'Twas for that we put pikes on our shoulders at New Ross, Gorey, and Vinegar Hill."

"But, Robert, when politicians tell you that confederation between Newfoundland and Canada would be the same as the Act of Union between Ireland and England, haven't you brains enough to see that they are trying to throw dust in your eyes for their own ends?"

"Yes, Father, but maybe its the confederation men that are not telling us what we have to lose by union with Canada. It's all talk of gain, but 't isn't going to be such a one-sided bargain as that, so I say let us stay as we are."

As they spoke there was suddenly borne to their ears a cheer or yell, which seemed to come from many voices across the harbour. Father Lambert and Robert hastened to the door-steps, from which they could see several boats of various sizes, from the two-oared punts up to eight-oared skiffs, coming towards the New Port landing-place. Some had come around Deadman's Head from Sheep's Cove, and others were coming by way of Gorman's Foot from West Bight and neighbouring settlements. It was now a little beyond sunset, and the pillar of smoke on Deadman's Head turned into a column of flame, which could be seen for many miles in all directions, for Deadman was the signal Hill of that part of the coast, its counterpart being the more historic hill called "The Castle" that dominates Placentia Bay. The boats were being driven by their Herculean rowers as if they were contesting in regular water games, and the picture of towering cliffs, surf-covered strand, and heaving waves might give a theme to him who told the world the story of the resources hidden away midst the Scottish High-

lands. But Roderick-Dhu's clans-men racing the Shallop across Loch Katrine on a warlike expedition would probably have been beaten by several boat-lengths by the parishioners of South Bight coming across their harbour on a religious mission.

"Well, Father," said Robert, "don't you see how natural it is for the people about here to use the water? The skiffs are better than horses, and the oars and sails are splendid means of getting from place to place in civil weather."

"Quite true, Robert, but when the weather is not 'civil,' what then? In rough weather or in wet you have to wait whilst a steamer or a railway train could take you along even if the elements were unfavourable."

As they were speaking the people of all ages left the skiffs and were coming along the pathway which led towards Bennett's cottage. It was certainly creditable to the religious qualities of the people to have come so far by boat, but, if we might say so, it is scarcely creditable to the different administrations in Newfoundland for the past half-century that large sections of the population should have no communication with the surrounding world except in cramped and crowded sail-boats or else by roads rather inferior to those of the "corduroy" kind used in the United States of America in the first half of the last century.

As Robert met the people coming towards his house his greetings were the very essence of good feeling. It was, as the Americans say, "the glad hand" for every one, and soon his spacious kitchen was filled with people, whilst Father Lambert heard confessions in the best room, and the very great numbers who came reminded him to speak to the people next day of certain arrangements which he had entered into with the Dominican or Passionist priests in New York to

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come and give special missions to his people. Notwithstanding Father Lambert's honest and sincere effort to bring it about he was hindered (as he said himself by Satan) from gaining this spiritual advantage for his parish. Next morning Mass was said in the parlour, whilst the people filled all the space and many knelt even in the garden, where they could see the priest celebrating the Mass and hear him as he preached. Before the regular sermon he announced to the people that he would hold an open-air meeting of all the men of the place to devise ways and means to proceed with the building of church, school, convent, presbytery and hall. The acolytes at the Mass were Lan Bennett and Jim McDougald. The latter was the son of Widow McDougald, who was supposed to have the most dangerous tongue to be found in the whole coast-line between Deadman's Head and Gorman's Foot. Skipper Mickle Wells said that Widow McDougald's tongue was "hung heavy in the middle so as to wag at both ends."

A portion of Father Lambert's sermon to the people of South Bight consisted of warnings and exhortations on the subject of temperance. At that time the temperance crusade of Father Theobald Matthew had excited almost worldwide recognition, and there were people in South Bight who had in Cork, Limerick, or Tipperary, received the total abstinence pledge from the hands of the great apostle himself. It was Father Lambert's ambition to organize a Total Abstinence Society in his parish. Mr. Malone, the Irish school-teacher, was a quiet man in many ways, but a strong total abstinence promoter. New Port had become rather a well-known centre for what Mr. Malone called the "distribution of alcoholic fluids," or, in plainer terms, for the smuggling of rum. Skipper Mickle Wells

called the temperance men "owld cranks" and the "cowld wather guards."

"I'm fifty years man and bye," said he, "follying the say, and I'd no more go to bed widout a nightcap of good rum and molasses than I'd go widout a smoke—so to blakey I pitch the temperance cranks that's tryin' to turn th' world upside down because they have Father Matty on the brain. And as for their ideas of getting a temperance band here in South Bight, why, I knowd an owld musical master wonst in St. John's and he never played O'Donnell Abu so well as when he was half full of grog."

Skipper Mickle did not say what a wonderful Mozart of Holystown this good artist might have been if he had stayed sober, or how sober Captain Patsy Shanahan might have become if he wasn't so fond of the "cra-thur." In Placentia and other places good beginnings had been made with Total Abstinence Societies, and the New Port people hearing of processions and flags and total abstinence demonstrations all around the coast, said within themselves that "they wouldn't be worse than others."

"Anyhow," said Skipper Mickle Wells, "it might be no harm to put a fair face on it, and if they do hold a temperance procession through New Port next St. Patrick's Day, well, don't say anything agin them, and who knows but 'twill all milt away like a snow-bank in June up in the crests of Deadman."

This was the beautiful "philosophy" Father Lambert had to contend against in starting his total abstinence campaign in South Bight about the year of 1845—a little earlier or a little later, for we are not preparing a textbook of history for the Newfoundland school boards, though we trust our volume is true to the general spirit of the Island's history. Jake Rugley

was a very determined opponent of Father Lambert's temperance procession, and he even went so far as to try and get some of the hard-drinking fraternity to throw stones and dirt at the parade. With him it was a matter of trade, because he was the greatest smuggler in South Bight, and Father Lambert found it difficult to check him.

About that time there were two political papers in Newfoundland, which we shall call the *Delineator* and the bi-v. dy *Star*. Letters had appeared in these illustrious publications in advocacy of, and in opposition to, the proposed temperance crusade in South Bight, and some of the letters were written by Rugley, and they were certainly no credit to the intelligence of the public whose darkness was supposed to be illuminated by the two papers mentioned. To say it's the fault of the Press is like blaming the weeds for the soil, instead of attributing the growth of the weeds to the nature of the soil. If the Press is debased it shows something wrong in the soil of public opinion, for we have always maintained that our Newfoundland journalists are at least equal (and sometimes superior) to men of the same profession in Canada or the United States of America. A political Press is more or less a reflection of its public, and the sooner the public realizes that the better. Father Lambert held aloof from all political factions like a wise man in his generation, and frequently lamented the reckless and even criminal tone of certain sections of local journalism. He had heard Skipper Mickle Wells refer to temperance as "balderdash," and merely remarked that Mr. Wells knew more about balderdash than he did about temperance.

However, business is business, and whilst we are making these comments Father Lambert, having finished his breakfast, receives such of his parishioners

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as have to see him personally on different affairs. Two of these were Bill Donnegan and Aubrey Adder, who had not paid sixpence of dues for the preceding twenty-six years and showed no disposition to do so. Father Lambert had enough sense of humour to interview Bill Donnegan and Mr. Adder each year on the subject of dues. He knew, of course, that he would never see a "stiver" of his dues, as Skipper Mickle Wells put it, but each recurring season he loved to test Bill Donnegan's power of inventing excuses for not paying. And as for Aubrey Adder, he always sheltered himself behind Bill Donnegan.

"Well, William," said Father Lambert in his gentle way, "what's the reason you have not the bit of cash for me this year? Last year you said you wouldn't pay because a storm that would swamp any boat hindered me from going to see your aunt, and she's still living in spite of her ninety years—so tell me what new excuse you have this season."

"Well, Father," said Mr. Donnegan, "I heard you were startin' a Temperance Society here in South Bight and excitin' the minds of the people by tellin' them not to spend anny of their hard-earned money on rum, so as I dales a little in grog be rayson of me business I sez to meself if our clargy are goin' to join the total abstinence cranks I'll continue to pay me dues in th' owld fashion, and that manes that I won't pay thim at all, and that's all for this year, Father, but I really hope you'll have good luck with your collections all the same, because I'd fight blood to th' eyes rather than hear any man say the Church shouldn't be supported."

O consistent Donnegan! there is too much faith (like thine) in Israel! In reading the list of those who paid some days afterwards in the Church at West Bight, Father Lambert said he got his dues from every parish-

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ioner "with two notorious exceptions," and as every one knew who the notorious exceptions were the remark was the signal for a suppressed laugh that was continued out on the "church grounds," and the popular comment was that "Bill Donnegan couldn't be jammed, but smart as he was he'll be caught at last." At the same time the West Bighters were none two enthusiastic for temperance, as they subsequently proved on a certain political occasion to which we shall refer in the course of a few more chapters.

Father Lambert, leaving the breakfast table, asked Robert Bennett to send for Mr. Malone, the teacher; and Robert, going to the door-step, said aloud: "Lan! Lan! come here now and that fast, or I'll give you a good trouncing. The priest wants to send you on a message."

Enter Lan Bennett, a boy of about fourteen years, brown-haired, black-eyed, athletic and rather rough-looking. If appearances were not even more deceptive than they are usually said to be, then scholastic pursuits in Mr. Malone's academy would find in Alexander Bennett no very ardent disciple.

There was little or no shyness about Bennett junior, although he kept his cap in his hand rather than on his head as he entered the room where the priest was. If he did otherwise Robert's Wexford fist would have sent it spinning to the other side of the room, and Betsy would have supplemented what Robert left undone in the way of penalty.

"How are you, Alexander?" said Father Lambert as he grasped Lan's hand. "Did Mr. Malone ever tell you anything about you? mesake Alexander the Great?"

"No, your Reverence," said Robert, "it wasn't after that old chap that we called this boy, but after his

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uncle Alexander Bennett of Wexford, who let daylight through five Yeomen wid his poike at the Battle of Ross. He was a cruel good man but shockin' fond of grog—glory to his sowl this blessed day."

"Well, Alexander," continued the pastor, "you know Mr. Malone, the schoolteacher, eh?" Lan replied by a very eloquently significant grin. "I want you to go to Mr. Malone's house and ask him with my compliments to come over to see me."

Off scampered Lan, his natural activity stimulating him to rush rather than walk towards Mr. Malone's residence. Presently he returned, followed at more leisurely pace by the schoolmaster, whom Father Lambert thus greeted—

"Oh, Michael, my dear fellow, and how are you? But I needn't ask you? You are looking in splendid health, and I hope school business is working smoothly."

"Thank you, Father, I feel very hearty indeed, and I rejoice with exceeding joy to find you looking so well and portly."

"Well, Michael, that recalls a remark Father Forrestall made to me the last time I saw him in St. John's. He did not, however, merely say that I looked portly, but besides that he remarked that I was beginning to look 'Out Portly' or rather 'New Portly.'"

Father Forrestall's good sayings had been quoted from Trinity Bay to South Bight, and Mr. Malone had many questions to ask about him, especially as he was then prominently identified with the College in St. John's.

"And you tell me, Michael, that some of the pupils are giving you trouble in the school?"

"Well, Father, I must speak conscientiously and tell you that I had to proceed to the expulsion of one youth—James McDougald, a son of Widow McDougald,

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whose husband came hither from the Island of Cape Breton to ameliorate his condition, and judging by his premature demise it was said that Mrs. McDougald's violent tongue drove the good man to drink and then to death. Truly she sailed into me when I expelled her son."

"And how did it all happen, Michael?"

"It was thus, Reverend Father: For a prolonged period James McDougald had been the scourge of our school. I do not wish to make unkind reflections on the great Scottish race that produced such worthies as William Wallace and Robert Bruce, but truth compels me to state that this McDougald boy appears to have inherited some racial faults. I am sure your Reverence must often have noted the inflammable character of Scotch whisky, although our St. Pierre rum leaves nothing to be desired as to stirring the militant passions of our public, especially in election years. Well, this McDougald boy was so much the victim of heredity that he actually procured and brought to our school a pint bottle of St. Pierre rum and distributed it amongst the youths, besides being semi-inebriated himself. Carried away by alcoholic presumption he rose in the presence of the assembled scholars and defied me to single combat like the ancient Greeks. Although not a man of pugilistic pretensions or hasty temper, I seized our friend McDougald in such a way that I managed to project him through the school portals on his back. Now his widowed mother had adopted two opposite methods in her training of James. She pets and beats him by turn and does both intemperately. One day he returned home and the maternal greeting to him was: 'There he is, the big slouch, and he couldn't spell "dog" if it was to save his neck from the scaffold.' To convince the old lady that he could really spell 'dog' James placed his mouth near her auricular organ and

fairly shouted the three letters d-o-g. 'I'll give you dog and cur, too, said the irate dame. Whereupon she seized the poker and literally followed him half-way around New Port."

"Why, a scene like that should be shown on the stage," said the pastor. "But tell me, Robert, how did Widow McDougald act when you expelled her son from school?"

"Well, Father," on that memorable occasion Mrs McDougald came to the portals of the school beating the door and flung a sod of turf at my head. Not content with that she poured forth on me a perfect torrent of bad language, or as she expressed it afterwards—she 'raked up my seven generations and did not leave me a leg to stand on.' She even went so far as to threaten to bring a kettle of boiling water to fling over me for my supposed cruelty to her son."

Father Lambert heard these things with more disgust and annoyance than surprise, for, monstrous as it may seem, there were places in Newfoundland where teachers could be treated in this manner fifty years ago.

As Mr. Malone was recounting some of his grievances, and they were very real, Robert Bennett came in.

"By your leave, Father, the men of the place are all gathered with their picks, shovels, and crowbars over at Barry's Hat to dig out the foundations of the new church and priest's house, according to what you told them from the altar this morning."

"Very well, Robert, we'll go over to the good Barry's Hat in a jiffy. I hope Michael Wells has sent over his box-cart. But Mr. Malone has just been telling of some trouble he has had with his schoolboys."

"What?" said Robert with a flash in his eyes. "I hope that Lan of mine is not in it."

"To tell the truth, Robert, your boy Alexander is

a well-meaning youth. but not attached very strongly to scholastic avocations. I fear his familiarity with James McDougald bodes no good for his literary future."

Here Mrs. Bennett came in and took up the defence of Lan, saying: "What's the good of these old men always finding fault with the boys? I'll warrant that when they were boys themselves they were no angels."

Robert continued, ignoring Betsy: "I must say, Father Lambert, that our Alexander is shockin' wild as regards boats. Do what we can, we're not able to keep him from hoisting sail on the punt and going out beyond Deadman, blow high, blow low. Last spring, when the harbour was full of loose ice and a good deal of it under water, what does he do but make off in the punt as usual. Well, he was far from shore when the punt struck a piece of ice, and being under sail capsized. Well for him he could swim like a sea-bird—so he struck out for the land. Our dog saw him swimming and set up a bark and raced off to the shore where I keep the ropes for the boats. I knew what he meant, so I got out a coil of rope and put one end of it in the dog's mouth, and without my saying one word he was out in the water swimming like the dickens to meet Lan. Well, he did meet him, and do you know, Father, that he managed to twist that rope around the boy's body, and all I had to do was to pull him in. Only for the dog he'd have been drowned, for he was jaded as it was swimming with all his clothes and top boots on."

"I suppose," said Father Lambert, "you cried tears of joy when your boy escaped?"

"Cry is it, Father?" said the stern Robert. "Not a bit of it, but I made him cry for his waywardness when he got dry clothes on. I was just going to give him a taste of the 'rope's' end, too, when Betsy here all of a

sudden snatched a lighted junk of wood from behind the dog irons, and she swore be the walls of Limerick that she'd ram it down me throat if I laid so much as one stroke across the boy's shoulders."

"That I did, Father," acknowledged Betsy. "'Twas the first time I ever raised a hand against him, but I'd have singed his beard for him that day if he so much as made one stroke on a poor little child that had just come shivering out of the water."

"Well, Robert and Betsy," said Father Lambert, "all we can say is, thank God that the boy escaped so well. But he swam like a sea-bird and no mistake."

"Yes, Father," said Robert, "he can swim all right, and if he insists on going to sea, as he says he will, 'twill be no harm to know what to do to keep his head above water. Since I came here to live at New Port, I remember seeing more than one barquentine going ashore out there at Deadman, and I can honestly say that if it weren't for some people that could swim back and forth to the vessel there'd be many that would never come alive from the wreck. And didn't some of our men here actually swim out more than once and take dead bodies ashore from sinking vessels in order to give them Christian burial? It's only amongst Newfoundlanders that you could get people to go through so much as that for the sake of the dead as well as the living."

"Look here, Robert," said the practical Betsy, "don't you see the priest is waiting for you to put on your hat and coat and go over with him to Barry's Hill? Once he starts talking about wrecks and sailing vessels he never knows when to stop."

As it was a ceremonial occasion Robert assumed the tall hat or beaver, and marched forth with Mr. Malone and Father Lambert, whilst Lan Bennett ran on in

front to tell the people that "the priest was just going to begin the work."

When Father Lambert and his two companions reached Barry's Hill there were a hundred and fifty men gathered there with pickaxes, crowbars, shovels, hatchets, and all sorts of implements for digging trenches, rooting out stumps, cutting away brush-wood, and dislodging stones.

Mr. Malone, on seeing so many eager workers or free labourers, could not refrain from making a classic allusion.

"This, Father, would remind one of the ancient days when, after the overthrow of Troy, the hero Aeneas saw the rising walls of Queen Dido's City."

"Yes," said Skipper Mickie Wells, "and here comes Mrs. Dido herself," as he pointed towards Mrs. McDougald, who, with a procession of school children, was advancing by the other side of the hill, "and I think by the look of her eye she comes over here to raise did'os (excite trouble)."

"If she does," said Father Lambert, "it won't take me as long as the siege of Troy to have her put off the ground. If she starts the row I'll know who'll end it; but let us see what she means to do, and give fair play to every one."

As he ceased speaking Mrs. McDougald came along with her band of school children, and she said: "Here we are, your Reverence and friends, here we are ready to do our endayvours to help in any way about the new church and convent."

The purpose of Mrs. McDougald in thus coming to the grounds was to obtain such recognition as a church worker as would enable her to defy the authority of the priest and the school teacher. Every one knew that she had acted very badly when Jim was expelled from

the school and now she would add insult to injury, by morally compelling Father Lambert to forget her insolent aggression on his authority as Chairman of the South Bight School Board. But her audacity proved her overthrow. About one hundred and fifty people waited to see what check the pastor would place on the insolence of the war-like widow, for no one who knew him expected that he would tolerate it, nor did he. As she spoke he paused in his work of directing the men's efforts and said—

"Mrs. McDougald, will you leave this ground at once, or will you cause me to have you driven off by force?"

There was no mistaking either the tone or the words.

"Father," said the unconquered widow, "since you tell me to go I will go. It's long sorry I'd be to give it to anny wan to say that Dougald McDougald's widdy ever ruz against the heads of our Church, but"—and here she snatched a spade from the hands of Bonaparte Burke and swung it around her head as easily as a Tipperary man might swing a shillelah—"if wan of those fellows here dares to lay so much as one fist on me I'll level him to the ground with this peaceful waypon."

There were present a hundred and fifty men, some of them the boldest that ever confronted the ice-floes of the North or the waves of the Grand Banks, but they felt no inclination to come in contact with Mrs. McDougald's whirling spade.

In describing the incident afterwards Mr. Malone said that the Widow McDougald, armed with a spade and defying the congregation, was much the same as Queen Boadicea defending her soil against the Roman legions. Her son Jim McDougald, emboldened by the

swing of the maternal spade, now intervened. He went over to Mr. Malone and, before the whole parish, challenged him to settle the question by a stand-up fight.

This diverted the widow's wrath into a new channel. As soon as Mrs. McDougald saw her boy Jim offering to fight Mr. Malone before the assembled parishioners of New Port, she made a clutch at the back of his neck and literally dragged him off the ground, as a big cat might take off a rat.

"What," said the angry widow, "and isn't it your roystering and drinking St. Pierre rum that has brought all this trouble on us? Come along now and I'll give you another rope's-ending like I did before."

The people in New Port were taught to honour their fathers and mothers, and even Jim McDougald, rough and rude as he was, permitted himself to be carried from the grounds like a troublesome dog rather than turn against his mother.

Skipper Mickle Wells proceeded to ask Mrs. McDougald what "she had in tow," when Jim McDougald flung towards him a sod that came very near knocking his wide-leaved beaver off.

Meanwhile axe and spade and pickaxe and crowbar have been manfully plied by the hundred and fifty parishioners, and soon a space is cleared on Barry's Hat Hill, where on a proximate occasion Father Lambert promised to lay the foundations of a new church, school, convent, hall, and glebe house for the rising parish of South Bight.

The work being finished in a few hours, and the hillside being cleared of brushwood, stumps and boulders, the parishioners formed an impromptu procession behind Father Lambert and accompanied him to his packet, the *Native Flag*, which, with its pink spars,

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white sails, and green hull, looked the title, Skipper Bill Hallaway being in charge of that boat. As they launched out into the harbour in a large skiff with six Herculean rowers Skipper Mickle raised his voice and asked for three cheers for "our holy Father, Rev. Father Lambert."

Now Father Lambert had enough respect for Skipper Mickle to jest with him, especially about the weather, and whilst thus they exchanged jokes the people gathered near Robert Bennett's landing-stage did cheer loud enough to be heard at top of Deadman. Then the word is given, "Pull away, my hearties," and soon the big skiff is going through the water like a racer. Having reached the deck of the *Native Flag* Father Lambert began to read his breviary, the leaves of which had been discoloured by sprays from salt water in nearly every bay from the Straits of Belle Isle to South Bight, for in those days all Newfoundland was practically one Catholic diocese.

The *Native Flag* looked picturesque on the blue waters of New Port, but when she got beyond Deadman the water became rebellious, and Father Lambert had to put away his breviary until reaching West Bight. The parishioners went back from the waterside, whilst a group made up of Skipper Mickle Wells, Mr. Malone, Robert Bennett and others went to Dick Brophy's forge to discuss European politics.

Whether Mrs. McDougald gave Jim her son a touch of the "rope's end" we know not, but most certainly her tactics on that eventful day in New Port were such that if she had lived fifty years later she would have won the unenviable title of a Militant Suffragette.

CHAPTER II

THE BISHOP'S VISITATION OF SOUTH BIGHT

FATHER LAMBERT had announced to his parishioners that they might expect an episcopal visitation from Bishop Mullock early in the following summer, and precisely on the date mentioned the Bishop came. There was no steamer then on the route, so the Bishop was conveyed by a sail-boat of the schooner kind. New Port had determined that the head of the diocese should be welcomed with such a blaze of enthusiasm as would, in Skipper Mickle Wells's phraseology, "knock spalls" off any reception that had been prepared for his Lordship in other Bays. Now, good reader, imagine New Port draped with bunting from Jake Rugley's Stores even around to Gorman's Foot, imagine Deadman's Head piled high with faggots for the nocturnal illumination, imagine the sealing-gun brigade led by Bill Savin, imagine the cheers and the school processions, and even then you have but a meagre idea of the first episcopal visitation of New Port.

Mr. Malone sent a full account of the affair to that great St. John's newspaper, the bi-weekly *Star*, and as the writer said, "words fail your correspondent to illustrate the joy with which our hardy sons of industry acclaimed the arrival of our patriotic Bishop." The

Rt. Rev. Dr. Mullock was keenly interested in Newfoundland's progress, and he foresaw more clearly than any of his contemporaries the growth of modern times. He always rejoiced to address the people and to encourage their efforts. When he stepped out of the decorated skiff that brought him to shore and ascended Robert Bennett's landing-stage, he entered heartily into the spirit of the address of welcome prepared and read by Mr. Malone, and done in such graceful and beautiful English as has probably never since been heard in New Port, and was never at all heard in West Bight. The Bishop thanked the people for their wholehearted enthusiasm, and then went with Father Lambert to Robert Bennett's house, where lodging had been prepared for him. On the night of his arrival in New Port the stormy height of Dead-man's flamed to the skies with the bonfires which the young men had placed there, whilst floating rafts which carried inflammable material converted New Port harbour into a sea of light. The shores for miles were marked by fires, whilst the guns and the horns were kept going until near midnight, so much so that the Bishop nearly lost his night's sleep because of the tremendous outbursts of public enthusiasm.

Next day the catechism schoolgirls were all arranged by their teachers in a long, white-veiled procession, whilst Mr. Malone marshalled the boys, thus anticipating the Cadet movement by fifty years. Lan Bennett marched along at the head of the boys, whilst our heroine Mary English, a daughter of Skipper Rube English, who was generally admitted to be a crank, moved along gracefully at the head of the girls. That Mary was a bright and a beautiful young girl who would one day be an exceedingly beautiful young woman goes without saying. Whoever yet heard of

the heroine of a self-respecting novel being anything else but bright and beautiful? With cheeks like roses and eyes like violets and any other grace and charm that you wish to imagine. If the girl had a wart on her nose or a gap in her teeth, or an oatmeal complexion, she might be none the less virtuous and perfectly worthy for these defects, but as a heroine of a novel, ancient or modern she would be quite impossible.

Like all men who have the vision of statesmen, and consequently some power to realize the future, the Bishop saw in those young boys and girls a great hope for the Newfoundland that was to be. Concerning the young girls of that day in Newfoundland he spoke of them in one of his oft-quoted lectures as the "blooming mothers of a powerful race." And of the young people of New Port, boys and girls, he might and did speak in similar terms. These young boys and girls were bright and well disciplined. They had modest self-confidence and were utterly free from any taint of forwardness and presumption such as spoils the brightest and most graceful qualities in many of our modern youths. The Bishop encouraged the people to send their girls to the nearest convent school, and to send some of their boys to the new college of St. Bonaventure which he had just opened in St. John's.

Having laid the corner-stone of the new Catholic church of New Port he addressed the congregation from a platform raised on the hill and encouraged them in memorable words to combine their spiritual works with material progress so as to make this world a stepping-stone, and not an obstacle, on their journey to eternity. He warned them against intemperance, and laid stress on the fact that industrious lives, and especially lives of prayer, would save them with Divine

grace from spiritual decadence. He urged his hearers in a strong manner to cultivate the soil, and in their farms he said they would have a more permanent source of prosperity than in the uncertain and disappointing fisheries.

After the morning ceremonies were concluded and the Bishop had received all who came to him for personal advice and his benediction, he and Father Lambert left Robert Bennett's house and set out with a party of parishioners for the crest of Deadman's Hill, which was a very heavy climb. Amongst the party that accompanied the Bishop to Deadman's crest was a certain Silas Flusher, who came from New Brunswick near the state of Maine, and was by profession a mining expert of some kind, and occasionally a clock-mender.

Mr. Flusher always contended that Deadman's Hill was full of copper.

"So are you full of St. Pierre rum, Silas, or you'd never say such a thing. I think 'twill be easier to get copper out of Deadman, though, than it would to get any money out of people to work the claims."

This was typical of the conversations which frequently occurred between Silas Flusher and Mr. Wells at Brophy's smithy on the subject of Deadman's mineral wealth.

Now as the party ascends the hill of Deadman the Bishop frequently turns to take a view of the surrounding land and sea. At length they stand on the very highest peak of the hill, and then in the glorious summer light there bursts on their vision a panorama of coastal beauty, splendour, and even sublimity, such as is native to the Newfoundland shore-line.

From the hill could be seen the waters of two larger bays, and of several sea arms or indraughts, all giving the appearance of a prolonged chain of lakes, with

hills and headlands cropping out at frequent intervals. For over twenty-five miles in every direction would be seen islands, woodlands, barrens, wild grass, prairie land, and granite cliffs, whilst the rim of the St. Pierre archipelago rose to view, and beyond all the Atlantic.

"What a splendid country, both by land and sea!" said the Bishop as he looked around the scenes. "What a pity these beautiful blue waters are not traversed by passenger steamers! And yonder country should have over it the smoke of a railway train like a flag of progress."

"Well, me Lord," said Skipper Mickle, "I for wan don't see what we want thim railway things here to frighten away the bait-fish from Deadman when the railway engine blows its conk."

"What!" said the Bishop, turning with a flash in his eye on Father Lambert. "Is this the sort of darkness you keep your parish in that any one could be so ignorant as to talk like this wretch?"

Father Lambert laughed. "Don't blame me, my Lord," he replied, "for not being able to get blood from a turnip."

Skipper Mickle was said by Brophy the blacksmith to be the most cantankerous man that ever came from county Kerry "be the next who it might be." Mickle did not believe much in the existence of Spanish graves on Deadman, but he had all the old legends or doggerel songs which told of the ancient days when pirates sailed the ocean and Spaniards or Portuguese were supposed to have buried vast stores of golden treasures in the vicinity of Deadman and places like it. And Skipper Wells, too, had a song of about forty verses which told how the traditional Nigger or Barbary Pirate, as black as the "ace of spades," used to mount

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guard on the hill whenever rash people went to dig up the golden treasures.

In the midst of all this rubbish Bishop Mullock was student enough to see gleams of historic truth. He knew that in former centuries the coasts had been visited by various fleets, and amongst them Spaniards. They went then to explore the hill. The Bishop was keenly interested, being himself a Spanish student and scholar. At that time there was a regular trade between St. John's and Spain, and Newfoundlanders not over sixty may remember that picturesque period in local annals when St. John's was crowded with Spanish vessels. The Bishop looked carefully over the ground, but could find nothing to convince him that Spanish soldiers or sailors had ever been buried there.

Having reviewed all the scenes and walked along the cliffs, at the feet of which the seas flung their force even in calm weather, the group of tourists partook of refreshment which had been provided by Father Lambert's order, whilst Skipper Mickle superintended the lighting of the fire and the boiling of the water, so as to make that exhilarating beverage without which no Newfoundland banquet is complete, viz. tea. Deadman's Hill was a rough dining-room, for the winds blow there for ever, and as the diners conveyed their teacups to their lips they had to shade the cup carefully lest the contents should be blown in their eyes.

During the meal Father Lambert continued to "draw Skipper Mickle out" so as to get his original views for the edification of the Bishop. As a compliment to his lordship's presence Skipper Mickle thought it well to use the largest and most imposing words he could find in imitation of Mr. Malone, the Irish school-master.

"Well," said Skipper Mickle, as though making an after-dinner speech, "me Lord and fellow-citizens, I must say this is a very inclementuous locality to howld a faste bekase d'ye see there is danger of the prog going scow-ways (crooked) and being blown off into the Atlantic just as ye think its goin' down the red lane (the human throat)!"

"What's he trying to say?" said the Bishop to Father Lambert. "Is he really drunk or what?"

"Don't mind, my Lord," replied the pastor, "he's rough-spoken but he means well, and he's full of wit and humour."

"As long as 'tisn't rum, I make no objection," said the Bishop, "but if he's drunk you should be held responsible."

Mr. Wells continued his remarks: "I remember this old hill for closing fifty years, now a place frequented be pirates in thim anshent times. Forty-five years ago I kem up here myself to dig for a crock of goold that I dramed about for three nights and, be jakey, when I kem up here with a spade to dig out the goold a nagur came and grabbed the spade out of me hand and struck me such a stroke in the pate that I rowled down the hill and woke up next morning not ten yards from Jake Rugley's dure."

Every one in New Port knew that once on a time Mr. Wells became so inebriated by Jake Rugley's perverted sense of humour that after Rugley had loaded him with rum he really believed he had met the black man on Dead-man's Hill.

The Bishop attributed Mr. Wells's story to superstition, and again asked Father Lambert why he tolerated such abuses in his parish. The pastor humbly answered that Mr. Wells was merely jesting about his experiences, but the Bishop expressed a

hope that he would not spoil the young generation by such ill-directed humour, and now having concluded their luncheon on breezy Deadman the party prepares to descend, and as they move down the winding paths new views of the surroundings burst on their vision. At one place especially a mountain torrent dashed down the cliffs and ran in such direction as to form a tributary to New Port River, so called, although "stream" would be a more accurate title for our scarcely navigable Newfoundland watercourses. Here, too, Mr. Wells had some remarks to make.

"That river," said he, "that comes down from Deadman brings lots of trout down to New Port River, but good luck to the trout that goes up to Deadman be the same water. The trout that would get up that stream should be a flying-fish indeed. But every summer, as your Reverence knows, owld Captain Angler, of the man of war, *Sword Fish*, comes here to look after 'fishery protection,' whatever that manes. He's a wonderful man for the river fishin', in fact they say 'tis the only rellygion he believes in, but he practises that, anny way."

Bishop Mullock compared his journey down Deadman to some of his experiences in the Alpine regions of Switzerland. At the foot of the hill they came to a place where a torrent, swollen by late rains, had torn a passage across their pathway. Skipper Mickle explained that Mr. Batt Smiles "the member" had promised at the last elections that he'd put a bridge across that waterway, but "good luck to the thing he done about it since, or was likely to do." Here Mr. Silas Flusher remarked that if the country was under confederation with Canada all such streams would be bridged by the Government of Ottawa.

This statement awakened Skipper Mickle's wrath :

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"Confederation with Canada, indeed! What, do you think the country is to give away its flag like that? What do you think, me Lord, about this confederation?"

"Well," replied the Bishop, "judging by your remarks to-day concerning railways, I don't think confederation could make you much worse in your ideas, but here we are and how shall we cross this stream?"

Skipper Mickle offered to take the whole company over on his back, but as a ford was found, he had not to make that risky experiment. They traversed the river dry-shod and then they saw coming towards them a long, white-veiled procession of school children led by our heroine Mary English. They all went to the Bishop and kissed the ring, as he extended his hand. Mrs. Rube English introduced her daughter Mary as a young person who was soon to be sent to her aunt at St. Pierre to go to the school on that island, there being no convent near to New Port. Mr. Wells volunteered the information that "Kitty English at St. Pierre was an owld spark (lover) of his, or he was an owld spark of hers."

Then some one asked if, being a "spark," the St. Pierre spinster had extinguished him.

Bishop Mullock cordially commended Mrs. Rube English for sending her daughter to St. Pierre, and gave Mary his card, which he asked her to present to the Vicar Apostolic when she reached the island, where already there was a large Newfoundland colony established, and many schoolgirls from Newfoundland. "St. Pierre is a mighty nice town," said Skipper Mickle, "but it's a shockin' place for rum." It would appear that Mickle's experience of St. Pierre alcohol went back some fifty years or more. Before

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Bishop Mullock left New Port he obtained Robert Bennett's promise to send his son Lan to the recently opened St. Bonaventure's College, and how Lan went to college shall be the ensuing chapter.

But the events of the day had not quite satisfied the ardour of the sealing-gun squad, for, whilst Father Lambert was anticipating his office for the next day in the quiet hours towards midnight, a tremendous explosion like the sudden descent of Prussian bombs struck the house, and the pastor rushed to the door with a big stick in order to scatter the gunners and prevent the "blowing up" which he would inevitably receive from the bishop, who would hold him responsible for such well-meant but misguided zeal on the part of the explosive parishioners of New Port.

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CHAPTER III

LAN BENNETT GOES TO ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE

"WELL, boy, welcome to St. John's all the way from South Bight; and how is Father Lambert? I suppose he has not put a railway across Deadman's Head yet?"

Lan Bennett grinned and shuffled with his right foot as Father William Forrestal addressed to him the foregoing questions, at the door of St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's. Before he had time to fashion a reply to Father Forrestal's jokes another ecclesiastic of a less jocund came. This was Rev. Dr. Carafagnini, afterwards Bishop of Harbour Grace and Archbishop of Gallilopi in Southern Italy—a very able churchman to whom Bishop Mullock had entrusted the presidentship of St. Bonaventure's College. Dr. Carafagnini bestowed on young Mr. Bennett a look keen and searching from the darkest of Italian eyes, and ordered him after a kindly welcome to convey his trunk up to the dormitory or sleeping apartments. But the college then was so differently laid out from the modern St. Bonaventure's that it would be almost useless to attempt describing the relative positions of oratory, class hall, studies and recreation spaces, dormitories and dining-halls in the first building. It was very probably Bishop Mullock's idea that the

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first college should gradually grow into a Newfoundland Catholic University, and really it is growing in that direction, very gradually.

Anyway, the general butler, Bill Hogan, helped to bring Bennett's trunk upstairs and arrange his room for him, and Bill at the same time had to fight off three or four boys who made a dash on the trunk to see if it contained "any of those pies, bull's-eyes, gibraltars, tarts, or ginger breads" to which college boys from earliest times have had a bias. But Bill was a thirsty soul, so he charged Lan the sum of sixpence, to buy, as he said, a bottle of spruce beer, telling him at the same time that it was a well-earned sixpence because he saved his trunk from being rifled of its contents.

As Lan and Bill Hogan came downstairs they met three or four of the boys who seemed to have designs on the trunk.

"Say, Bennett," said one of them, "you're a green-horn, if ever there was one!"

"How do you make that out?" said Lan very good-humouredly.

"Why," said the other, "you gave sixpence just now to Bill Hogan to get rum."

"No," replied Lan, "the man told me he wanted spruce beer."

"Oh, that settles it," said the other. "You're green enough for the goats to get after you. Bill Hogan and spruce beer, boys! Isn't that the best yet?"

The laughter of all the boys and "Bill Hogan and spruce beer" as irreconcilable ideas convinced Lan that Mr. Hogan, whatever his other merits, was not an ardent temperance man.

Lan, as before hinted, was not predisposed to litera-

ture. He was not a book man, but he had a passion for all outdoor games, and before he had taken his first dinner in college he was out practising cricket and old Irish hurley on the "barrens," that vast military encampment which might be described as the apex of the city of St. John's and which from time immemorial has been the campus for military exercises and civilian games. Of late years it has been demoralized by being overrun with dogs, pigs, goats, and like creatures.

Now as Lan shone in the athletic firmament he suffered a partial eclipse in his literary studies, and Professor McFuller and he never agreed very well.

"Bennett," said the Professor, "you should be whipped for your laziness in class. What good will all this cricket and hurley do you, as you don't intend to be a professional athlete? If 'twas only to play football you came here you might as well have stayed away. I think it will be necessary to report you to the Bishop, and that I'll do unless you turn over a new leaf."

Lan, however, continued to practise football and cricket up to October and November. Then came the Christmas holidays, when all the boys returned home except those who lived at a great distance, and Lan Bennett's native port had neither railway nor carriage road communications with the outer world. So he was detained from holding his Christmas holidays in remote South Bight. Bill Hogan asked him one day to go into the Scotch tavern and have a horn of grog, but Lan remembered the pledge he took from Father Lambert and declined the offer. It would have been well for himself if he had continued to keep that pledge to his death.

There was another very good reason for self-congratulation in his declining the drink and it was this :

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Water Street was never a broad thoroughfare, and in those days it was nearly as narrow in some places as an ordinary lane. Now as Bennett was talking to the hospitable but inebriate Bill Hogan on one side the street, who was going towards the West End on the other side of Water Street but Professor McFuller. Many of the college boys in Dr. Carafagnini's time wore soutanes. Bennett did not have his on in holiday time, but Professor McFuller was sharp enough to catch him in conversation with Mr. Hogan, and if he had seen him coming out of the bar-room he would be only too glad to report him to the authorities of the college, and always liquor-drinking on the part of students was an offence that made the delinquent liable to instant expulsion, and rightly so. The temperance campaign, to have any real success, must begin in the home and be continued in the schools of the land. The experience of the last century has proven amply the need of total abstinence and drastic temperance legislation in every country of the whole world.

Christmas was always observed in St. John's with great enthusiasm. At midnight on December 24 the bells rang out from their cathedral turrets the joyful summons to midnight Mass, and soon the vast enclosure of the cathedral is filled with upwards of ten thousand people, whilst the Bishop is the celebrant of the Mass. Lan Bennett witnessed the sacred ceremonies with reverence, and on New Year's Day he joined in the procession which the Total Abstinence Society held through the city. After the holidays the boys are all back again to the college on the hill-top, and winter in those days went by in the diversions and duties proper to the period. Skating was always a speciality with the college boys and they exercised themselves therein on the lakes and ponds which abound near St. John's.

Bennett and his college comrades were by no means prudent in their choice of ice to skate on, and one afternoon they came very near death by drowning in one of the ponds on Signal Hill which was insufficiently frozen or else was hindered from freezing by sudden hot springs of supposed volcanic origin.

In the exercises on the ice, they played the old game of hurley, the predecessor of modern hockey. On St. Patrick's Day the Benevolent Irish Society marched to St. Patrick's Church, St. John's West, where the sermon on the great apostle and the continuation of his work in Newfoundland was given by Bishop Mullock. Alexander Bennett and fellow-Bonaventurians were in reserved seats inside the sanctuary, and as they came back to the college they made a detour of the street so as to come by the way of Military Road (vulgarly called Spinster Street), which had recently been constructed by the soldiery who had barracks at Fort Townsend and Fort William.

Now fifty years ago there used to be gangs of youthful anarchists or "hold-up" men whose hands were against law and order in general. When the college boys were going by on that day the ancient brigade called the "Kings Road gang" sprang out at them and began to shower them with snowballs.

It was in that supreme hour that Lan Bennett showed the leadership which was afterwards to distinguish him on American battlefields. He got his handful of troops in line and returned the enemy's fire, or we should rather say snow, with such good effect that he was able to get his forces inside the college grounds, whilst the enemy was completely routed by a final shower of snowballs. All of this proves that organization must always be met

by organization, even in a contemptible snowball fight.

Now it has been from time out of mind the custom in St. John's to hold each St. Patrick's night an entertainment of a dramatic nature. The college boys got permission to attend the play on the St. Patrick's night of Lan Bennett's year, and they did attend it and contributed not a little to the excitement of the theatre by their applause or hisses, as the case might be. But after the play as they went back to the college they were inspired to wind up the occasion by a piece of mischief. Bill Hogan was, as they said, "half seas over": nearly drunk when he came down with his lantern swearing at late arrivals. To tip Bill over and extinguish his lantern was the work of a moment. Then they rushed upstairs to the Professor's rooms.

Now being St. Patrick's night and sixty years ago, it came to pass that there was held a tremendous banquet in the Irish Hall. I say tremendous advisedly, because Protestants and Catholics were invited, and speeches were made by such a number of people that they would fill a volume. In those times a banquet lasted for a week in one way or another, and sometimes banquets were so effective that they lasted the guests for the rest of their lives. Such was the spirit of the age, open-handed, chivalrous, brave and hospitable to the verge of recklessness. I do not say this as praising "good old times." I know better than that. The Newfoundland of sixty years ago had vices which the Newfoundland of to-day may not have contracted, but the old native and British stocks in the St. John's of that time were a strong people, and if anything could prove their strength it would be a St. Patrick's Day banquet as then carried out. They needed to be strong to survive it.

"From the lone Shielling on the misty Island
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas,
But the blood is strong and the heart is Highland,
And in dreams we see the Hebrides."

The college authorities were always honoured guests at a St. Patrick's night banquet, and Professor McFuller being at the banquet with Frs. Carafagnini and Forrestall, the boys raided his vacant room, and opening his dressing bureau they took out his tall hat, coat, etc., and soon made up an imitation Professor. With a sponge for a whisker, they extended it on the bed to await the arrival of the Professor himself. They secured an empty bottle from Bill Hogan's pantry and laid it affectionately and significantly at the imitation professor's side.

Then they scampered upstairs to their beds, and it was as well that they did so, because scarcely ten minutes passed when the familiar footsteps of Dr. Carafagnini resounded in the dormitory, and the deep snores that proceeded from the various beds convinced that astute superior that the boys were too deep in sleep to be really asleep at all. "They protested too much," like the Shakespearean character. So he determined next day to see what history was behind this wonderful chorus of snores which he never heard except when the boys were shamming sleep.

CHAPTER IV

THE BIG CRICKET MATCH ON THE "BARRENS"

NO one could precisely say what Professor McFuller did when he found the figure on his bed on returning from the banquet. To speak of it to Father Forrestall would have been to provoke a storm of ridicule, for Father Forrestall was as keen of wit as any Irishman in the world, and the humour of the situation would have made him quite insensible to the just wrath of the Professor. Rev. Dr. Carafagnini, however, was not disposed to laugh at the incident, and he made a strict inquiry next day amongst the boys as to what they knew of the occurrence, but not one of the youngsters could be got to betray any of his comrades to the authorities, even though his bones were to be broken for keeping silence. With the Irish, fidelity to fellow-rebels is almost a religion that seven hundred years of harsh and unfair laws and consistent fight for principle have bred in the very blood of the race. Still Dr. Carafagnini would do his duty to the letter, and so he continued the inquiry, but all the incidents just related were widening the breach between Mr. Bennett and the Professor.

Besides, people in town were beginning to complain that the boys on the walks were not quite orderly. A story came from the west end of St. John's that the

St. Bonaventure's boys had gone over to the south side of the port and done considerable mischief on some of the sealing fleet. It seems that Professor McFuller gave them permission to spend an afternoon visiting the returned sealing vessels and they turned the privilege to an occasion of perverted humour by attempting to humbug some of the sealers by asking them all sorts of ridiculous questions about their business, and in some cases they came near getting strokes from dripping seals' pelts which angry sealers flung at them.

Then there was a "flipper" fight coming across on the ice. But here we may imagine some would-be critic say: "What in thunder is a flipper?" A flipper, O gentle ignoramus, is that part of the seal which corresponds in a fish to the fins and in a land animal to the feet. And as a seal is a sort of middle term between a sea animal and a land animal, they call such appliances "flippers." Now the flippers make excellent food, and they are practically given away by the sealers to all who apply, or at least used to be.

LAN GETS A LOVE LETTER—NOTHING LESS

Now the West End boys, going on board the sealing vessels to capture some "flippers," met the college boys half-way across the harbour, and whether they fought with snowballs or fists or hurley sticks, the result was that a policeman was deputed to lodge a complaint with the college superiors, which he did.

Another incident occurred at this time, not a warlike incident but an "affair of the affections," which still further complicated Mr. Bennett's fortunes. We have hinted that Miss Mary English was to be the heroine

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of this story. Well, this young maiden, being the daughter of Rube English, who was at variance with Robert Bennett about a piece of land, should by all the laws of human perversity fall in love with Alexander Bennett, Robert Bennett's good-looking son, and she appears to have done so.

One day when the infrequent postman came to the college he brought a dainty-looking letter addressed to Alexander Bennett, Esq., etc. Ordinarily the President or Father Forrestall received the boys' letters from the postman and then redistributed them to the various youths that received such epistles. But there was something very suspicious looking about this letter addressed in a lady's handwriting, and from St. Pierre, to young Bennett, who might possibly become an ecclesiastical student. The authorities decided to look into the matter and to assume parental responsibility and open the letter. They did so, and found it to be sufficiently like a love letter to ask Mr. Bennett to give some account of himself in reference thereunto.

Father Forrestall's remarks to Lan were of a characteristic kind. "Well, Bennett boy, so you're holding correspondence with a foreign nation against the peace and dignity of our Sovereign Lady the Queen? You're beginning early, I suppose, in order to give plenty of notice to Father Lambert to have the banns published?"

Dr. Carafagnini solemnly told Lan to quit all such correspondence or quit the college.

Professor McFuller, still mindful of a snowball which nearly knocked off his beaver hat some months before and always suspecting Lan in such matters, took occasion to remark that even if Bennett were lost to the Church he would not prove any gain to the State, as it was his own private opinion, that, the

delinquent Bennett would be extremely lucky if he did not end his rascalities by being hanged.

Father Forrestall relieved the situation by some happily turned remarks advising Lan to shun the arrows of Cupid and grow up a fine old bachelor like his friend Professor McFuller, and thus ended the conference. As the summer months went by the students became more engrossed than usual in preparing for the examinations which would precede vacation and be held in the Bishop's library and in the presence of the Bishop himself.

It was some weeks before examination time that the college boys were busy one Saturday afternoon preparing their subjects. It was a hot afternoon, but, notwithstanding, several of the boys urged James Pullen, the prefect, to lead them on their regular walk in the country, which considering the heat of the day would mean a few miles in around Long Pond or towards some other of those sylvan retreats which will make the suburbs of St. John's in future years ideal locations for the country mansions of wealthy residents.

But Prefect Pullen was not disposed to take a walk that afternoon, because, being a senior student, he was deep in Latin and Greek and other branches which he had to stand examination in before the Bishop the following month. The boys, however, continued to nag at him so much that in sheer desperation he closed his books and rushed down to the door, got his "camerata" in line, and started off two and two in the direction of Topsail Road. If the boys had been able to read the set and determined look on the refined face of the prefect they would have seen that he meant to give them a satiety of walking exercise that day, and he certainly did, for instead of the three or

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four miles of road he took them a course of fifteen miles, and when they went back to college after that hot, dusty and unrested walk the only consolation they had was the miserable one of knowing that Prefect Pullen was the most exhausted man of the whole group and was only sustained on the walk by his tremendous will power. It was, however, many a day before they again tried to force Mr. Pullen from his books to go on a walk. There may be some old college students yet living who feel that they planted the seeds of future corns on that walk.

But one great event took place before the examination. It took place on the "Barrens." Need I tell you, O cricket-loving reader, that this great event was the cricket match between the college team and the British soldiers of Fort Townsend barracks, and not since Dingley Dell cricket club played all Muggleton could there have been a more stormfully enthusiastic cricket match than that on the "barrens" of St. John's. The whole town was excited over the "match" and the shopkeepers from the Cross Roads to Magotty Cove allowed their clerks to go to see this historic contest. After all, enthusiasm for the sports of the campus is a very good safety valve, and if there was not competition in pacific athletics there might be competition in militarism, for man is certainly a competitive entity. But supposing that Alexander Bennett felt himself nearly as important as his great namesake of antiquity when the umpire said to him—

"Are your men all ready, captain?"

Well, supposing he did, was there ever yet the captain of a cricket team or a football club, or a baseball team, that did not feel himself for the moment to be as great a man as Napoleon and a trifle greater than Wellington? Alexander Bennett had been

captain of the New St. Bonaventure's Club for some months. A loose-jointed, roughly-built fellow, he excelled both as a bowler and a batter, and the college boys made him captain, and as such he issued challenge to the cricketers in the garrison, who had played everywhere from Halifax to St. Kitts.

The college team, besides the regular white flannel shirt and trousers, wore caps of pink, white and green in colour, for at that time the native tricolour was beginning to achieve public favour, and now on this cricket day it was planted at different places around the white canvas tent of the Bonaventure boys.

The game, which lasted from 10.6 a.m. up to 9.6 p.m., with a brief interval for luncheon, was doggedly contested by both sides. Bennett's bowling and batting were most effective, but the soldiers had put their best men on the ground, so it had to be the very end of the game before the immense crowd which had gathered on the barrens could decide which team won the day. The usual cries of approval or disapproval rang out from the spectators.

"Well hit!" "Well run!" "Make three on that!" "Ah, butter-fist; missed, eh?" "Catch!" "Well caught!" That was the chorus for nearly ten hours, whilst the barrens continued to fill with people and the gamblers kept plying their traditional trade. And still all through the long afternoon the two teams seemed to be running an even race, with the soldiers a little in advance. And now it is come to nearly sunset and the natives begin to look slightly discouraged, even though their defeat, if it occur, can be by merely the narrowest possible margin. It is closing to the last man of the soldiers' eleven at the bat, and he is driving the balls far and wide over the field, whilst the onlookers preserve that deep, ominous silence

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which a crowd always maintains when on the brink of a storm of cheers—which side shall win the applause being the question of the moment.

Bennett, who has bowled like chain lightning all day, appears to have come to the end of his skill. The balls fly wide and the bowler seems careless of the result.

Meanwhile the soldier at the bat has not worked so hard and he succeeds in reaching a few of Bennett's "over-arms" and sending them so far beyond the reach of the scouts that he adds to the score of his team and brings it nearly even with the St. Bonaventure score. Bennett was now bowling the last ball of his series, after a moment the umpire will call "Over," and then the scientific batsman will have it all his own way and so slog the ball that he will close with a brilliant victory for his team. The victory or defeat of St. Bonaventure's depends on the accuracy of this last ball, and strange to say the captain seems to send it as carelessly as if the credit of his college were not in the balance. The batsman also seems to be aware that Bennett is shooting wide, for instead of waiting to block out what might be an accurately sent cricket ball, he steps out quite jauntily to get it on the end of his bat at one bold stroke. But see what has happened: the soldier missed the ball, but the ball does not miss the soldier's wickets; on the contrary, it cuts his three stumps clean out of the sod, and the surrounding crowd raises such a yell of triumph for the victorious natives that the Parade Ground never since re-echoed such a hurricane of cheers.

Six weeks afterwards came the final act to this cricket drama. The scene was the episcopal library and the occasion was a distribution of prizes, read out in all form. One prize was awarded to Alexander

THE BIG CRICKET MATCH

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Bennett of South Bight for "proficiency in physical exercises." The giving of this prize to Bennett offended Professor McFuller, so he remarked rather crustily—

"Well, Bennett, I'm glad you're good for something."

Father Forrestall said to him as he gave him the prize in the name of the Bishop—

"Well done, Lan boy; you bowled over Professor McFuller in great style, but take care he does not 'stump' you yet, or 'catch you out.'"

Next day Lan Bennett returned for summer vacation to New Port.

CHAPTER V

BACK TO SOUTH BIGHT ON VACATION

NOW it may seem difficult to get romance out of a "cabbage garden," and yet that is what the writer has to do at present. Or to be more clear, it is necessary to show how the boundary fence of Robert Bennett's cabbage ground became a cause of offence between himself and Rube English, and then we shall see how and why Rube English gave strict orders to his daughter Mary not to "have hand, act or part with that brat of Bennett's either during the midsummer vacation or at any other season whatsoever." Mary had returned from St. Pierre convent just as Lan came back from St. Bonaventure's.

Rube English, our heroine's father, was, as Mr. Malone would express it, a "very perverted personality." He was originally a North of Ireland orange man who, before his marriage to Jessie Dalton, had been converted to Catholicity by Father Lambert, who, like Father Troy, was a great convert maker. Now Mr. English's conversion by no means softened the harshness and moroseness of temper which he had acquired from the surroundings in which he had been born and bred. In his own family especially was he a very harsh man, and when he glanced ominously at the loaded sealing gun on the kitchen rack and told Mary that she would

go gallivanting with Lan Bennett at her own very extreme "peril," Mary felt that what the neighbours said was true and that her father had a considerable quantity of the devil in some parts of his composition. He used to say himself when in liquor that he'd get even with Robert Bennett if he had to swing from a scaffold for it with as strong a rope as ever moored a Western boat. In fact, Rube English's passions were so fierce that the neighbours always said he was very much more than half crazy, and his extensive drinking bouts with Jake Rugley did not improve his condition very much.

But how about the cabbage garden? Robert Bennett's farm and that of Rube English were, as Mr. Malone said, in juxtaposition. Now when Robert Bennett put up a "longure fence" to divide and define the properties, he so extended it as to keep a very fine spring well on his side of the fence. This proceeding was opposed by Skipper Rube, so that Belfast was opposed to Wexford. But whilst Robert Bennett would be the last man in the world to steal another person's ground, he also would be one of the last to let his own be stolen. He laughed at Skipper Rube's excitement, which he regarded as mere cowardly bluster, good to frighten women and children but wasted on men. In order to have everything settled right, Robert volunteered to let the boundary fence question be settled by a "board of arbitration" composed of Fr. Lamjert, Mr. Malone, Skipper Mickle Wells, Jake Rugley, Bill Savin, and Brophy the blacksmith. This board, in spite of Jake Rugley and Bill Savin, decided that Robert Bennett was within his rights in placing the fence as he did. That started Rube English's ire, and when first he heard that his daughter Mary had danced with a son of that "scoun-

drel Bennett " he became insane with rage, and made threats to which we have just referred.

Now that Lan and Mary happened to be in New Port for their holidays, and finding that they had been seen in conversation, Rube's fury broke out afresh. His whole anger was inspired by his grudge against Bennett senior, and the idea of his child holding conversation with a view to possible matrimony with Bennett junior quite overmastered his judgment.

The two outstanding events of Lan Bennett's vacation were a trouting excursion up New Port River and a picnic excursion on the banks of the same stream. But why state these things in words, for whoever yet heard of a Newfoundland vacation without a trouting excursion and a catechism picnic? In fact, some of our strongest political organizations have been dubbed "picnic parties," and they retort by saying, "Yes; we are proud of the title. It will always be a picnic for the public as long as we are in power, but if the other party got in, oh, then?"

Now the trouting excursion up New Port River came about in this way: Captain Angler, in charge of the man-of-war ship *Sword Fish*, was then in New Port harbour, which he made his headquarters for exercising some real or imaginary protection over the Newfoundland fisheries. The Captain was the most enthusiastic of fishermen. He was one of those veterans who had seen service in different parts of the world and spent his vacations hunting or angling in parts of Newfoundland that people at that day scarcely knew even by name. Captain Angler was supposed to have originated the saying that railways and steamers would "spoil Newfoundland as a hunting country."

Now, strange to say, Captain Angler was a great personal friend of Father Lambert and frequently

exchanged hospitalities with him. One day in the summer we speak of the Captain asked the parish priest of New Port to dine with him on board the *Sword Fish*. Father Lambert accepted, and after dinner, whilst the abstemious pastor was taking his coffee and the Captain was taking something else, some of the officers present began, for the sake of mischief, to start a religious controversy between the priest and the Navy-man.

Father Lambert, being a man of great shrewdness and tact, knew that it was neither the time nor the place nor the company for a theological discussion, so he adroitly twisted around the conversation and got the Captain and the officers into a discussion on the secular affairs of Newfoundland. Many of the officers expressed regret that the island was not opened up to international trade by railways and steamers like many other countries. This proposition aroused the Captain to the very highest pitch of frenzy, as the officers knew and intended that it should. He burst into a very cyclone of abuse on all who would think of such an infringement on the ancient condition of affairs as to put a railway through the "bally island, don't cher know?" Captain Angler was a citizen of London by birth, and a very democratic citizen at that. In fact, his parents kept an unlicensed bar-room in which unlawful rum was sold and unlawful skittles were played in one of the slums of East London. It was extremely appropriate that, originating in such an environment, Captain Angler should be the most inflammatory of British jingoes and the most aristocratic of Imperial flag-flappers. To be sure, why not? His parents' grog-shop in East London was often raided by the police of that Metropolis, but he came down hard on any of the "blawsted colonials" that he'd

catch smuggling rum from St. Pierre or otherwise compromising the dignity of Britain, "don't cher know?" Apart from these peculiarities the Captain was a good-hearted old fellow, and in many ways a most competent official, and, as we have seen, a mighty Nimrod. Now, however, he had full steam up against railways or steamers for Newfoundland. And his narrow views were shared in by most of the old country officials of Blue School education, for which the Imperial Government in its benevolence made Newfoundland a dumping ground then and since. But as Skipper Jemie Derritt of Devonshire used to say, "there wor worse devils than old Angler."

"What," continued the angry Captain—"what do you mean by railways for that old rock? Railways, indeed? What rubbish! Railways? Why, they wouldn't pay for their own wheel-grease in a hundred years! But it's the politicians that are cramming the nuts of the codliners with this blasted rubbish. Now, Father Lambert, don't you really believe that such a fishing-stream as New Port River would be spoiled by building a railway to it?"

Father Lambert saw that this was a straight ball at his wickets, for though the Captain did not know it, he was the strongest of railway-expansion men. He slogged the ball by asking Captain Angler what time he would make his long-promised trip up to New Port falls to devote a day to the salmon? Captain Angler's iron countenance suddenly relapsed into a smile. He thrust his hand across the table and grasped Father Lambert's. "Why, God bless you, old fellow," said he, "for reminding me of the blawsted salmon. I was so occupied in gassing about these blooming railways that I forgot the fish."

You must remember that a salmon-fishing excursion

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to Captain Angler was what a pilgrimage to Mecca would be to the Turks. It was more than a mere passion, it was very nearly a religion. As soon as the Captain's countenance thus changed and brightened at the mere hint of a day on the river the rest of the table went into a roar of laughter, in which none joined so heartily as Father Lambert, who recommended the Captain to get Mickle Wells's large row-boat, which would take them up the river a considerable distance, at least to within striking distance of the salmon on the falls. This being arranged, Father Lambert said good night to the good old Captain and the officers, and next morning, as early as 2.30 a.m., a "daylight-saving brigade," made up of Captain Angler, Mickle Wells, Lan Bennett and two or three others, might be seen in a big white row-boat, which they were driving along in that place where New Port harbour is continued into the country by the river, which is navigable for row-boats for some miles.

In due course they arrived at the shoals of the river, where they moored their boat, and then they proceeded on foot towards the salmon falls. And it was, as Skipper Mickle said, as wonderful a morning for fish as ever shone over South Bight or any other place. Having reached the falls all they had to do, Skipper Mickle said, was just to "take the cratures in out of the wet and warm them."

Captain Angler was the keenest of fishermen, and some of the biggest and liveliest salmon that ever sprang over New Port falls were not the fabled fish that always "get away" when he cast his unerring flies athwart the blackness of the still deep water at the foot of the falls. On the contrary, they did not get away; although the Captain went nearly to his neck in water, he landed the fish, and after some time

they lit a fire and made a meal off the fried salmon and other materials that the Captain had ordered to be brought along for the occasion. As they returned down the river after their excursion Mr. Wells regaled the company with a comic song of twenty verses, as dismal a performance as ever fell on human ears. He had partaken more than once that morning of the flask which does not always cheer but too frequently inebriates. One good thing about the song was this, that it kept the company amused during the weary pull down the harbour, and Mr. Wells had just terminated his tale of misery in verse when they reached Robert Bennett's landing-stage.

Mr. Malone, in order to test Alexander Bennett's literary proficiency, asked him to write an account of his salmon excursion up to New Port falls and have it transmitted for publication to the bi-weekly *Star* of St. John's. Now, whatever other faults Lan Bennett might have had, no one could say that he was literary. He refused to do so, saying: "Why, Mr. Malone, if I wrote that on the bi-weekly *Star* the college boys would all have it to humbug me with when I go back to St. Bonaventure's on August 15. 'Twould be a twelve-months' laugh against me when the boys would hear of or read it."

Mr. Malone deserves the credit of having organized New Port's greatest catechism picnic. A string of boats decorated with all sorts of flags ascended New Port River to a place where beautiful level fields extended like Nature's Campus as though to give the youngsters a chance to pursue their various innocent games under the eyes of parents and teachers.

Rugley attempted to smuggle a few jars of rum to the grounds for the refreshment of the committee workers, but Mr. Malone would not tolerate it. Neither

would Mr. Malone countenance any breaches of discipline in the matter of dancing.

Said Skipper Mickle Wells: "Malone is as hard agin the boys and girls dancin' as Father Lambert himself." But anyhow," continued Skipper Mickle, "this picnic got up by Mr. Malone is something grand bekase we must give the dyvvle his due when he desarves it, and Malone can't be jammed for startin' a good picnic. His name is 'Kin do it.'"

Now whether Lan Bennett paid special attentions to Miss English at that picnic, we do not know, but certain it is when he returned to college after the holidays the first greeting that one of the boys had for him was, "Welcome back, Bennett boy; would you mind giving us a look at Miss English's photograph?" Instead of complying with this natural request Lan bestowed on the petitioner a hearty cuff on the ear to teach him to be more gentlemanly in his observations on future occasions.

CHAPTER VI

LAN BENNETT GETS A LONG VACATION FROM ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE

MOST college boys remember what reaction there is from the midsummer enthusiasm with which they go on vacation to the autumnal pessimism with which they return therefrom. And yet the period after summer vacation, both in old and new St. Bonaventure's, may have had its compensations. At that time there were long country walks, whether towards the South Side Hill regions or up to Signal Hill, or along that northern and western district where lakes, plains, and wooded hills form almost a Highland landscape. Old St. John's has indeed an environment which for beauty and grandeur can scarcely be surpassed, and the purple and scarlet of later autumn add a charm to its hill scenery such as midsummer's brightness can scarcely equal. There must be at present many St. Bonaventure's boys scattered like the soldiers of the Irish Brigade from "Dunkirk to Belgrade," or more accurately from Cape Breton to California, and we make no doubt but these old Bonaventurians will continue to remember the October days of their college life when they played at football on the Parade Ground or consumed larger quantities of "berries" than the college doctor would prescribe in the glens of Signal Hill. Truly the New-

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foundland Catholic University boy of a few years hence may traverse Topsail Hill by an ascending railway, or perhaps by an aeroplane, but even so he will not derive more real pleasure from such a trip than the college boy of forty or fifty years ago who did the job on foot.

To the college boy there is always a sense of triumph in witnessing the "first fall of snow," and yet to the man of advanced years it brings a sense of melancholy. It oppresses the imagination very much more than rain or fog. The college boys revel in the snow because it is a new excitement. It means snowball fights, and the erection of snow batteries to be attacked and defended. And it was precisely this battle of snowballs that was going on in the space in late October when the first snow had been sufficiently thick to encourage sleigh drivers to come out and to enable the St. Bonaventure's boys to erect two barricades of snow in such a way that they could be defended by one group of boys standing behind the barricades and driving back the attackers by snow in globular form. It may seem an odd sport and yet very few military reviews or sham battles could give more real delight to the participants than this innocent but animated pastime gave to the youngsters who took part in it. Alexander Bennett, as usual, led one party of attackers, and a young man named Pierce Hearn captained the opposition team. Soon the shouts arose, "Now, boys, come along; down with the Bennett's crew! Death or glory!" and Pierce Hearn's brigade had descended on the Bennett lines, only to be repulsed after a sharp fight. Bennett's snow barricade was, however, injured in the charge and presently repaired.

By mutual consent a pause was made in the snow

fight, and Pierce Hearn found that he was one man less than his right number. So he and Lan agreed to send an ambassador to the college study and induce Jimmy Browney, a boy from Fakirville, to come down and make the required number. Now Browney was a young man who had come from Fakirville that fall with the intention of studying navigation as taught by the predecessors of Mr. Francis Doyle. Browney had gone to the sealing voyage that year in a sailing craft of twenty men, so we may assume he was no "spring chicken" in the matter of years. Physically he was a heavy, stolid-looking individual, slow of motion, but uncommonly strong-looking, with one of those scowling, sullen countenances that would indicate a man tardy to get into a quarrel and still more tardy to come out of a quarrel once his militant passions were aroused. "Beware the fury of a patient man" might well be taken as a description of Jimmy Browney from Fakirville.

As soon as Mr. Browney appeared in the snowy arena (being induced thither by a clever concoction of the boy who called him down), Pierce Hearn, by pre-arrangement, got behind him in a bent attitude something of the leapfrog kind, only more so; affecting to believe that the protuberance on Browney's face created by a large wad of masticated tobacco was really due to a gumboil, Lan Bennett pretended to touch Browney's jaw sympathetically, and in doing so caused him to tumble to the snow-clad ground by falling over Pierce Hearn's body, Pierce being in leap-frog position for the emergency. This was great amusement for the small boys and Pierce Hearn, but it was no laughing matter for Browney; neither was it a joke for Lan Bennett, as subsequent events proved. Browney was in no sense

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of the word a bully, but he was far more dangerous to "pick on," as the boys say, than a brace of bullies. When he stood up and shook off the snow like a huge Newfoundland dog coming out of the water, it was like his immovable stolidity that he continued chewing his tobacco, the only sign of emotion which he gave being a deeper and more ominous scowl than usual. Browney spoke with that North Newfoundland patois which is as distinctive and local as any provincial dialect in the whole British Empire—

"I say, Bennett, what d'yer mean to play tricks like that on I?"

"Oh, come, Browney," said Lan, "don't be a growl." It's all a part of the game." Whilst offering this rather unconvincing reason Lan was edging in to give him another toss in the beautiful but uncomfortable snow.

"All in the game, is it," said Browney, "then I'll tell you that two can play that yer game, and if yer think, Lan, boy, that yer can pick on us fellers from down Narth, by Garge, Bennett, I tell yer don't do it."

Whilst thus speaking Browney shot out from the shoulder with his right fist and would have landed a sledge-hammer blow precisely on Lan's eyebrow if that hero had not deftly turned aside the fist. Then the battle began in earnest—South Bight against Fakirville. It did not continue long when it came to a sudden and unanticipated interruption and that by thing less than a shout of rage from the college window, whence Professor McFuller had been for several minutes an onlooker of the proceedings. The Professor saw that his old enemy Lan was engaged in a fist fight in the very front of the college and as it were in defiance of all authority.

"Come in here, Bennett, and don't delay."

This was the word of command given in an unmis-

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takable tone. Bennett went in and soon found himself standing in the presence of Rev. Fr. Carafagnini, Father Forrestall and Professor McFuller, charged with open fighting, the penalty for such under certain circumstances being expulsion.

Father Forrestall was Irishman enough to regard a fist fight as a bit of a joke and bade his colleagues remember that the ancient Greeks excelled in the art of pugilism. "Perhaps next summer Professor McFuller will divide his Greek prize *exaequo* between Boxers Browney and Bennett and have them give an exhibition in the Parade Ground *pro bono publico*. Don't you think so, Dr. Carafagnini? Sure you know from history what splendid gladiators your own ancestors were in the Roman Coliseum, and isn't the hollow over there by the Parade Ground as much like the Coliseum as possible?" Father Forrestall emphasized his remarks by a wink at Lan, which caused that young man to utter a loud guffaw, and this levity aroused for the moment the indignation of Dr. Carafagnini.

"What you laugh at, you bad boy? You Irish are always at the fight. Per bacco, it's fight, fight, fight, ever since I took charge of this unfortunate institution!"

Even when thus speaking Dr. Carafagnini could scarcely help laughing at the jokes of Father Forrestall, but Professor McFuller was very little inclined to laugh. He was a Glasgow University man who had been converted to Catholicity in that city as the result of the Oxford movement. Bigotry made it impossible for him to retain his chair even in a University founded by Popes. As a Catholic he had to resign, and then he came to St. Bonaventure's. He was an enthusiastic student of classics and science, and it fairly drove him furious to find a senior student

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like Alexander Bennett so little disposed for literary work and so much disposed to disorder. "Anarchist" was a title which Lan's thoughtless action procured for him from Professor McFuller. Now when the question of Lan's expulsion was put to him, his words were to this effect that "Mr. Bennett had been a source of disorder since his first admission to the college; that he preferred ignorance to knowledge; undermined discipline; that he caused younger boys to disrespect professors; and," concluded Professor McFuller, "if you reverend Fathers are prepared to keep this Bennett boy as a student in this college there is nothing left for me but to go straight over to Bishop Mullock and place my resignation in his lordship's hands instanter. I left a professor's chair in a greater University than St. Bonaventure's for the sake of principle and I'm prepared to do the same again this very evening."

Lan, seeing how matters stood, had manliness enough not to embarrass his friend the superior of the college by attempting to stay, when his staying would cause the loss of a professor so really good as Mr. McFuller was. He told the "board" that he was thankful for all the kindness he had received and sorry for all the trouble he had given and that he would be ready to leave the college before six o'clock that very evening.

Bill Hogan helped him to pack his trunk on the tacit understanding that he would "stand" a glass or two at the Scotch tavern, situated a little below the old Market House between Water and Middle Streets. Well, every one was sorry to see Bennett leaving that evening accompanied by Bill Hogan. The college boys in front of the building wanted to give him a song before leaving and as they could think of nothing else they struck up "God save the Queen." Jimmy

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Browney blubbered like Mr. Wardle's fat boy as he said "good-bye," and invited him "down Narth for a cruise."

Even Professor McFuller was moved to tears as he shook his hand.

"Bennett, my manny," said he, "I wish you no ill even though you did spoil my beaver hat with a snowball. I hope you'll do better in your future years than you did in this college. There is one consolation, you can't do much worse." The reply Lan made to the Professor would not look ornamental if printed.

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CHAPTER VII

LAN'S COLLEGE EDUCATION FINISHED

WHEN Lan and Bill Hogan had reached the Scotch tavern and then deposited the trunk they were not long in that popular resort before Skipper Hallaway and Mr. Batt Smiles, member for South Bight, marched in arm-in-arm and ordered two glasses of the hottest, strongest and sweetest rum that the house could give, though both looked as if they had already taken as much as they could properly move with. For a boy just leaving college a worse way to meet the world than in company with the revellers in the Scotch tavern could not be imagined. Some of the most disgraceful and even murderous brawls that have disgraced the city occurred in that tavern, or in its predecessor on the same ground. It had witnessed deeds of blood for which more than one unfortunate drunkard had paid with his life at Gibbet Hill, by the hands of the public executioner. But this was in the background. On the front it was made by the shrewdness of its Scotch proprietor a very attractive tavern indeed, for after all, if people are to be killed by alcohol, it is good business to make the process as gentle as possible.

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The Scotch tavern of the time was what they call in Ireland a "Shebeen," and it received very considerable quantities of liquor from St. Pierre by the zeal of the smugglers, and more than once had Skipper Hallaway brought a schooner-load for the use (but not the benefit) of the patrons of the Scotch tavern.

"Hallo, Mr. Bennett, I'm glad to see you! I suppose you've got an evening off from the college?" Lan described the fight with Browney and its results, and said he hoped to get a passage back to New Port with Mr. Hallaway. Mr. Batt Smiles whistled at this news. Said he was sorry, and no doubt he was. It is so customary in Newfoundland to impute selfish motives to politicians that we may easily forget the amount of Christian service which these much-criticized politicians often do to the poorest, the meanest of their constituents, oftentimes getting rather dirty thanks for the most sterling benefits. Captain Hallaway said that he could be pleased to give Lan a passage to South Bight, and would be ready to start thither next day. As the drinking continued, in which Lan was weak enough to take part, what their words made up in fluency they lacked in common sense.

"And how are the crops around in South Bight this year?" said Member Smiles, who being a St. John's resident thought it proper to ask his constituents to "have a drink" and talk district matters when they came to town each spring or fall. Beyond that Mr. Smiles had little interest in South Bight except when he visited it each four years for re-election, and then he sometimes found that South Bight had little interest in him. Once in a while the public really deceives its deceivers, even in Newfoundland.

Skipper Hallaway, who had spent his earlier years

as a sealer and shore fisherman, and of late years had gone into freighting, with an occasional trip to the Mediterranean or Brazil, carrying fish, had the most unmitigated contempt for land industries of every kind and especially for farming. Besides, he was now sufficiently inebriated to be, as the boys say, cantankerous.

"Why, Mr. Smiles, surely you don't mean to say that this country is a farmer's country?"

"Well," said Mr. Smiles blandly, "I believe the farmer will have a large share in its development."

"That's more than I do," said the contradictory mariner. "I believe all this talk of farming is rubbish got up by politicians for their own ends."

"But," said Member Smiles as he assumed a House-of-Assembly attitude and caught the Speaker's eye, "you will agree with me, gallant Captain, that the real question is not what politicians say, or what people say they say. The real question is this: what are the possibilities of Newfoundland as a farming country objectively considered?"

"Fine words don't feed the people. A country like this was made for codfish marchants and fishermen, and so to the dickens with yer farmers and miners and all that sort of things."

The good old seaman was more than half drunk and talking in his sleep, or nearly so. And fifty years ago Skipper Hallaway's views were those of three-fourths of the fishermen of the island, an unhappy blending of ignorance and prejudice that Member Smiles felt it useless to contend against. In order to change the subject he asked Skipper Hallaway to favour the company with a song, and the venerable Captain started a "Come, all ye," in such a stentorian tone as caused the Scotch proprietor

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of the rum shop to put his face inside the door and ask if there was "any need to send for a handful of police."

Member Smiles winked at the proprietor, who vanished, and Mr. Hallaway continued his ode, which was entitled, "The Battle of Waterloo." The substance of this song was—

That in 1815, all on the eighteenth of June,
The word was brought across the say,
That Bonaparte had lost the day.

Now it would seem that in the St. John's of that date there was a considerable contingent of Irishmen who sympathized with Napoleon. And some of these Irishmen were in the barracks of St. John's as soldiers. Nearly half of Wellington's army at Waterloo was Irish and Catholic. So that if they Irish chose to believe that "Bony" was a better man than the "Iron Duke," they were not disposed to sacrifice that opinion to please any one. When the news was brought that Napoleon had sustained the overthrow of Waterloo the song went on to say—

That it was a hot and cruel day in the
city of St. John's,

for the Bonaparte and Wellington factions got furiously drunk and met near "Pokeham path" at a narrow junction of roads, and strife was prevented only by the timely intervention of the Catholic clergy, and a few possible brawlers were thus saved from Gibbet Hill. By this time Skipper Hallaway had finished his song, which in its very inartistic way threw a light all its own on the social and industrial life of old St. John's when the streets were paths and the woodland extended like Mr. Hallaway's beard—if we may use the comparison for a sylvan growth of birch; spruce

and fir which covered all Signal Hill and reached over Cathedral Hill itself.

Mr. Smiles left Captain Hallaway in the "arms of Morpheus," as he afterwards said to one of his colleagues, and now the next we hear of the Captain is when his schooner lands at Robert Bennett's wharf in New Port, and who steps ashore to greet the father but Lan himself. We here draw a veil, as the novelists say, on the scenes which ensued. To leave college as the result of a piece of vulgar pugilism constituted, in Robert's eyes, an offence so grave that his first impulse was to forget Lan's six feet of growth and give him such a trouncing as he had never got before. He actually grasped him by the hair, and fairly white with rage he concentrated the greatest possible bitterness into a tongue thrashing. "Look here," said Robert, "what sort of a slouch are you to come home in this fashion without your own story or anybody else's? I suppose it was liquor drove you out of the college?"

"No, father," said Lan, "you're wrong. 'Twasn't for liquor, but 'twas for licking another boy."

This treating the affair as a subject for contemptible jokes made Robert still more furious. "See here, my bucko, don't you try any of your smart talk with me. I'll not stand it. Faith, it's a good mind I have to wallop you from this to Gorman's Foot, so I have, if you were as big as Deadman's Head."

Mrs. Bennett here interrupted the scene. "Robert," said she, "try to speak like a Christian and not like an old heathen. "And, Lan, do you just keep quiet and stop your talk."

"But you're all down on me," said Lan, "so I'll go over to Brophy's forge and see if I can't meet Jim McDougald or some of the boys there and have a chat with them about the news of the day."

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He left the old folks sad enough and strolled over to Brophy's forge, and there met Brophy himself, Jim McDougald, Mr. Wells, and good old Mr. Malone, and last and worst Jake Rugley, the evil genius of South Bight.

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CHAPTER VIII

BROPHY'S FORGE

PERHAPS nothing could give a better idea of certain phases of Newfoundland life sixty or seventy years ago than an inside view of Brophy's forge in South Bight. The father and uncles of the sturdy smith had themselves been blacksmiths and forged pikes near New Ross for the rebels of Wexford in 1798. Now Brophy of South Bight was not forging pikes for the fishermen of that place, though both he and they believed that it might come to pikes some day, and they thought it just as well to prepare for bad weather. Just about the years to which we refer the historic "treaty coast" difficulty had reached an acute stage. The "rights" then enjoyed by France on the west coast of the island were believed to be Newfoundland "wrongs." Politicians of both factions had used this French shore question as a stalking horse on which they would ride into power or else drive their opponents out of power. France and England had always done their best on the disputed coast-line. In fact the officers both of the French and the British ships anchored on the coast used to give and take hospitalities and were as a general thing on very excellent terms. Occasionally there were acts of aggression against resident Newfoundland fishermen, but in the main the chief grievance was that the

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progress of West and Central Newfoundland was retarded by this "treaty" and its practical results.

Meetings had been held in St. John's on such places as the "historic beach" near Water Street. Politicians in St. John's had addressed excited crowds from the heads of molasses barrels (through which they sometimes fell, to the vast amusement of the democracy), and British statesmen were bade to think of Washington and Bunker Hill. As the movement was carried out by politicians there was a good deal of Ulster bluff in it with a certain element of fanaticism. The Hon. Batt Smiles declared from the steps of the House of Assembly that at least 1,000 fishermen in South Bight were ready to march with sealing guns to any place he might designate. The whole business was largely manufactured in the political clubs in St. John's to embarrass the existing administration, because once the opposition got into power the French shore might look out for itself for another term, and the only tangible outcome would be a Sir Batt Smiles, because, as every one knows, the "treaty shore" egg did hatch out knighthoods. But whilst politicians might be merely ulsterizing, if we may use that word for the American term bluff, there were many people in places like South Bight and elsewhere who were far otherwise than bluffing, as bits of conversation in Brophy's forge might indicate.

"I think, conscientiously speaking," said Mr. Malone, "that this always irritating question of our 'treaty shore' should be settled by diplomacy rather than by force of arms."

"Now, Mr. Malone," said Skipper Mickle, "would you stop spakin' your big English and tell us in plain Irish what does this thing call ye diplomacy mean?"

"Why," said Brophy as he swung a sledge hammer high above his head and brought down such a blow as made the sparks fly everywhere from a red-hot iron on the anvil, "diplomacy means 'soft sawder'; it means old talk; it means nothing. The best diplomacy I ever saw was in me uncle's forge in New Ross when the boys of Wexford got their pikes good and sharp straight from the anvil. There were two or three informers amongst five hundred of them, but when they caught the informers a few days after, didn't they hang them from New Ross Bridge like dogs, and then they fought and killed ten thousand Hessians? That's what I call a daycint shindy," said the militant blacksmith, leaning on his hammer handle. "That's the shindy worth talkin' about, and not yer old lick-spittle palaver about diplomacy."

"Good luck to yourself, Mr. Brophy," said Skipper Mickle; "'tis yerself that is the good head and big muscle, but do ye think there'll be any trouble here in South Bight on account of this west coast treaty business?"

"If there is trouble," said Brophy, "let it come; I'll go out myself with the boys just like we did in Wexford, and you'll see hot work. But we'll die fighting at least."

"God send you victory," said Skipper Mickle, "but I hope you won't be bothered with any informers."

"I hope not," said Brophy, "but if there are any, let them look out for themselves, that's all," and he struck the red iron another blow as if the innocent horseshoe were a traitor to the cause.

As soon as informers were hinted at as possibilities in connexion with the South Bight insurrection all eyes were fixed suddenly on Jake Ruglev, who had scarcely uttered a word during this conversation but

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never lost a syllable of what the others said, no doubt putting it in his notebook for future use. Rugley was a big man and would have been the bully of New Port only that he was overthrown by Brophy, the Herculean blacksmith. But now the entrance of Lan Bennett and Jim McDougald diverted the conversation.

"Welcome home, Lan," said Mr. Brophy. "How is everything in town? Is the Market House still in the same place?"

"'Twas when I left on Tuesday," replied Lan.

"Glad to hear it," said Brophy. "Things are slow to move in St. John's, even Signal Hill hasn't stirred for a thousand years."

"And, Lan," said Mr. Wells, "did you see that Mumber of ours, Batty Smiles, or is it true that he slides around a corner or goes down a cove whenever he sees a man from South Bight?"

"Oh, I don't think it's so bad as that," said Lan. "Anyhow he spoke very friendly to me and Skipper Hallaway."

The group in the forge continued conversation on general topics, but after leaving the forge Lan met a lady whom he would much prefer not to have met, and whom most of the inhabitants of New Port would have wished no good to. The name of this person was Susannah Gadder, and she was a liar and a disturber of the very worst kind. Her greatest passion (or at least one of them) was to tarnish the good repute of innocent and respected people. She once had a share of public respect herself, but lost it, and now she hated to see any one else respected.

"Mr. Bennett," said she, "I'm glad to see you home, and I'm sorry in a sense considering what I've to tell you."

"Why, Susannah girl, what is it? Out with it, even if it is hanging matter."

"Well, Mr. Bennett, it's this: we all know that you're in love with Mary English."

"Do you?" said Lan. "How kind of you all!"

"Yes," said Miss Gadder, "and the worst of it is she's not worth your notice."

"What do you mean?" said Lan.

"I mean," said the unscrupulous Gadder, "this: that Mary English has been keeping company with Louis Grenville, that drunken clerk over in St. Pierre, for the last twelve months. Ha! ha! Lan; that news makes you turn white about the gills, doesn't it?"

Miss Gadder's absolute falsehood concerning such a respectable girl as Mary English did not originate with Miss Gadder, but was invented by Jake Rugley and put in circulation for a special purpose, as we shall see.

CHAPTER IX

LAN'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG, "CRIMEA"

LAN BENNETT took up residence with his father in New Port and helped in the business which he was engaged in, viz. the outfitting for the fishery. Rugley was the opposition trader to Robert, and his store was located near Deadman's Head. Lan had now to keep busy in looking after the fishing property and giving supplies to fishermen from different parts of South Bight. Now this word "supplies" covers a multitude of goods all needful for the fishery. "If the money spent on the sea were spent on the cultivation of the soil, would the results be more meagre than they are?" A good debating-club question. Father Lambert at this time was only an occasional visitor at New Port, but the church building at Barry's Hat Hill was going on "with celerity," as Mr. Malone wrote in his account given in the bi-weekly *Star* of St. John's.

Lan did not ask any more questions of Susannah Gadder concerning Miss English. He took it for granted that the Gadder girl was such a pronounced and universally recognized falsifier that any statements she made might be taken in an opposite sense. In the course of his arduous duties he forgot his love affairs, having, as they say in Newfoundland, "other fish to fry." In college he sometimes thought it a grievance to rise at the six o'clock bell, but in South Bight it was

nothing unusual to be routed out at four o'clock to the music of Skipper Robert's boot nearly shivering in his door, whilst the owner of the boot would shout—

"Get up out of that, you lazy hound! Do you think bedclothes were made for the like of you to roll in them all day? You're not in college now, where you could snore in bed half the day. When I was your age I had a day's work done before you're awake. Come along now! Here are men over from West Bight waiting to spend their money in the shop. So if you don't hurry down they'll go over and lay out the cash with Jake Rugley, and only come back to our shop when they want things on credit. Do you hear me, you lazy slouch? Get up now, and whilst you'd say trap sticks, or I'll take the stick to you."

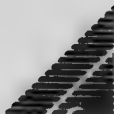
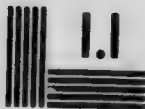
Jake Rugley was Robert Bennett's rival in all branches of business and politics. At that time Jake had the contract for repairing the roads around South Bight, a privilege enjoyed by Robert Bennett under a former Government. In the possession of this privilege Rugley could make the road-workers "take up their wages in groceries, provisions, and dry goods at his store, whilst the Government paid himself in cash. This was called in Newfoundland the "truck" system. It was open to much dishonest use, but was not necessarily dishonest unless the man in charge of the shop were dishonest. Then it wasn't merely a "truck" system but worse.

Now if Jake Rugley were an honest road-contractor his neighbours in New Port were not aware of it. Another evil of this historic "truck" system in road work was this, that dishonest contractors made dishonest workers. The people who did pick and shovel work would say sometimes: "Well, it's our own money in any case. So we'll not strain ourselves to earn what



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88 THE LAST SENTINEL OF CASTLE HILL

we earned before by pulling the fish out of the water out off West Bight." This grossly dishonest mode of reasoning led to bad roads.

Father Lambert wouldn't have anything to do with road moneys himself, but he always cried out for justice to the public in such transactions. He used to say, and truly, that neither clergy nor physicians could discharge their duty towards the public unless the roads were improved. Gradually the Government of the island were forced to listen to the demand for better roads, and at present the establishment of branch roads leading to fishing resorts is needed in order to meet the requirements of an annual tourist traffic that is bound to grow beyond all former anticipations. Another effect of "politics" in road work was to divide the people of New Port into two factions—the Rugleyites and the Bennettites. Bill Savin and Rube English were staunch henchmen of Jake Rugley, whilst Skipper Mickle Wells, Brophy the blacksmith and Mr. Malone were Bennettites. And frequently indeed did they discuss the whole situation in Brophy's smithy.

Mr. Malone, always tactful and diplomatic, used to speak to the Brophy shop loafers as if they were a public assembly.

"You see, gentlemen, our roads under the auspices of constructor Rugley are truly in a deleterious condition. They are filled with ruts, or rather the ruts are not replenished with gravel."

"Take, for example, that torrential fluid that escapes from Fowler's Pond out yonder on Deadman: that torrent sweeps down our highest headland."

Mr. Malone merely whistled in an abstract way as if not hearing the critical Mr. Wells.

"What we should do," continued Skipper Mickle, "is this: get up a petition, to be signed by every

man in South Bight, asking the Government to take the road money from Jake Rugley and give it over, local and main, to Mr. Robert Bennett, the man that had it always and spent it honest."

"Now you've said it!" shouted the blacksmith. "I'll be the first man to put me name to it."

"Yes, and I know a hundred others that will put their killocks to it," added Michael Wells.

"I would be second to none in signing such a petition or in drawing it up," remarked Mr. Malone. "But I know from experience what happens to petitioners. The Members laugh at them, because they say that every one in Newfoundland will sign a petition and sign against the same next day, if any one else goes around with another petition. But it can do no harm, so if you all come on the one word; what do you say if we all meet here in friend Brophy's smithy on a given night next week, and I shall prepare as elaborately as my nature will permit a South Bight petition written in copper-plate, and have it transferred to Hon. Barth. Smiles by the first schooner that goes to St. John's. He should obtain it in less than a month in these days of rapid transit."

"He should," said Skipper Mickle, "and much good may it do him, as the fellow said to the owld maid when she denied her age."

Lan continued during the late summer and early autumn of that year to do his business, and collect his debts, or at least some of them. Like all Newfoundlanders of that day, he was a keen gunner, and the regions of Deadman's Head, which actually extended for miles, were fairly alive with birds of all kinds, from the sea-gull to the partridge. On this particular day Lan whistled to his canine friend, who was called Crimea, and together they set off over the highland

ridges of Deadman to make war on the peaceful birds, little foreseeing how this venture would terminate.

Now Deadman's Head is a dangerous locality for the unwary foot to venture on. There are places where the hill falls by straight cliffs into the boiling Atlantic three hundred feet below. The residents of the district who traversed those fortresses as huntsmen were accustomed to keep near the edge of the cliffs, and consequently a path was worn there which, though dangerous, saved a longer route. But the Newfoundland seamen trained to hold the deck in rolling water, or to tread the pans of Atlantic ice as sealers, become surefooted and expert, and it is often remarked about the steelworks of Cape Breton that if you look towards the top of some of those Tower-of-Babel chimneys that carry off the smoke from the furnaces, and if there you see a man so high in the air that he seems like a bird, that man is likely to be a Newfoundlander. Now Lan Bennett was going along the pathway that looked down into the Atlantic, his faithful Crimea at his heels, and his fowling gun in hand.

The accident happened in this way. There were two peaks at that point where he was walking and between these lay a narrow pathway which was practically within a foot of the steep precipice that sunk into the very bed of the ocean. Now, unknown to Lan, this narrow footpath had been nearly washed away by recent rains, and before he was aware of this he had advanced along the cliffs' margin, and suddenly found to his horror that the pathway had terminated and that he could not go forward, and was hindered from turning back by the narrowness of the road. At his feet there yawned the caves of the Atlantic three hundred feet below, and filled with huge pieces of rock torn by some prehistoric landslide from the parent

cliff, whilst the roar of the ocean sounded in his ears like the cry of caged lions clamouring for their prey.

Lan blessed himself, made his act of contrition, and that the most real he had ever made in his life, then he kept his head back against the rock, waved his hand to Crimea, as much as to say: "Crimea, like a good old dog that you are, run back to New Port and set up such a barking and yelling that the people there may come out with ropes and help me to get out of this awful place." Crimea could not have acted more appropriately if he had been gifted with a human brain instead of the canine faculty of sagacity. He gave one bark as much as to say, "Don't budge an inch or you are a gone Lan Bennett," then he turned and raced across the hills as a noble animal that felt that life or death was in his speed.

Now whilst the noble dog is on his flight to New Port we may say that he was of the best Newfoundland breed that could then be procured, and that he was called Crimea because a British officer from Her Majesty's warship the *Sword Fish*, who had fought at the Crimea, gave this splendid dog to Robert Bennett as a souvenir of a hunting trip they had made together, and Robert in compliment to his lieutenant friend called the dog "Crimea," and often said he wouldn't exchange Crimea for the best hundred pounds that was ever earned on Deadman's Head fishing grounds.

But if Robert would not give Crimea for a hundred pounds, Lan might say that at that moment he would not give him for a million of money. However, not even Crimea's fidelity and swiftness would have availed to rescue Lan from his predicament if it were not for the providential circumstance that Robert Bennett and two or three New Port huntsmen were coming along with their guns a few hundred yards behind Lan.

As soon as Crimea came bounding and barking up to Robert, the latter saw that something was astray. "Hallo Crimea," said he, patting the dog's head, "what's wrong now?" Crimea for answer ran back as though inviting Robert and his comrades to follow him. Robert instantly guessed that Lan was caught in some dangerous place in the cliffs and that Crimea was the messenger of his mishap.

From this thought there arose another, viz. if Lan was in the cliffs on the brink of destruction then the one essential means of rescue they had not got. Robert's experience on Deadman's coast had taught him that ropes were absolutely necessary to pull people up the cliffs after their vessels had smashed on the rocks below. But now where was he to get such a rope to save his own son? Yes, over there he sees smoke, and that smoke arises from the "tilt," or rather den, in which dwells no less a person than the "witch of Deadman's Head." As we shall have to make more than one reference to this most malevolent personality in the following pages, it may be sufficient at present to say that when Robert and his comrades dashed to her tilt door and nearly drove it in and demanded that she give them a rope to save a drowning man, her malice against all mankind was such that, looking up from a fire where she crouched smoking a black pipe, her first words were to tell them to "go to the devil and look for ropes, as she had none to give them, and wouldn't give them even if she had."

No sooner had she uttered these charitable words than one of Bennett's comrades snatched from the ground a great coil of rope such as the old hag had used more than once in plying her inhuman trade of wrecker. She shrieked and swore, but they rushed off with their prize, and after a few minutes reached the place where Lan was

stuck in the cliffs. Robert saw what was to be done, so did Crimea. The end of the rope was placed in the dog's mouth, and thus supplied Crimea crept out along the beetling cliffs and brought the cord in reach of Lan, who just seized it and managed to tie it around his waist, and nearly went headlong into the abyss in doing so. Then Robert and the others pulled cautiously from their end, and in less than five minutes the joyous barking of noble Crimea caused the hills of Deadman to resound, and must have conveyed the news to the old witch that Lan was rescued from a position of deadly peril and restored to safe and solid ground, with no more than a foot between him and a plunge into the Atlantic.

As Robert and rescued Lan and their friends passed the witch's door, Crimea leading, the witch appeared and screamed to them to "return her rope." She was more than half drunk, and looked like a Suffragette as she stood with dishevelled hair flying about her face. One of the men flung the rope in a coil at her feet. She continued to rage, and shook her fist at the Bennetts. "Ha! ha!" she cried, "so you were near going over the cliffs, were you, Lan, my boy? Yes, and you'd have gone before I'd give a rope to save you if these rascals hadn't stolen it from me. And let me tell you this, Robert Bennett, that you'll yet hear news from Deadman's Head that will make your hair stand on end, so it will."

Robert, like a sensible man, did not pretend to hear the old fiend's abuse and passed on with his comrades. Crimea stood in the path to give the witch a reproachful bark, as though he would say to her: "Now, you old wretch, do you call yourself human and yet act and speak and look as if you had just risen from the infernal caves?" She flung a heavy stone which just missed

Crimea's head, and that usually calm-tempered dog crouched as for a spring, and then uttered such a growl—an unusual thing for him—that the witch, who did not fear much, feared the rage of peaceful Crimea, and hastily hid herself in the "tilt."

"Come along, Crimea," said Robert, "a thing like that old witch is not worth your notice. But I wonder," continued Robert, "what she means by cursing at me that never injured her? I know she partly blames me for the sermon Father Lambert preached against her smuggling and wrecking and superstitious practices. But even so, I never injured her more than any one else in New Port did."

Thus ruminating and discussing, the party returned joyously home, but it was many a day before they could forget the words and acts and malice of the old witch.

"What could she mean," Robert would say, "by the words she used about me one day going to 'hear news from Deadman's Head that would make my hair stand on end'?"

Years had to pass before Robert found an answer to that question, and when it was finally answered not only Robert but every resident of South Bight found material in it to "raise his hair from his head" with fright, excepting such residents as were bald, and they too were equally thunder-stricken.

CHAPTER X

LAN FLIES TO ST. PIERRE, BUT NOT BY AEROPLANE

IN the spring following the incidents just recorded Jim McDougald had been in St. Pierre, and, in fact, was engaged or "shipped" for the fishery in one of the French vessels that traded between that port and the Grand Banks. Lan never believed for a moment that Miss Gadder's story concerning Mary English was anything more or less than one of those profoundly villainous falsehoods for the circulation of which Miss Gadder had a very well-established reputation.

He got a letter from Jim McDougald which asked him to come to St. Pierre, hinting that he might get a situation as clerk in one of the English firms which there did business. Jim McDougald said that it would be necessary for Lan to come at once to St. Pierre as he was about to leave for the Bank fishery and would wish to meet him.

Lan did not want to tell his father that he was going to St. Pierre, because he knew that his going there would disarrange his father's business affairs. In order to spare his parents and himself a painful interview he did a reckless thing, namely, he took a small two-oared boat from his father's landing-stage, he got a sail, and having laid in the boat a quantity of food for some days, he

dropped quietly down and beyond New Port harbour one night at about eleven o'clock, and was soon going in the St. Pierre direction, whatever time he would get there being another question.

Now from Deadman's Head to St. Pierre is a distance of many miles. Mr. Mickle Wells used to maintain that the top of St. Pierre could be seen with a glass from the top of Deadman. Perhaps it could, but the day should be very clear and the glass very powerful, and the person who would hold the glass should have some of Mr. Wells's inventive gifts. For a young, strong and hardy man accustomed to sea work, to row a boat along the smooth waters of a bay would not be counted a tremendous task, but the water between New Port and St. Pierre was not a bay but absolute Atlantic Ocean, and not so very far from mid-Atlantic, either, when we remember that Newfoundland is nearly two thousand miles nearer to Britain than New York is. Besides, the sea in that place is liable to be disturbed by fierce and sudden storms blowing from such heights as Deadman, and when such storms occur there is need of a stauncher craft than an oar boat to gain with safety the French port.

And now whilst our hero is labouring at the oars or adjusting his sail to the breeze during the hours which he took to reach St. Pierre, we may here express a hope that soon that interesting French colony, which has always had a large resident English population, may be brought in contact with the Newfoundland railway system by a tourist steamer, which, if placed where Newfoundland is nearest to St. Pierre, would convey its passengers in a few hours, and plying daily should be a great advantage to all concerned, especially as the old difficulties which arose from the smuggling traffic have been to a great extent smoothed away, the

revenue laws being more consistently enforced now than ever.

Newfoundlanders have been in all parts of the world as tourists, traders, miners, railway workers, commercialists, and students, and yet it is quite surprising how few of our countrymen have visited either for business or recreation that curious archipelago of islands, five in number, that rises like a whale's back above the Atlantic almost in sight of Newfoundland, and constitute what is generally known as St. Pierre and Miquelon. The islands are the last remnant of French Empire in America, and the towns of St. Pierre and Miquelon have often been described as "bits of Normandy or Brittany transported across the Atlantic." The people there have come largely from France, and they are kind, hospitable and religious as any people in the world. They are so mixed up with English people from Newfoundland that all traces of old-fashioned race prejudice have vanished, and on these islands the French and the Saxon, and of course the Irish and Scotch, dwell together as brethren. At one time France maintained military forces in St. Pierre, and to this day there are ancient guns pointing from the heights. In fact the modern traveller as he enters the port feels that he is going into a garrison town, with Dog Island on one side and St. Pierre on the other.

But the great purpose of France in garrisoning and colonizing St. Pierre and Miquelon was to make them headquarters for the Bank Fishery and to make the Bank Fishery in turn a recruiting ground for the French Navy, the hardly Bretons and Normans that worked at the Bank Fishery with all its toils and dangers making the best possible material to serve the nation as sailors. St. Pierre is therefore a sort of French Yar-

mouth because of its huge fishing industry. On the strand near the town an immense area of shingle beach gives space for fish curing, and there the workers may be heard by the sharp click of their sabots, or wooden boots, on the stones.

The little town is well built as regards public works, and when you land at the handsome stone pier and move through the streets you see French and English shops on every side, and you are reminded of some phases of life on the Bay of Biscay when you meet hardy, red-capped fellows driving teams of oxen through the centre of the town. There are many public buildings, including a governor's residence, and the Catholic church in the suburbs is the finest building in the town. The church is remarkable for having a ship let down from its ceiling, which vessel so works that its prows turn towards the altar at the elevation in the Mass. The Corpus Christi or Fête Dieu processions in St. Pierre have been splendid Catholic demonstrations, and no political changes in the old country ever make the Pierrois disloyal to the religion of St. Louis and Jean D'Arc.

Such in general terms was the St. Pierre in which Lan Bennett landed from his two-oared boat about sixty years ago, after a rather quixotic journey from Newfoundland. Socially and industrially the St. Pierre of to-day is changed, because fluctuating industries have created depression, but the same fine old spirit of morality still rules the minds of the people.

When Lan went ashore from his little row-boat and had some refreshment at the restaurant, he felt that he would like to explore the town, especially as in St. Bonaventure's College he had known several Pierrois. He was a sufficiently keen and intelligent onlooker to appreciate the various points of interest, and could not

but admire the industry and skill which on a rocky, treeless soil could create so many beautiful gardens and even orchards, all of them small in area but perfectly cultivated.

Another institution that appealed to him as a Newfoundlander was the recently-erected rink, where the pleasure-loving Pierrois people were wont to do such skating as realized the very poetry of motion. After seeing the town he visited the fine church and knelt before the rails and renewed his good resolution before the tabernacle. As a well-instructed Catholic he knew that God's grace, and not one's unaided natural force of character, is the chief factor in well-doing, and he also knew that God's grace to be effective needs the full strength and co-operation of the human will, or as a great saint once said, "a God who redeemed us without us will not save us without us."

CHAPTER XI

MISS MARY ENGLISH, HEROINE, AND HER AUNT KITTY

IN a remote quarter of St. Pierre, but in a very fine suburban residence surrounded by a beautiful garden in which June roses and lilacs bloomed profusely, Miss Kitty English, a spinster sister of our old friend Rube and a spinster aunt of Mary's, prospered, ruled and reigned. Miss English senior had come to St. Pierre years before, and being a woman of North of Ireland cuteness and talent for shopkeeping, she went into business on "her own hook," as they say in Newfoundland. And she made money, too, and soon established herself in a country residence on the island colony.

When her niece Mary English came to study in the St. Pierre convent her aunt insisted that she should live with her. Now this was all the more magnanimous on Miss Katherine's part when we remember that she was on very unfriendly terms with her brother Rube, but there was nothing extremely remarkable in being of an unfriendly attitude towards Mr. English, inasmuch as he was of the same attitude towards nearly every resident of South Bight, such was the crustiness of his nature, or as some people said, the "cursedness."

Miss Mary English living with her very respectable aunt, Mr. Alexander Bennett deemed he would

be guilty of no impropriety in making a call at that residence. He was not actually engaged to Miss English, but things "were looking that way," as the boys frequently remarked, and the girls too, especially the girls who are keener in such affairs than the rougher sex.

Whilst Mr. Alexander Bennett is being greeted very cordially by the aunt, and very demurely but no less cordially by the niece, we may remark that Miss Mary English was an extremely beautiful young person of the Saxon type of loveliness. Such was the opinion not only of New Port but of all St. Pierre and Miquelon as well. It was therefore carried by an overwhelming majority, as they say in election times.

To prove the attractiveness of the fair Terra Novean, we may say that two offers of marriage had been made and declined. The first was made by a French Count of ancient lineage, as he said himself, and of no money, as his hotel-keeper said. The "count" ostensibly made his addresses to the aunt, who was still a fine buxom personality. But it afterwards transpired that he had his eye on the niece. The "Count's" courtship afforded laughter to friends of the Englishes for many a long day. But besides the aristocratic Count there was the democratic Louis Grenville, the best salesman in St. Pierre when he was sober.

This young fellow had excellent talent for business, but it was spoiled by a conceit so great that the Emperor Napoleon or Louis XIV of France would not surpass it in their most glorious moments. He was very much addicted to cheap jewellery, to card-playing, and to extensive consumption of cognac. He was a consistent patron of every vulgar tavern in the town, and it was his profound conviction that any girl he'd condescend to ask to marry him would fairly fly to

accept such an offer. There are innumerable Louis Greenvilles outside of lunatic asylums, too. Don't you meet them occasionally, fair lady readers?

To state that Miss Mary English refused to consider even for a moment the offer which Louis made of his hand and heart is merely a self-evident proposition, as old Euclid would say. But Louis was so profoundly convinced of his own charms that he could not quite realize how it was that Mary repudiated such a brilliant offer, although every one else in St. Pierre could well understand it. The creature continued to forge excuses for believing that Mary was really in love with him, although she disavowed any other feeling towards him than contempt and finally hatred. He was so persistent in his visits that Mary at last asked her aunt to forbid him the house, even though it would be necessary to call the gendarmes. One evening Louis swaggered up to the residence of Miss English swinging a light cane, smoking a cigarette, and looking as if he owned not only St. Pierre and Miquelon but all the surrounding waters, when Miss English senior, meeting him at the garden-gate, astonished him in the following way—

"Look here, Mr. Grenville, said she, "neither my niece nor myself wishes to have you any longer hanging about our house, so cut your stick and go."

"What!" said Louis as he raised his cane threateningly. "How dare you speak to me in such a manner, you old cat?"

"Look here, young man," said the sturdy Miss English, "I'll dare do more than speak to you. Do you see that bulldog?" As the canine was chained up tight in front of the house and growling at a great rate, Louis couldn't well help but see and hear him.

"That bulldog I keep chained up here in case a

tramp should come this way to steal my garden stuff. Now, as sure as you're alive, if you're not off this ground in two minutes I'll unchain that bulldog, and his teeth are good enough to see what your trousers are made of, I warrant you; so be off."

Louis looked at the dog as if he would like to make a kick at him, but as the brute let out a deeper growl and showed his fangs ferociously the dapper clerk saw that it was a lost battle. He withdrew with a laugh that sounded very hollow and forced, but he still harboured a grudge against Lan Bennett, although unjustly, because, as Mary English said, if there was not another man in the world, she wouldn't marry Mr. Grenville.

Miss Katherine English received Mr. Bennett at her home with all courtesy, and indeed we may say that she was almost certain that he came to see Mary the niece with a view to matrimony and that Mary the niece was quite ready to wear the wedding ring of Mr. Bennett any time he would give that symbol of legitimate love. Now though she knew this well by various signs and tokens, she never heard as much from Mary herself. Miss English was by no means a lass that would "fling" herself at the head of the first arrival, and although she appears to have bestowed the whole wealth of her affection on our Bennett, yet if that young man were suddenly to elope with a ballet dancer, or a Suffragette, Mary was still sufficiently queen of her own soul to give the gaping public no intimation that she carried a sad heart under a smiling face. Now this shows that our heroine possessed not only heart but character and self-respect, two qualities that are absolutely necessary to both sexes, and not always possessed by either. A romantic miss that forgets her own dignity in a moving-picture love for any man that ever

lived is not the least disgusting spectacle in the universe.

"Play 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream,' Mary, child," said the spinster.

"Why, Aunt Katherine, you are getting very romantic," said Mary, laughing to hide her confusion. She complied, however, with the request, and Lan lent his voice for the song, even Aunt Kitty herself joined in the refrain.

But Miss English could be an interesting conversationalist on occasions, as besides having been a great devourer of books she had a wonderful shrewdness of wit. Like her brother Rube she was one of Father Lambert's converts, and she had, like Rube, been born in Ulster, and in Orange Bandon at that, and her earliest recollections were centred around 12th of July demonstrations. Many and interesting were her stories.

Lan's voice was rich and strong like the boom of the wayes on Deadman, and well adapted to bring out the spirit of the "Wearing of the Green." Whether the rebel Irish song had any political significance as being sung in a French colony when the West Newfoundland or Treaty Coast business was being so warmly discussed, the writer knows not. Nor does he know if it had any reference to the projected insurrection of South Bight, but such is the power of "associated ideas that when the "Wearing of the Green" was finished, Miss Katherine English suddenly asked Lan if it were true that the people of South Bight district were getting their guns ready for battle unless the Government settles the Treaty Coast question or gets Britain to settle it satisfactorily. Lan had heard a good deal of talk both in St. John's and New Port about the Treaty Coast trouble. It was even stated that certain former soldiers in disguise were drilling the fishermen

at different places. It was supposed that lights were seen at Brophy's forge, where men with sealing guns stood on guard. Then there was talk of a tremendous demonstration to be held in St. John's when the fishermen were gathered there from the North and the West to wind up the year's business. Rumours abounded, but no one could say when the trouble would arise or where.

It was certain, continued Lan, that if trouble did come, the fishermen, sealers, farmers, miners, and fish merchants of Newfoundland would all cheerfully die for their native soil with their faces to the foe and their sealing guns in their hands."

From the enthusiasm with which Lan gave out this last sentence we may infer that he stole out from college on some of those nights that Hon. Bartholomew Smiles was giving the lieges near "Apple Tree Well," which, as everybody knows, is near St. John's West and has originated a Newfoundland proverb: "Wait for your turn like Apple Tree Well." A reminiscence of the days when the people had to stand in lines, with pails to draw water from this fine old fount.

But one thing tended to make Miss Katherine English cast ridicule on the South Bight insurrection, and that was Skipper Mickle Wells's connexion with it. Miss Katherine hated nobody in the world, but if there was one man in all the space between Dog Island and Deadman that she sincerely despised, the name of that man was Mickle Wells. Miss English senior was supposed to have been a man disliker from her youth up, and it vexed her extremely to have it said that at one time Mr. Wells wished to marry her. Nor did it improve matters when the jokers said, "You know, Miss Katherine, that Mike Wells at that time was a fine young man untroubled with rheumatism and a long list

of other similar infirmities such as develop later in life.

"What?" she would snap. "Mike Wells, indeed! The lazy old creature was just as repulsive to me at twenty as any other man at seventy."

The only suspicion of romance in Miss Kitty's life was a supposed early fondness for Robert Bennett. At least so said the gossips in New Port, and except West Bight there was no worse place in the world for small talk than New Port.

Miss Katherine also had a horror of being called a match-maker, but whether because of her early respect for Robert Bennett or not she appeared disposed to favour in every way the attention which Lan Bennett was paying her niece. But one thing she would not do was this, for her sense of propriety revolted from it: she would not, sing foolish songs; but she continued to talk away, interrupting her conversation by getting Mary to play something on the piano.

Nor was Miss Katherine merely a dull gossip. No, she was a shrewd business woman who had many pounds, shillings, and pence in the bank, and she talked to Lan quite enthusiastically about the condition of the cod-fish market, the prospects for whale oil, and the results of the last spring seal fishery. She also told him that she would exert herself to get him a situation in the business house of Messrs. Dobbins and Blute, wherein he would act as clerk and draw a good salary. This delighted Lan, and gave no less pleasure to Mary for reasons that are obvious. Lan said he had come to St. Pierre precisely to get such a position. "Then," continued Miss Katherine, "if you visit here the night after next, I will be able to tell you for certain about this situation."

The conversation then flowed on, and the hours were passing by pleasantly.

Lan proposed another song with Mary to accompany on the piano. At length Rosary hour arrived and Lan took his hat and his leave at the same time. Miss Katherine thoughtfully saved her niece the fatigue of opening the front door and garden gate for Lan by discharging these simple duties herself: "Because," as she remarked, "that bulldog is very ugly to strangers unless he sees me, and then he's as quiet as pussy." Lan strode off for his boarding house humming "Love's young dream," and Miss Kitty returning to Mary said—

"What a fine young fellow that Bennett boy is: so like his father thirty years ago, ah me!"

"Yes," said Mary, "he seems a nice young man, but I didn't notice him so very much as to be entitled to have an opinion about him."

"What, you silly girl?" said the older lady, looking at the averted eyes of her niece. "Don't you try to throw dust in your old aunt's eyes in that fashion. I know you girls."

"Very well," said Mary, "he is a fine young man, and I am glad you like him so much, but don't marry him."

CHAPTER XII

JIM McDOUGALD LEADS LAN BENNETT INTO MISCHIEF IN A ST. PIERRE TAVERN

ON Lan's second day in St. Pierre he had the great fortune to meet Jim McDougald, who was some years older than himself, and also several years more reckless. Jim was a tall, loose-jointed fellow of hardy-looking face, which was made still more militant-looking by a heavy black moustache.

"Hallo Lan, boy, welcome to St. Pierre, but 'tis I'm glad to see you. When did you come? How long are you going to stay? Will you come and have a drink?"

"Well," said Lan, answering Jim in his own rollicking tone, "I came yesterday. I don't know how long I'm going to stay, and though much obliged to you, I won't have a drink?"

"What," said Jim, "you won't have a drink? Say that again, till I feel if I can trust my own ears. You won't have a drink? Why, surely you don't mean to say you're a teetotaller? Lan, I must say I didn't expect that from you."

At that time and to a man of Jim McDougald's ideas being a teetotaller was little better than being a pickpocket or a fish stealer.

"Anyhow," continued Jim, "now that you're in St. Pierre, you must come around with me to-day till I show you the life of the town. But tell me, how did

you get here from New Port? I didn't know that any of the schooners were coming this way at present."

Lan explained, to Jim's considerable astonishment, that he had come in a row-boat by himself.

"Why, Lan," said the other, "a fellow that could do that should be able to manage a dory on the Banks. But I suppose you'll get a position in one of the shops here if you can, and leave the dory work to us fellows that never went to school much, and the little we did go didn't do ourselves or the school much good. I'm shipped for the summer on board a French vessel that sails between this port and the Banks. If you want to come as a hand I'll speak to the captain for you."

Lan said he was making other arrangements for the season, but he accepted Jim's proposal that they should that evening "do" St. Pierre, and possibly run the risk of being "done" by it. With that purpose they both started from Lan's boarding house in the early evening, and set out to see every possible aspect of life in the interesting town.

"Lan," said Jim, "as I know you're pious, the first place we go to is the church."

To the church they went, and Lan, kneeling at the rails, began to reproach himself with the manner in which he had run away from his parents, and he was on the point even of resolving to return to New Port at once unless he got his father's permission to stay in St. Pierre, when his tempter Jim McDougald, like a bad angel, put to flight all such good thoughts by whispering in his ear: "Come along, Lan, and don't be such a humbug as pretending to pray in that way." He went with Jim the reckless out of the church, thus affording another proof that it requires no little force of character to withstand the influence of bad companions.

Amongst Jim's accomplishments one was that of singing "Come, all ye" songs, which are generally doggerel verses descriptive of local scenes or incidents in Newfoundland. Jim had one particular song entitled "Supplies for the fishery," and as he insisted, to Lan's disgust, on chanting this jingle through the streets of St. Pierre he managed to attract as much attention for himself and his companion as if they were professional ballad singers or troubadours. The burthen of Jim's songs was that "flour, pork, molasses and tea, twines, lines and fishing hooks, sails, ropes, anchors, butter, hard-tack and splitting knives, oil hats and over-suits, pots, kettles, pans and swanskin jumpers, dog irons and casks," and a hundred other utensils, all were needed before a single fish could be drawn over the boat.

Now as Mr. McDougald bellowed these elegant verses at the top of his voice he soon attracted not only civilians but even the gendarmes. One of the police officers, not being strong in the English tongue, asked Mr. McDougald did he mean to take the town on his back. Whereupon Jim asked the officer if he wouldn't like to see him dance a "Highland fling," which he proceeded to give to the frantic delight of the populace and the shame and disgust of the self-respecting Lan Bennett. Jim however, insisted that all this was "seeing life," and he saw a little more life when at the corner of a street they met a brace of oxen drawing up a cart laden with sundry fish from the beach. Here Mr. McDougald's genius for mischief prompted him to snatch the red cap from the head of the Breton or Norman who was driving the cart, being seated upon it. Jim, taking the driver's cap, placed it upon the head of one of the oxen, whereupon the Norman seized one of the hard, dried fish, and flung it in such a way at

the aggressor that if it had struck him edgewise it would have left a very considerable wound. Thus disgracefully they went through the town, taking risks of various injuries at every corner and turn. Towards evening Lan would have returned in peace to his boarding house and bidden farewell to Jim, but this the latter wouldn't hear of.

"What," he said, "you won't have a few drinks, eh? Well, where did you spend yesterday?"

Lan, at the risk of incurring Jim's boisterous ridicule told him that he spent the day very pleasantly at Miss Kitty English's. Jim's guffaw could be heard at a very great distance when this intelligence was communicated to him.

"Oh, I see," said he, "but aren't you the softy to be running after the girls like that? But which of them is going to be Mrs. Bennett? Is it the old cat for the sake of her money, or the young one for her golden locks and the prospects of her aunt's purse by and by? Which is it, Lan? 'Out with it,' as the fellow said to a sea-sick man when he saw him holding his head over the vessel's rails. 'Out with it, bye.'" Lan to this rather vulgar simile of Jim's made no reply except to tell him to put his head in soak as he had swallowed too much rum and any little judgment he ever had was gone.

But Jim continued the debate as follows: "Now, Lan, my boy, you can never tell what these girls are up to. There's Mary English: you'd think butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, with such angel eyes as she makes. Now let me tell you, Lan, my fine fellow, that young Mr. Louis Grenville is a good-looking fellow too, and he's not always drunk, either. He's paying attention to your Mary of Argyle, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if Mary didn't throw 'sheep's eyes' in his direction,

although she keeps a fair face for you, so as to have 'two strings to her bow,' as the Northern man said." Lan saw at once that Jim was simply trying to arouse his jealousy and anger, for Mr. McDougald's sense of humour took very illegitimate forms.

Lan declined to be excited by this mischievous talk of his associate, and he answered: "Yes, I know the whole story of Mr. Grenville's attentions to Miss English. I know the story from cover to cover, so you need not think to make me jealous. Smart as you are, Jim, you have no green-horn to deal with. You can try that sort of talk on a soft-head. Your tricks to make me jealous or vexed are all wasted."

"Oh, all right," said Jim. "To Hong-Kong with woman talk; let us go into this rum shop and grog up." With these graceful, refined and elegant words James hooked his arm into that of Lan, saying, "When the proprietor sees us coming he'll say we're the two loving brothers from Fogo."

The tavern which they entered was one of the most popular, though perhaps not one of the most refined, in the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. In the front rooms there was a general club for tourists, etc.; in its centre was an apartment for liquor consumption where fishermen and sailors assembled, and its third or back room was given over to gamblers, who contributed little revenue and less respectability to the establishment. Jim escorted Lan to a table in the drinking apartment and asked the landlord to provide them with a pint of his best Jamaica, regardless of cost. The landlord knew Jim, and, "All right, Monsieur McDougald, your order in this house is as good as the governors of St. Pierre." "Just as good, old fellow," said Jim, "as long as I have the money to spend. But after that, get out, Jim McDougald, eh?"

The hotel-keeper laughed, and quite agreed with his customer that he wasn't in the hotel business exclusively for health reasons. He set down the pint of liquor and glasses, and Lan and James proceeded to test its quality, and as they did so they found that imperceptibly they had launched into an evening's drinking, and gradually all sense of responsibility died out, as might be seen by Lan joining Jim in the chorus of a vulgar and coarse drinking song. The other men at the table were all equally hilarious. When Jim paid the reckoning and prepared to leave the room, some evil spirit tempted him to signalize his exit by a piece of frolic.

A party of Frenchmen were drinking at another table, and they had left their gloves wet with the salt water on a bench near the door. As Jim could think of no other trick he snatched up one of the gloves and flung it so as to upset their liquor, or nearly so. The Frenchmen sprang up clawing the air and foaming. They made a general attack on Jim and Lan, who managed by kicking and strokes to hold their ground, and even to tumble over several of the Frenchmen in the general fray. Then the hotel-keeper proceeded to the door and blew a whistle such as could be heard nearly on Dog Island. It was a signal to the police, who came running to the rescue, especially as they had Jim McDougald in view all day.

All the frequenters of the tavern, besides the hotel-keeper and the police of the island, seemed to be required to overpower the two fighting Newfoundlanders. But numbers do count, and Lan and Jim were forced to proceed to jail. Next day they were tried by the St. Pierre magistrate, and as there was no Newfoundland agent on the French islands at the time, our two young men might have been shipped off to the

galleys in France for raising a riot in a French town. The captain of the fishing vessel, however, demanded that Jim McDougald should be released for the voyage to the Banks. He also offered to engage Lan Bennett as a hand on his vessel if the magistrate so wished. To this His Worship consented, and thus Lan was, as it were, condemned to serve a term at the Bank fishery on board a French vessel, when he had come to St. Pierre to get a nice situation in a shop.

He wrote a hasty note next day to Miss Kate English saying that he was leaving St. Pierre, and our next chapter shall find him tossing, rolling and plunging in his hardy schooner on the historic Banks of Newfoundland.

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE AND DEATH ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

THE vessel in which Lan Bennett and Jim McDougald were engaged was manned mostly by a French crew, but the vessel itself, though French, had adopted certain American inventions. They used the dory instead of the old "batteaux." Now, good reader, what is a dory? Well, a dory is simply a flat-bottomed row-boat triangular or nearly oval in shape. The dory is provided with row-locks for three sets of oars, and has been used principally in connexion with the Bank fishery. Where a boat of ordinary keel would be swamped, the flat-based dory slides securely up and down the hillocks of water like a boy on a sledge going down one hill and up another. The dory's chief merit is that it is upset only with great difficulty, and it comes through tumbling seas wherein a very much heavier sail-boat would not survive.

The schooner on which were our two Newfoundlanders was now anchored on the Banks, pitching and tossing with the almost continuous heaving of the Atlantic. The Banks are parts of the great ocean situated a few days' sailing from Newfoundland. They are, as their name tells, submarine elevations which give feeding ground to the cod and other varieties of fish. They present many obstacles to safe navigation and

give rise to very heavy seas. The Banks are fished on yearly by French, Americans, Canadians, and Newfoundlanders, and they are the Spartan training school of the Captains Courageous that have made towns like Gloucester, Digby, and Yarmouth the greatest fishing centres in America. It is sufficient to mention Captain Soljacobs as the strongest type of those modern Sea Kings, who, in the boldness and at the same time the prudence of his adventures on the Atlantic from Greenland to Galway, has not only emulated but much surpassed the enterprises of the Norsemen of former ages. His flag is known on every sea, and there are very few ports in Europe or America that his ship hasn't anchored in. And in the battle with the billows on the Banks of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as well as Massachusetts, he has well upheld the best traditions of the chivalry of the seas.

Travellers on the huge ocean liners of modern times can only in an imperfect manner realize the skill and daring needed to carry on the Bank fisheries. On those storm-swept seas the waters never repose, and the winds are for ever playing upon them a wilder and sadder music than could be drawn from an organ made by human hands. And well might their music be sad, for they are the graveyard of the Atlantic. Here, indeed, the hardest human heart might sing its "Ave Maris Stella."

But Bennett and McDougald's vessel is tossing and straining in the seas whilst the men are preparing to go to their trawls, which latter are contrivances accommodated with baited hooks and moored at intervals along the fishery grounds. These trawls are regularly overhauled by dory men and what fish is on them is taken back to the vessel, split and salted and placed in the "hold." In times of fog or heavy sea it is often

very hard work to get the dories back to the schooner. On the day we refer to, there was a heavy fog and a high sea when Lan Bennett and Jim McDougald left the vessel's side in separate dories to inspect the "trawls." They were clad in the uniform of Atlantic fishermen, oilskin overalls and the dreadnought hat of the same material. It was a brave spectacle to see them stretching to the oars and driving the little dories through and over the rising waters, as unconscious of danger as if the solid earth instead of the rocking Atlantic lay around them and naught but an inch of plank between hem and the "dark, unfathomed caves" below.

The little boats so propelled radiated from the vessel like spokes from a wheel centre, the oarsmen exchanging bantering remarks with the freedom of daily fellowship. No voice rang louder than that of the irresponsible Jim McDougald as he called to Bennett saying, "Don't waste your breath to-day yarning with your dory mate. Keep your weather eye lifted for the trawls. Landsmen want to be taught their business when they come out here." Lan recognized the ignorant bluster of Jim's remarks too well to do more than tell him to look after his own dory, and not be such a Captain Blowhard. Before many retorts could be made the dories had been pulled beyond even the hearing of Jim's stentorian voice.

Lan's dory mate was by no means a conversationally disposed man. Even in the fo'c'sle he was glum; on the ocean in a dory pulling against wind and wave, he was not merely ungenial but morose to a dangerous degree.

"Men of half creation," as Mr. Kipling would put it, have mingled in the Grand Bank fisheries. Lan's comrade in the dory was a Hungarian, a big man, surly, as we have said, and altogether an uncongenial

fellow to have in a dory on the great ocean, where the philosophy of cheerfulness and of Mark Tapleyism is of first importance.

To add to the acerbity of this companionship Jim McDougald had played some rough practical joke on the Hungarian and made belief that it was done by his dory mate, Lan Bennett. This, though fun for Jim, came near being serious for Lan. The two men pulled on doggedly to the trawls, never exchanging a word until they reached the place. The truth was that the rowing effort through such a sea was so great that men no matter how strong could spare very little energy for talk.

The men were specially eager to reach the fishing grounds with good speed, for this reason, that there was a racing competition between the dories as to which would be to and from the trawls first, and also as to which would bring the highest load of fish; the dory which succeeded in taking back most fish to the schooner being called a "high liner."

Now it so chanced that the dory rowed by Bennett and his Hungarian colleague was well to the front, though not quite first. The competition with the other boats urged the men to stronger efforts, but did not quite soften their mistrust of each other. Bickerings broke out on trivial pretexts and vehement quarrels would arise on occasions.

On this occasion, the men visiting their trawls became enveloped in a fog which caused them to lose the bearings of their ship. The Hungarian blamed Bennett, who retaliated in due form, and so whilst they pulled hither and thither on an uncertain course, the time was spent in anything but pleasant interchange of ideas.

"It was your stupidity to row that way," and "It was yours to row the other way," and so with oaths not

a few, each man recriminated on the other until the Hungarian, pulling his oars across and leaning back over the thwart, picked an ugly looking weapon from the bottom of the dory. Bennett as promptly rose and seized his light dory oar after the manner of a weapon, brought it over the other's head, the sharp wooden blade at the end of the oar being immediately over the other.

"Now," he cried, "you let drop that weapon or I'll bring this oar down on you."

The other made no movement to relinquish his purpose, but remained still and sullen, retaining his steel instrument. Bennett brought the oar down sharply, not however near his head, but in such a way as to strike his hand a sharp blow and make him drop the axe with a yell of rage. Bennett then reached forward, and seizing the axe flung it overboard before the other had time to intercept it. This presence of mind probably saved Bennett from destruction, for out on the high sea an enraged man holding such a weapon within the confines of a small dory was very deadly odds indeed.

After this each saw that both had enough to do to measure their strength against heavy rolling seas in the heart of a dense fog, without contending with each other. In the presence of the great forces of nature men learn many a lesson such as might not be taught them in the midst of artificialities. It is often said that the real meaning of life is best learned in the great school of Nature. It is certainly true that men surrounded by oceans or forests, or exposed to the fury of the elements, are more apt to appreciate the power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator than they would be in the streets of the sheltered city.

Bennett and his late antagonist did not, however, enter very profoundly into the philosophy of the ques-

tion, at least not in words, but the men stretched to their oars like Trojans, or better still like Grand Bank fishermen, and by sheer force of muscle drove the little craft in the teeth of wind and flood until just as night was falling an indistinct bulk loomed through the mist, then a schooner outlined itself on a rising wave, and a friendly cheer from the deck told them that they had found their vessel. Another half-hour and they too would have been added to the melancholy list of men lost on the Grand Banks.

As they rowed towards the vessel there was difficulty in so bringing the dory near its side as to avoid violent collision. The schooner and dory rose and fell by turn, whilst various counsels were given by the men on deck. Jim McDougald cried to Bennett to jump for his life as soon as the dory came near enough to the schooner. Desperate as the advice sounded, it was the best plan for a safe landing. Bennett stood on the thwart of the little boat, and just as the larger one had gone down sufficiently with a receding wave to bring the dory on a level with the schooner's rail he sprang for his life. His experience in quest of game amidst the cliffs of South Bight, where more than once he saved life and limb by a no less difficult leap, now stood him in good stead. Yes, and his training too on the "barrens" in the cricket and football contests of the college proved a no less useful preparation for such an emergency. So swiftly and so accurately did he make the spring that he had alighted on the schooner's deck almost before the men realized that he would make such an apparently hopeless venture.

Less luckily fared the Hungarian. He was too heavy a man to attempt such an athletic piece of work as Bennett had just done. He remained in the dory, and with the next movement of the waves it was flung

violently against the schooner's side. The smaller boat was again swept back into the sea, but two men managed in some way to grasp the Hungarian by the collar and drag him stunned, drenched but very much alive to the schooner's deck before he was involved in the disaster which overtook the little boat.

Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitzjames arose.

In an ordinary story of landsmen an escape from such perils as these would be accounted heroic. But it made no such impression on the men on board the schooner. It was too much like their daily routine to be accounted marvellous.

The captain said, "What kept you out all day." The Hungarian accused Lan Bennett of missing the course. Bennett replied telling him the incident of the other man attacking him, and this caused the fiery little Breton captain to pour the vials of his wrath on the Hungarian.

"So 'tis your villainy that did all this! If I knew that five minutes ago I'd never let them take you aboard this craft. I did not engage you to eat anything up, or to get into tantrums. If I see any more of this, I'll make you sup sorrow in spudgets full for it, you grampus."

The above address was made partly in English and partly in French. There was no Esperanto at that time, and as the Hungarian was not strong in either of the tongues mentioned, he had to interpret the captain by his looks and tone, and if these were doubtful the closed fist that was kept within an inch of his jaw left no doubt but that the Breton captain was grimly in earnest.

However, it was the subsequent jibes of Jim Mc-

Dougald that most angered the Hungarian. Jim pursued his buffoonery amongst the crew by exciting them to laughter in recounting the story of the Hungarian's general attitude, especially the axe incident, and also his somewhat ungainly movements on deck. The Hungarian was a man of gross physique and giant strength, a great force behind an oar, or in moving a boom or lifting an anchor, but so awkwardly did he move at the work and so slow was he that the captain was always flaring up at him. All this was fun for Jim McDougald, who contrived to put the captain and the Hungarian by the ears nearly every day. Sometimes, however, the fiery captain would give Jim what was called a "goalong," especially when he found him at horseplay instead of work. Then he would round on him and stamp and swear, though sorry next moment for being so passionate. On one occasion the captain ran at him with a marlin-spike merely to threaten him, but Jim, to continue the joke, ran up the ropes as though to escape. Hugh in the *Barnaby Rudge* tale could not have gone up the flagstaff with greater agility, only that the Breton captain did not wear a wig to have carried aloft. Jim's buffoonery was so incurable that the captain himself at last took it smoothly.

As a seaman Jim could not be excelled. To pull a dory, to winch an anchor, to hoist a sail, to steer the vessel through the worst of weather, Jim was the man. Every detail of the seafaring business was "print to him." And in the forecastle in bad weather Jim's song and joke were always applauded.

With such qualities one might think that McDougald would have become a master fisherman or a substantial planter. If not, why not? It is a very ancient story. Jim was as hard a drinker as ever lived. Drunk

or sober he was by turn a fighter and a buffoon, never happy except in the middle of some piece of exciting and generally riotous work. He had mixed at sea and on shore with all nationalities. He had in some way fought with them all, and if he escaped unscathed, it was not because of his prudence that he did so. It may be amusing to read about such a fine, dashing, rough-and-ready, roystering seaman, but could there be a more unhappy, a more tragic personality, especially as life and talents are not given to be wasted in dissipation? Here was the talent of great corporal strength and activity, and scarcely devoted to the highest purposes. By right use of his capabilities, and by steady application Jim McDougald might realize in the highest sense Kipling's ideal of a Captain Courageous.

A schooner, storm-stricken on the Grank Banks, is in an apparently helpless condition. The forces of wind and wave are so tremendous, and the vessel seems so light in the midst of elemental warfare, when the caverns of the great deep are broken up and the storm is loosened to scourge the main, that the escape so often made seems a miracle, or at least a marvel.

The French banker experienced this before reaching the Port of St. Pierre. She had, in fact, weighed anchor and was well on the course to the island, when the tempest sprang on her with a fury not uncommon in that region. Wind and rain and lightning flashes played around the ship, whilst booming wave and far-echoing thunder peal alternated so as to add every possible element of terror to the situation. "Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept to the reef of Norman's Woe." Not as tragically as Longfellow's *Hesperus* was she driven by the gale, yet she often did "leap the cable's length" under the impulse of the advancing

wave, and often rolled with washed decks and plunged rails and straining masts, whilst the men lashed themselves as best they could to the deck, and waited many an anxious minute for the fatal wave which would send her under. But on she sped, shaking the water from her sides like a dog after a plunge, and despite the wreckage on the deck she drove through it as well as an Atlantic liner.

I have heard men who had been through the American War say the crash, confusion and smoke of battle was such that they were only conscious of being carried along as by a tide. Men, too, who have been through sea-storms must have something of the same impression. The winds and waves are the agencies. Men are almost powerless in such times of stress.

The crew on board the French banker worked as well as possible, but the rage of the elements was an obstacle, so that practically the vessel was carried along by the pressure of external agency rather than by any special effort from the crew, although the steering was done by a man lashed to the helm. Even Jim McDougald maintained a subdued tone in the presence of such an upheaval. The men generally were too preoccupied for light talk, but Jim, ever on the alert for jibe or jest, told Lan Bennett that "he brought the bad weather," and he nearly opened a fresh quarrel with the Hungarian by telling him that he was a "jinker." This term is the equivalent of a Jonah, a man who brings hard luck to the craft in which he sails. The Hungarian was none the less irritated at the word "jinker" that he did not quite know its meaning, and there was no time to explain it. The storm rose and calmed at intervals. The men were good seamen, and no trace of panic or confusion was to be observed.

They were engaged in a work which since the days of Cabot had been giving Europe its best sailors to man fleets—viz. the Grand Bank fishery. When difficulty occurred no man was more alert than Jim and no voice rang more cheerily above the breeze than his.

"That's right boys, we'll strike St. Pierre all right."
 "Well, Bennett, 'twas near being worse with you than a few whacks with the Hungarian." "Carry on her, she's a corker—whoop." As a splash came over the boat and he was nearly knocked over, the last written word was used by him. "Why, Lan, are you so white about the gills?"

This to Bennett, who was as strong of nerve as any man! Jim knew this, but banter was his delight. As Skipper Mickle Wells used to say of him "'tis atin' and drinkin' to him and washin' and lodgin' to be playing his jokes."

Bennett, in fact, was as good a seaman as could be, cool and ready, quick of eye, strong of arm, swift of foot, and his actual experience on the Banks during that season tested these qualities to the utmost. He found the pitching of a schooner on the Grand Banks a much more testing operation than the pitching of cricket ball on the barrens or the playing of ball above the Long Bridge.

"She deserves applause," cried Jim McDougald, "for the way she's coming through it." But bravely as the craft was doing, the waves rose round about unceasingly, and the deck and sides of the ship were slashed and buffeted by the stormy waters. If we saw a picture of a tempest-driven sailing craft we should get the idea of panic and helplessness. But, in fact, the boat we now speak of went safely on through leagues of ocean, now flung aloft on the crest, now digging her prows in the trough, but still flying onward. The

dories had been lost in the fight, becoming the spoils of the great oceanic enemy. They could not be towed by the ship or brought on deck in such stress of weather. In fact, the men were now glad to save the vessel and themselves even whilst losing movable gear, such as dories and casks and trawl tubs. Jim McDougald remarked that the weather was "sharp enough to cut the whiskers off the Hungarian." The latter had a beard of Oriental amplitude, and as Jim affected the Republican moustache, he chose to make sportive comment on the other man's facial covering.

The storm lasted about thirty-six hours at its worst, then it gradually moderated, but still bore heavily on the vessel. As, however, she was fairly on the way for the harbour of St. Pierre, it looked as though she might reach that port securely. Driving on before a rough but favouring gale the banker passed three or four other craft that had been demoralized by the storm. One came within speaking distance and Jim McDougald sent a loud "hallo" to the crew: "How goes it after the kick up?" Answer: "Not too bad. How are you fellows?" Jim replied: "First rate. We lost dories and casks, and were near losing a Hungarian." The craft soon widened the space, and the rest of the voyage to St. Pierre was without incident.

The St. Pierre harbour after the gale was forested with masts. Reaching that port and taking note of the gear lost, it was found that between dories gone, sails torn, rigging spoiled, and broken rails and other minor losses, it would be a heavy expense to refit for the next trip.

However the damage was made good in a few days, and the ship and crew again confronted the billows and the breeze.

CHAPTER XIV

RELIGIOUS PEACE IN THE MIDST OF STORMS

IT may seem incongruous to transfer our thoughts from the billows and storms of the Banks to scenes of religious peace in which the fishermen of all nationalities, Catholic and Protestant, took part. The Fête Dieu or Corpus Christi procession of white-robed school children and acolytes, of religious confraternities of Christian Brothers and their pupils, and of all the population of St. Pierre through the streets of that town, was such a scene.

And now that through all the American world and British Empire there is setting in such a movement even of the millions towards catholicity, it is impossible to overrate the importance of such religious demonstrations. These Corpus Christi processions are sermons in themselves, and eloquent sermons too as regards the traditional belief of Christendom in the truth of God's presence in the most holy mysteries of the altar.

As Alexander Bennett and his reckless companion were spectators of that religious procession we may express a hope that it had some good effect on their minds and consciences, though we must say that Alexander had gradually fallen away a little from his pious practices as a practical Catholic, and especially from frequentation of the sacraments. The

result was intemperance and imprudence. The Corpus Christi procession canopy was borne over the head of a prelate carrying the Monstrance, all giving an impression of triumph won by the Sacramental King over the world.

Such processions as this have been annually held in St. John's for many generations. They had also been successfully introduced into many districts of the country, notably into that of which Father Lambert was pastor. In St. Pierre such public festivals had been always held with every token of distinction. The march from the church and through part of the town was joined in or witnessed by the residents of the island and by the large number of banking fishermen who might chance to be in port on the occasion.

The captain of Bennett's vessel was, as we have seen, a sturdy Breton such as might have navigated the St. Lawrence with Jacques Cartier and fought his boat to the water-line on any coast. His name was Le Gros. On this occasion the owners of the banker tried to compel the sturdy Le Gros to leave the harbour for the Banks on Saturday, and so be away on Procession Sunday. The captain, as sturdy a Breton as ever shouldered a pike for Church and King in the days of the Revolution, refused to leave the port until after the festival.

"Not only will we stay here till Monday," said he, "but I'll see to it that every man on board my boat will be ashore at the church for the procession." So well did the captain enforce this statement that every man was in readiness to come on shore at the hour agreed upon, with the exception of our friend the Hungarian. This man was supposed to have belonged at some time or other to a branch of the schismatical Greek Church. He did not appear to have any special

enthusiasm for religion at the time we may meet him, for he told Captain Legros that he intended spending his day on board the craft. The captain gave him to understand that he should come on shore for the procession, and in fact he did so. Ian Bennett, Jim McDougald, Captain Le Gros, and the rest of the banker's crew were on shore in time to see the banners waving over the heads of a long line of processionists, composed of clergy, teachers, members of sodalities, and school children, emerging from the main door of the church and passing on through a section of the town.

Though the town was French, there were banking fishermen of several different nationalities assembled to see the pageant. No one could fail to be impressed by the combination of solemnity and brilliancy in the religious demonstration.

The ceremony being finished, the crew of Captain Le Gros's boat went on board with him again, and at midnight made sail for the Banks, feeling none the worse for having given a day to the exercise of religion. They continued the fishing on the Banks until after the first of October; Captain Le Gros then having closed the voyage very successfully, prepared to return to France. James McDougald and Ian Bennett remained in St. Pierre after the ship had left. The Hungarian also remained in St. Pierre after the voyage, and as Ian Bennett, McDougald and he used to meet frequently, it followed that they indulged in the social glass, though why it should be called social when it was the means of stirring up strife between them is not very clear. In moments of anger Bennett and the Hungarian were more than once on the verge of war, and Jim McDougald did little to cement an alliance between the forces.

One of Jim's favourite pastimes during these days of idleness was causing the Hungarian to become nearly inebriated and then inducing him to sing, and sometimes even to dance. Jim was wont to describe all this as being "equal to a play." Jim had a collection of all the popular ballads of the period, and one of them consisted of a great number of verses he "worded" for the Hungarian, persuading the latter to chant this composition. The rendering of the song by the Hungarian was not artistically improved by the fact that he understood very much less than half the words, but this deficiency contributed so largely to the amusement of the company that they always insisted on a repetition of the effort.

"'Tis yourself can give it the right turn," Jim would cry. "We'll join in the coal-box (chorus) if you only rise the tune again." Here he would whisper aside, "Isn't it like the tune the old cow died with?" whilst the Hungarian proceeded with his music all unconscious of ridicule. Sometimes another of the jovial boys would try and impress the Hungarian with the notion that Jim was, as they termed it, "taking a rise out of him"; then more quarrels would ensue, only that Jim's ready wit could turn aside the torrent of the other man's wrath.

"Don't mind these fellows," he would say, "they can't sing themselves, or dance for that matter, and they know you can. What do you say to showing us a few steps?" After some hesitancy the tall figure of the Hungarian would rise to the occasion and move around the room in a dancing manner amid the inextinguishable laughter of those assembled. Jim to keep the joke along would supply vocal music.

As the dancer spun around, his spirit quickened no less by the music than the cognac, some of the mischievous elements might put a small obstacle of some kind in his path, whereupon he would come to a horizontal position, and rising more sobered would find that his persecutors had fled, and would very carefully shun his indignation for some days.

Another amusement of Jim's consisted in persuading the Hungarian that a certain venerable woman had matrimonial designs in his direction. This ancient girl discharged the functions of cook and general assistant at their boarding house. She had entered that period so elegantly described by Shakespeare as the "sere and yellow leaf," but if the years had dimmed the lustre of her early beauty, they had in nowise impaired the keenness of her eloquence. In all the trans-Atlantic possessions of the French Republic no tongue was sharper than hers. The male boarders in the house, men who faced the Atlantic storms with light hearts, would twice and thrice before bringing themselves under the lash of this maiden's rhetoric. She was a steam engine for work, and as she swept through the hall and rooms with her broom, she no less thoroughly swept with her tongue the boarders who by their carelessness added anything to her trouble.

Jim McDougald told her that the Hungarian did not care how much work he caused her to have, by allowing his fishing boots and other gear to lie around the place after she had carefully set all in order. In fact, Jim more than once pulled this man's room furniture out in the hall, and so created a first-class scene when mademoiselle came and saw the confusion. Once, however, she discovered that Jim was the prime mover in the mischief, and if he had not

moved away she would have tried the handle of the brush on him.

"Monsieur," she cried in a rasping voice and mixed tongue, "*se'il vous plait*, remember zat I will break your visage, if you do zat encore. *Vous etez un scoundrel* to come here and do all these things. I close these *portes* and you open them and *trou* de goods of cet rascal over de floor. You are one *bete* and I will *frappez vous* with dis brush." So she would, if tone and facial expression meant anything.

It became a source of great pleasure to Mr. James to induce the Hungarian to believe that this shrewish dame had made up her mind to marry him. "She'll have you, boy, if you don't look sharp. A man with half an eye can see that she's struck on you." It was only when our Hungarian friend was what Jim called "half-seas over" with brandy that such outrage could be offered to his common sense. But "wine in, wit out" is a proverb of international recognition. The Hungarian, most incredulous and stolid of men, and a bachelor to the death, could in liquor be brought to believe that a woman who honestly regarded him as a heathen was rather enamoured of him than otherwise.

"If she wants to marry me," he replied, "donner and blitzen! but I don't want to marry her, and dat you know, Jim."

"I know it," said Jim, but she thinks you are only waiting to name the day and that you are too shy to propose. Don't you see her look at you so loving like?"

"Donner and blitzen! I see her look at me like a bear with a sore foot."

"Yes, but that's her love. She will marry you."

"But she cannot marry me unless I will."

"Ah, you are in a foreign country now, and a poor man will never know what these foreigners can do."

The Hungarian was really terrorized, and Jim kept up the policy of tormenting him for his private delectation, which proved that Mr. James was not blessed in any extraordinary degree with the gift of human kindness. He had rubbed against the world both rough and smooth, and came out of the process more hardened than would altogether harmonize with the requirements of Christianity. "The more I mix with the world of men the less I am a man." This might be said of Thomas à Kempis from motives of humility, but it could be said by James McDougald as a literal truth. It was nothing to Lan Bennett's credit to have such a comrade.

Thus they whiled the time away, intending to remain in St. Pierre until some vessel trading with Boston would give them a passage to that city.

One afternoon Lan being alone in his room, a knock came to his door, and almost before the door could be opened from within it was flung open by a thrust from without and a young man entered without standing on ceremony. He held a letter in his hand, and said, "Your name is Bennett and that letter is for you." He then flung it rudely, and indeed with studied insult, on the table where Lan sat. This prepossessing young man was a certain gilded youth named Louis Grenville. He was a clerk in the shop in St. Pierre which was controlled by the firm from which Bennett had last year sailed to the Bank fishery. Louis was short of stature but strong of body. He was dressed rather beyond his income than within it.

Louis had heard of the row in the dory between Lan and the Hungarian, and did not think the worse of

the Hungarian for his share in the business. If he had anything against the Hungarian it was because he did not go to greater extremes. All this proves that Louis Grenville was really a wicked young man. He and Jake Rugley, Bennett's South Bight opponent, were well matched in their plottings against Bennett, and Jim McDougald, Lan's boon companion, was not much better than the two mentioned, and his friendship was every whit as dangerous to Bennett as was the hostility of Grenville and Rugley.

When Louis flung the letter so unceremoniously at Bennett, the latter picked it up and looked his surprise and indignation at Louis. Bennett himself had been drinking a little, considerably to the prejudice of his self-control. Yet he made no open demonstration against his visitor, waiting to see how the matter would proceed.

Louis showed his real sentiments by saying, "That's a letter for you, but it does not come from Miss English, and I caution you not to write or receive any more letters from her. And don't you dare to think of making her your wife."

No mediaeval Baron forbidding a serf born on his manor to do a certain act could have thrown more haughty insolence into this imperial mandate than did this twopenny-halfpenny shop pendant.

Bennett had enough sobriety and humour left to laugh straight in the other's face and ask him what he meant, or if he knew himself what he meant.

Louis indignantly responded that he knew exactly what he said, viz. that he forbade all thought or idea of marriage between Miss English and Bennett under threats no less terrible than vague.

Bennett swayed between two sentiments: one to take the matter as a piece of satire, the other to call

Louis to a pugilistic encounter. He was saved from making himself thus ridiculous by the opportune arrival of Jim McDougald, who flung in the door with a bang, and giving Louis a sharp slap of the friendly kind on the chest which very nearly deprived him of breath. He then grasped his delicate hand and fairly squeezed it until Louis nearly roared with pain. All done in perfect kindness.

"Why, Mr. Grenville, and how is every inch of you? I hope your health is keeping good, and that you are not working too hard in the shop?"

"Thank you, monsieur, I am very well indeed, and I called to bring a letter here to your friend. I have just given him a caution about a certain matter, and he will be well advised to take it." Saying this, Louis with an elaborate bow left the room, and rude Jim McDougald squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice on Louis's new boots as the latter bowed. Jim McDougald then demanded of Bennett what it all meant.

"Oh, he brought me this letter and flung it on the floor. Then he spun some kind of yarn about hindering me from marrying Mary English. I laughed at him because it was no use arguing with him as he was too drunk. But he got so infernal saucy after a while that I was near pitching into him. Then you came in, and now you know all that I do about it. He seems to have asked Mary English to marry him, and blames me because she wouldn't. He's a hard rooster, anyhow, and they say in St. Pierre that he is crotchety."

"Well, they're not far out. I knew when I came in that the little scamp was having words with you. It's better, however, that you didn't wring his neck, as he's as spiteful as a weasel, and just as treacherous

by all accounts. Keep a sharp look out, though; he may keep all that in for you."

"I never offended him, so I pitch him to Hong-Kong. Anyway, let us see what's in the letter. It's a message from home."

There was no post-mark on the letter, as at that time communication between South Bight and St. Pierre depended on the casual going and coming of boats rather than on any settled system of mails. Living as we do in an age of steamers and railways, we may note that improvements on that system are being rapidly introduced, and we may trust that at no distant date every part of Newfoundland, north and south and west and east, shall have the full benefit of the most modern means of communication. This, of course, may seem to be an ideal, but then we must work for nothing short of the ideal. Forward must ever be the motto of the true progressionist, "We dare not stoop to less." A great writer has it that "material progress is drifting steadily from God." But another equally eminent authority has it that even modern developments may be utilized for the furtherance of the Gospel. Of this we have a great historic example in the old Roman Empire.

When this world power was yet pagan it built up a marvellous system of roads which spanned Europe and Asia to the length of thousands of miles. When the missionaries of Christianity were first sent forth by Christian Rome to the ends of the known world it was along these roads that they went with the sacred Message. And in modern developments it will be by turbine steamers and railways of undreamt-of rapidity that the Message "ever ancient and ever new" shall be sent into the hearts of gentile nations, which but for such material agencies might have to

abide for longer centuries in "darkness and the shadow of death." Christianity by softening the manners of gentile nations has made modern developments, taken at their best, a possibility, and in the reverse order modern developments will help to broaden the bounds of Christian empire, and so things themselves material may be diverted to the noblest spiritual uses. We must, as St. Paul expressed it, "use this world as though we used it not." The real Author of progress, spiritual, intellectual or material, is the Creator of the universe, Who gave man the faculty to use material resources, and gave him material resources to be improved by being rightly used, but not turned into instruments of destruction.

The letter to Bennett from South Bight reminded him again of that district. When Bennett left it for St. Pierre there was quite a flutter. Skipper Mickel Wells and Mr. Malone debated the subject in the place where they discussed many another topic grave and gay, lively or severe—the shop of the village blacksmith, which did not stand precisely under the spreading chestnut tree, albeit there were in the neighbourhood many fine, sturdy old spruces and firs, relics of the "forest primeval" which went down before the axes of Robert Bennett and of the settlers who preceded him when New Port was yet a woodland scene. However, a few fine old clumps of spruce and fir were allowed to remain sheltering from the storms which so frequently bore violently on those shores. We are now describing a coast-line which of all the American world projected farthest into the Atlantic Ocean, and as if to repay it for such temerity, the Atlantic flung against its granite fortresses the full strength of its winds and waves. Those

parts of the coasts most open to the ocean show proofs of the Atlantic invasion in being somewhat bare of trees. The modern tendency in the island is to reserve as much of the forest growth for æsthetic purposes as can be preserved, and to replant areas that had been cleared in the process of settlement. With such an abundant growth of timber on the island it is easy to procure trees for ornamental purposes as well as for milling.

In the forge, besides Dick Brophy, the stalwart blacksmith, there were also a group of three or four persons, prominent amongst them being Skipper Mickle Wells and Mr. Michael Malone, the teacher. The latter held before him a copy of the bi-weekly *Star*, a four-paged paper devoted to Newfoundland matters in general, and to politics in particular. The question there under general discussion was the settlement, or non-settlement rather, of the French shore difficulty. This was then 150 years old, and went another half-century before it was adjusted. At that time there was a considerable popular movement brought about by a revival of this question in a rather anti-colonial form. The agitation amongst the electors was duly reflected in the pages of the bi-weekly *Star*. Mr. Malone had finished reading a two-column editorial on the subject, and Skipper Mickle Wells was making comment on the matter read, whilst Brophy was too busy hammering a set of iron-work for Robert Bennett's horse-slide to make more than casual remarks on the subject.

"Be herrings," said Skipper Mickle, "that French shore flurry is as owld as the fog. I'm fifty years following the say, man and bye, and I'm blessed if they hadn't it to the fore a hundred years before I came to this country from Limerick. What I sez is they'll

never settle it as long as 'twill give jobs to a lot of these fellows minding the fishery. There's money in it for these English and French mimbers, but there's nawthin' in it for the labourin' man as fur as I can see. What do you say, Skipper Brophy?"

"I say you're right, Skipper Mickle," responded the blacksmith. "There's only one way of settling this kind of thing, and that's the way they done it in Wexford fifty-two years agone."

"How was it," said Skipper Mickle.

"Look at me and I'll let you understand how it was," said the muscular blacksmith. Whilst speaking he snatched a piece of red-hot iron from the fire and setting it on the anvil, seized his heavy sledge hammer and raising it with giant force above his head brought it down with such fierce and sudden strength on the hot iron as to send the particles of fire everywhere, and to make the onlookers start affrighted. This action was an eloquent expression though not a verbal one of the fact that Dick Brophy was a very sincere believer in the policy of physical force as applied to political questions. He was a Wexford man, and nearly of the same years as Robert Bennett, so that he too had very clear memories of the '98 Insurrection if he did not actually "lend a hand" at the time. From making a pike on a hot anvil to wielding one on a hot field is a short step, and in Wexford the forges were the places where the weapons were made, and where the plans were often formulated as well.

"That's the way to do the business, Skipper Mickle," said Brophy. "Main force is what I say."

The brawny arms bared to the elbows, the giant strength, the large limbs, the heavy but good-humoured face, and the stern lines of determination, everything in Brophy bespoke a man fit to lead a forlorn

hope or to die in a last ditch ; such men have ever been the born leaders who in time of national stress push their way to the front by the sheer force of iron manhood.

Mr. Malone stood for diplomacy and said so thus : " You know, Skipper Brophy, we must rather rely on constitutional agitation. That was Mr. O'Connell's method."

Skipper Dick gave no assent to this, and Mickle Wells expressed his defiance, hate, and scorn of anything less than what he called a stand-up fight. However, it was felt by the others present that a good lively agitation within the constitution was judged to be the interpretation of the article in the bi-weekly *Star*.

The cause of the agitation which arose in the 'fifties of the nineteenth century concerning the new developments of the old treaty question bestirred the whole island, consequently the copy of the bi-weekly *Star* which brought the message to South Bight was read with twofold zest.

From speaking of the French shore question they passed by an association of ideas to speak of St. Pierre and its fisheries, and then they referred to their two acquaintances, Bennett and McDougald, who were engaged there in the fishery industry. Skipper Mickle always had the news of the day and republished it in accurate detail and with not a few embellishments. Jake Rugley kept the post-office at that day in New Port. The institution was a political one to the individual who held it, and as Rugley worked for the administration of that day it fell to him to distribute Her Majesty's mails to the lieges of that borough, although Robert Bennett fought for it against him.

"I seen Mrs. McDougald comin' away from Rugley's the other day with a registered letter from Jim over there in St. Pierre. 'Tis not often Jim takes a pen in hand to send a few lines, but this time he did right enough. Poor Mrs. McDougald isn't too sartin in her temper, and she gave Rugley "down the Banks," believin' that he had boned (taken) her letters. Rugley wouldn't do that, but the owld dame is mistrustful, and she gave him three meals of abuse. He was going to take the law on her, but she's nearly as good a lawyer herself as O'Connell."

Thus spoke Mickle, and Mr. Malone took up the word: "I was speaking two days ago with our friend Mr. Bennett, senior, and he seemed vastly exercised in the matter of Lan's residence in St. Pierre amid the many dissipations of that insular colony."

"I'm informed," replied Mickle, "that they spend all their time between drinkin' rum and batin' the people in the streets."

"What about this Bait Act they're talking about now and then?" said another man, who was thinking of some other point at the moment.

Skipper Mickle deigned no reply to this unreasonable and impersonal question, but continued: "I always sed and sez so still that Jim McDougald's doin's would be a cause of trouble for them. Sometimes Jim is wild and inveterate, nawthin' too hot or too heavy for him. And with young Bennett takin' an odd horn of rum, you'll see fur fly, or I'm mistaken."

Mr. Malone: "I cannot but agree with you in some points, friend Wells. This course must have a deleterious effect upon our juveniles. Robert Bennett himself expressed to me the other day his eagerness that Lan should return homeward. In fact he consulted with our pastor, Rev. Fr. Lambert, on that

subject, and the pastor advised him to communicate with his son by a literary composition, in fact he told him to write him, and it runs with me that Robert is doing so."

"Indeed?" said Skipper Mickle Wells. "Well now, I'm glad to hear that. I suppose if they come this fall they'll go into the fishery. I wouldn't be surprised if Robert undertook to fit out another boat for the fishery next year, with Lan to go in charge of her. He's a purty smart man be this for the say. And Jim McDougald is a good warrant to tutor him about the boats. Jim knocked about everywhere, himself. The more boats sailing out of the place the better, especially if we see the young fellows staying in the country."

"A very just remark indeed, friend Wells," answered Mr. Malone, "and I opine that our good friend R. Bennett will do as you say."

"The more boats the more labour for tradesmen," said the blacksmith.

"The more crafts the more fish to see after," said Skipper Mickle, who was a master of voyage, i.e. a man experienced in the cure of fish. No man in the bay could cure fish better than Mickle. His curing of it was almost a guarantee of a good market for the seller. He had made a good study of it from years of practice, and now, given good weather, he could send as well cured a cargo abroad as any dealer could wish for. The planters in the bay were always anxious to have the benefit of his services as an overseer of their fish. The other men in the forge were all equally pleased at the prospect of a new boat being put out.

"But," said Skipper Mickle, "if Lan Bennett and Mary English will ever think about marryin'

'twill be up fist between the two men. Robert Bennett is hot and Rube English is dogged and insultin', and so 'twill be a shindy, I'm thinkin'."

Mr. Malone expressed a hope that matters might be more "diplomatically" adjusted than that.

"And what d'ye mane by this 'diplomouthically'?" asked Skipper Mickle.

"He means soft sawder," explained the blacksmith.

"To the dickens with that soort of thing," answered Mickle. "I'd sooner see a good straight fight now and again than owld douchim or soft sawder."

Mr. Malone replied that this was not the spirit of the age, and one of the men asked Mickle why he did not go into the American Army, to get some fighting.

To get wise counsel in the affair Robert Bennett had referred it to Father Lambert, who had the gift of saying that which was right in matters bearing either on the material or spiritual well-being of the people. The pastor advised Robert to write to his son, asking him to come home and promising to build a boat for him.

"Well, Father, I suppose I'll pocket my pride and write him. But it's pretty hard to give into him like that."

"Do it, Robert," said the priest, "you will not be sorry at the end if you do it."

Robert took the priest's decision and going home he began his letter to Lan. The letter was short, but it gave the promise of building a boat for him as was advised by the priest.

CHAPTER XV

"COME BACK TO NEWFOUNDLAND"

NEW PORT, SOUTH BIGHT,

October 1, 18—.

DEAR ALEXANDER,—

Your mother and I don't know what we ever did to you to make you run away from us in our old age, when you might be such a help and comfort. But talk is no good. Forgive and forget is our part. So now if you come home this fall and take up business for us we'll have a new boat fitted out for you. If you follow the fishery, better to do so from your own harbour than from St. Pierre. We can get a good craft for you to go in, and lookin' at the business in that light you couldn't do better than take this offer. It's as good as you'll get anywhere in our line of work. Your mother and I are both eager to see you home early this fall. Come at once.

Your father,

ROBERT BENNETT.

P.S.—You better keep clear of Jim McDougald. He's no good for himself and he'll be no good for you. Only for him you'd be back here long ago. I don't want you to be tutored by him, as he'll get you into troubles.

This letter was addressed to Mr. Alexander Bennett, St. Pierre, and lacking mail service to the island it was carefully enveloped in a leaf of the bi-weekly *Star*, and being tied with thread it was handed to Skipper Tom Savin, who was about to make a brief visit in his craft to the French islands. Skipper Savin freighted a load of birch and hay to St. Pierre, and returned with a varied assortment of goods. He put the letter in a box in the "after-room" of his boat and, judging it to contain grave matter, he made repeated trips to the box during the voyage to see that it was not tampered with. With a great air of mystery Mr. Savin gave the letter to Louis Grenville; the latter less politely brought it to Lan, as stated.

"Well, Lan," said Jim as the latter read the letter, "what's the best news from home, boy?"

Lan read the letter as far as the postscript and was beginning to read that when he stopped, and folding the letter, said, "That's all."

Jim, who was as sharp witted as most people, saw that Lan was keeping something unread. "Come, Lan, read the piece that's made fast to the letter. It's something about me, I'd bet a summer's wages. I know the boss blames me for you being here. Let us hear what he says, anyhow."

"It does not concern you at all; but what do you think of his offer about building the boat?"

"Think! Why, it's first-rate; jump at it. As good a thing as you can do. I'll go back with you and take up part of the work next year."

"I understood (dubiously)—we'll see—later. Anyhow, you think it's a good opening?"

"The deuce a better."

"Perhaps yes; perhaps not."

"No perhaps about it—dead sure."

"It's hard to say, but we'll think it over."

It is difficult to understand, however, for a something that promised well, that Lan could be more influenced by the good advice of a bad companion than by the equally good advice of good relatives.

"You'll find that will be the best of your play to do this, Lan. Come, let us have a drink, anyway."

The "having a drink" seemed to be a matter about which there should be no doubt, and to do so they went forth.

They met some of the boys in the course of the evening, and whilst the liquor flowed it was wonderful how many cargoes of fish were landed, and what a great seaman each one could prove himself to be. When the party separated Jim McDougald was the only sober man in the crowd, though he had drunk as much alcohol as did Mr. Jingle on the occasion of the grand cricket dinner, at which the Pickwickians were guests.

CHAPTER XVI

ONE OF THE OLD NEWFOUNDLAND WINTERS

THAT winter was a busy one in the village of New Port. Several new crafts were being built, amongst them one by Robert Bennett.

One of the traditional sights during the winter or spring on the shore of a Newfoundland seaport is the framework of the new boats that are being built for the following season's fishery. No form of industry is regarded as a surer sign of solid prosperity than this. The sound of adze and axe and whip-saw, the large sticks drawn from the forests by the way of the frozen rivers, and the white bulk of the new boat not planked but outlined by keel and timbers: all these are the tokens of "good times" already prevailing and the probable forerunners of good times to be. The shipping industry in all its branches has been, is, and probably shall be the great leading industry of the island, although we may see now a great impulse being given to practical farming and mining, necessary aids if the main industry of the country is to hold its ground in the march of modern developments.

Besides the actual building of boats, there is much to be done in building stores, landing-stages, flakes and all the other utilities of the fishery. The abundant supplies of wood growing besides the harbours made

it easy, at that day, to get timber for all kinds of structural work.

Robert Bennett began work at the boat in the fall, and kept working all through the winter. He had employed five or six men of experience in the work, and they took care of the preparing of the wood material by chopping, squaring and setting it in place for the framework of the boat. He gave the men their board as part of the contract. The hauling of wood for the builders was done by Lan, who had returned in the early fall. Jim McDougald was home, too, and was working about his own house, putting it in some needed repairs and getting home some firewood for the winter, to keep the ancient dog-irons aglow.

The chief popular fuel in Newfoundland is wood, mostly that of the spruce, fir, or birch species, the last named by preference. The trees are cut down from the roots, lopped of branches brought home on slides, and stacked in enclosures or yards near the houses.

The cutting of firewood and bringing of it home makes very lively work in the harbours. The local clergyman has a kind of right given him from time immemorial to get his two or three slide-loads of wood from each parishioner. Sometimes a hauling day is regularly assigned, and a strong force of men goes into the forest, called locally "the woods," and brings to the clergyman's house a sufficient quantity of wood to last for months.

There is on these occasions a very abundant outpouring of wit and humour, much chaff and banter, especially if a slack load is sent in, or if over-green wood is supplied instead of the inflammable white ends or the consistent birch. Also if any one fails to

appear with the crowd he has to take a few shafts of satire, if he chance to meet the more prominent workers in this movement.

The wood-hauling day for Father Lambert was made a holiday event in New Port. The men turned out as one, and the clergyman himself drove along the ice-track to review his forces. Skipper Mickle Wells headed one party, and Jim McDougald was at the head of the opposition to Mickle. The race between the two parties was to see which side would bring the most wood, and which would have its loads in first. The ponies caught it as they were driven along the ice.

Skipper Mickle kept his forces well together. Jim's boys were playing instead of working, and at night-fall Skipper Mickle's side were the champions of the day. Jim tried to tease Mickle, saying he did not run fairly, and Mickle becoming irate, the boys had the exhilarating performance of a free show in the form of a "wordy war." 'Twas all fun, originating in Jim's love of "hunting," but Mickle took it seriously for a while, but he laughed with the crowd afterwards. And so ended the wood-hauling day in the 'fifties.

Skipper Savin was amongst the men, but he was not genial, and Jim managed to promote an antagonism between him and Skipper Mickle by blaming the latter for taking Savin's ropes or breaking his slide or some such matter. Savin attacked Mickle with words, and even threatened blows, but as Father Lambert came along at the moment to thank the men individually for their generously and freely given day's labour, all unpleasantness was merged in a feeling of general satisfaction, and next Sunday the pastor announced officially that he had got a splendid supply of wood by the free labour of his people.

Most of the material which was used in the boat was cut a few miles from the place. Lan drove the pony through rough way and smooth, across ice-covered ponds, and along frozen rivers, through snow-covered wood-paths, and along barrens. It taxed the full strength of the hardy horse to drag the material along this way, but it was done load after load during the building months until all the material was transferred to the building yard. Skipper Robert inspected every stick brought along, and if it was the wrong article he berated Lan for the blunder, and the men in charge of the work made strong opposition if any knotty wood was given to them to trim. The work was pushed on rapidly, considering that all the material had to be prepared on the ground.

Each day a number of men not workers came to have a look at the boat's construction, amongst them Skipper Mickle, Jim McDougald and Rugley. Each had some opinion to give on the subject of boat-building, they having seen several constructed in New Port during the preceding years. Skipper Mickle had a long seafaring experience from which to argue against his companions in matters nautical. Jim McDougald was fairly well versed in the subject, but Rugley, who was a shopkeeper, was held to have no right to an opinion.

"I think," said Rugley, "the keel should be shaped in such a fashion," describing his plans.

Skipper Mickle answered saying, "Who gave you the right to think at all about it? When did you haul a fish over the side of a craft?"

"Well, a man can know something about boats and not go to sea, Skipper Mickle."

"A man must have exparyance on the ground before he's fit to spake on it," returned Mickie.

He did scant justice to Rugley, because the latter had fair mechanical ideas, but Skipper Mickle was wont to contradict, and was especially intolerant of Mr. Rugley.

Jim McDougald supported Mickle's opinion as to Rugley's inexperience. Rugley retorted that he forgot more than either of them ever learned. And Jim stated that he must have forgotten it all judging by the opinions he expressed. The debate went on, Rugley pointing out what he had seen of boat-building in other places and gently hinting that neither Jim McDougald nor Skipper Mickle were competent judges.

"Why, man," said Jim, "I wrung more salt water out of my cuffs than ever you sailed over."

The crowd enjoyed this mode of retort, for though Jim was not much regarded, yet any one that would turn tables on the shrewd Rugley was a favourite. However, even Jim was shrewd enough to see that Rugley was rather dangerous. He was locally accredited with the quality of keeping spite in and of paying out in season, not being too delicate as to his choice of means. It is only in novels that the bold bad man is invariably put down by the champions, and both Jim and Skipper Mickle thought it as well to keep Rugley in humour for the time being.

"What's the use of us owld neighbours quarrelling?" said Mickle. "Forgive and forget, Mr. Rugley, for the sake of owld times."

"Also," said Jim as he too joined in Mickle's offer of peace. Rugley turned on his heel without a word and left the yard. Skipper Mickle looked crest-fallen, and Jim McDougald said to him for his consolation, "Didn't I tell you so?"

"Tell me what?" said Skipper Mickle.

"I said so long ago to you," said Jim. "I said to-morrow would be fine if it didn't rain or snow or hail or blow," explained James.

Skipper Mickle made a stroke of his stick at Jim, which the latter only escaped by jumping over a piece of timber lying there.

Both of them felt rather chagrined by Rugley's show of spleen, and the men in the yard, some of whom were close friends of Rugley, rather laughed at the discomfiture.

Rugley did not revisit the yard, but Skipper Mickle and Jim and others came every day, but if they disturbed the work Skipper Robert was not slow to tell them so and to order them off. But they knew Robert's way so well that they always returned next day.

"'Tis great fun to start him," said Jim.

"His bark is worse than his bite," said Skipper Mickle. "A fellow like that Rugley would mane more in a minute than Robert would say in a month. He wouldn't do you a dirty turn like that other snake, though his tongue can be pretty bad when he's ruz. I have worked with him for years, as good a man as ever I sarved. He'll feed you well and drive you hard, but latterly he's gettin' crule fond of makin' the money. Meself don't know what he'll do with it. Shure he can't take it with him, and as long as we can get along what's the use of all this money?"

"What's the use of money?" said Jim. "That's sure; it's no use to me if I haven't got it. You have a nice stockin' of it yourself, Skipper Mickle, by all accounts. They said you're too cute to let yourself know how much you have."

This was one of the regular jokes about Mickle, that he was secretly accumulating a large amount of

cash. Mickle neither affirmed nor denied, but simply said, "If you think I have money try and keep me on hands."

"If I thought 'twould be any good to soft sawder you, I would for sure," replied Jim.

"You could never tell, Jim, how much you'd fall in for, if you only kept the gruel to me," said Mickle.

"Anyhow, 'twill cost nothing to keep you in good humour. So I'll do it from this day out. How will that be?"

"Get along out of that with your trying to humbug an owld man," said Mickle, twirling his stick. "What do you do with all the money you earn yourself, makin' big wages every summer?"

"It goes as fast as it comes, Mickle. I'm too liberal with it, and it is spent before I can stow it in the hold of a bank, or put it, like yourself, in a stocking. Anyhow, I send a good part to the old mother. Jim McDougald is counted a hard ticket for drinking, scrapping, and swearing, but no one can say that he left his mother unprovided for, if money could be earned by man's work on the ice pans or the Banks."

Now this was the truth. Stormful as Jim's career and character were, it stood as a good mark to him that his mother never was known to want for a dollar for any purpose in her sphere of life. This was in itself a redemption, and we gladly place it on the right side of Jim's account. All the more gladly do we do so that we have such continuous occasion to make less favourable comment on his actions. Skipper Mickle, who like the rest of the neighbours saw little but the darker side of Jim, readily admitted that he deserved credit for being a good son as far as giving plenty of means to his mother went, and agreed that it was a good point.

"I knew gaffers," said he, "that went away to the States and Canady, and good luck to so much as a line of a letter their parents ever got to show whether they were dead or alive or on horseback."

"I know some myself," said Jim, "but that's no credit to them to act in that way."

"All the same, Jim," continued Mickle, "it's too bad to have you boozin' and carryin' on the way you do sometimes. You drink too much."

"Thank you, Mickle, for the sermon, but I believe I do sometimes. When you get into a harbour like St. Peter's after a hard trip and meet the boys we get outside of too much of it, instead of keeping it outside of us."

"Skipper Whisky is a bad hand at the tiller," said Mickle. "It drives many a ship on the rocks. And there's too much of it around this very harbour. There's Rugley, he has a load of it in a store this minute to my own sartin knowledge."

"How do you know that, Skipper Mickle?"

"How do I know it, eh? I do know it, and that's the fact."

"Why, Skipper Mickle, I thought to hear you five minutes ago that you were pledged a teetotaller, and are you?"

"No," said Mickle, "I'm not a teetotaller, and that's the rayson I know that liquor-drinking is no good for any man."

"What about Rugley's having a load of liquor for sale?" queried Jim.

"He's got it, anyhow," said Mickle, "and selling, too, hand over hand. Yes, be haddocks, an' chargin' for it, too, on the double. No soft lifts off Rugley."

"Come over and have a beer," said Jim. And Mickle, despite his theories, went and had more than one.

And when Jim McDougald conveyed him home that evening it could not be altogether affection for Jim that made him hook his arm in that of the latter as they went along the tossing, tumbling, rolling road.

"It is a terrible night at say," said Mickle dreamily. "Keep a good look out for land, Jim."

"Yes, Mickle, you're half-says over right enough," said Jim as he placed him inside the door.

Mickle went to bed that night alternately praying for Rugley and challenging him to fight.

Next day Jim and Mickle met near the store where Rugley had the alcoholic beverages, and Jim said—

"Why, Skipper Mickle, you're nose is rinded. I think you must have knocked against something hard when you had a drop in last night."

"A 'drop in'?" answered Mickle. "What are you pratin' about? I was as sober as a dog, so I was."

"Anyhow," said Jim, "let us have another hair of the dog that barked at you, just to sober up. I think the dog will bite you as well as bark at you if you keep on the drinkin'. I'll put a log on him after this. Anyhow, we'll have a morning."

Mickle, nothing loath, said: "All right; I suppose it's all going through life. We'll never do it younger. 'Tisn't worth my while to spoil sport for the sake of the few days I'm in it. Money is made to be spent, anyway." And thus our friend cajoled himself into the belief that in rehearsing the folly of the preceding evening he was acting most philosophically. If men were as artful in using arguments against the indulgence of appetite as they are in finding excuses for the same this old earth would be a picture of paradise.

Skipper Robert spent few idle hours whilst the boat was in building. He had a foreman for

the work, but he kept an eye to it himself as well. Sometimes he and his foreman clashed.

"Now, Skipper Tom," Robert would say to the overseer, "put your plank along this way, and drive your nail here, and warp your timber more a-ferrid."

Tom, a man of somewhat "dark temper" and few words, but strong in the science of boat-building and exceedingly slow to accept anything that might be a reflection on his personal skill, would go on chopping or marking the spruce or birch stick, and paying no more attention to Robert's words than if that good man had been humming a song. This form of disrespect roused Robert all the more.

"Skipper Tom, who owns this craft? Is it you, or have I any share? Tell me that."

Skipper Tom straightened up from his chopping position, and leaning one hand on the handle of his axe, the heavy end on the ground, and placing his other on his side as though to preserve his balance, he looked not so much at Robert as over that man's head, and in a calm, passionless tone retorted the argument.

"Skipper Robert, which of us is running this job? Tell me that."

"You'll do what I tell you, Tom, or leave the work."

"I'll neither do what you tell me, Skipper Robert, nor leave the work," was Tom's reply, and there was more insult in the tone than in the words, which were simple enough.

"For two pins I'd give you a larrup in the jowl," said Robert, stepping to Tom, both fists closed. Even this had no effect on the stolid Tom, who went on chewing a quid and cutting the stick his own way just as if Robert were not owner.

One of the other men spoke aside to Robert : " No use, skipper, in talking to him about it ; you'll only vex yourself. He's a shockin' aggravatin' man, but as good for the job as you can get in a day's walk. Better let him carry it out his own way. I'll go bail you'll have satisfaction when 'tis finished, but if you go to rayson cases with him 'twill be a growl all the time."

" I believe you're right, Jim. He's a hard man, but as good a worker as we can get. All the same 'tis hard to give in to him, even when he's half right. He's as insulting as he can stick together."

Skipper Tom was chopping the wood during this dialogue as calmly and unswervingly as a man could who had the most sublime disregard for every opinion not his own. The work went on apace, and before St. Patrick's Day the boat was planked and decked and all but ready for launching. The seventeenth of March was celebrated in New Port by Father Lambert and the parishioners with all the traditional spirit of the day. No day in the year calls forth a greater wave of national and religious enthusiasm than does the festal day of him who, in the time long vanished, brought to Erin the " good tidings " of Christianity.

CHAPTER XVII

FATHER LAMBERT PREACHES

SIXTY thousand men of Irish birth or blood marched last St. Patrick's Day in New York. Such demonstrations prove an unquenchable vitality in a race. In 1906 St. John's celebrated the hundredth year of the establishment of the Benevolent Irish Society in Newfoundland. The celebration was held enthusiastically and joined in fraternally and generously by all religious denominations. Men representing all the religious, social, and industrial interests of the community unitedly met at the board of the Irish Society and cordially paid tribute of praise to the educational value of the venerable association. The fraternal reunion of men of different interests, whether the grounds of differences were religious or social or political, was a gem not the least lustrous in the crown of the Society's triumph. And this spirit of unity and goodwill has been carefully cultivated by the Society at all times; hence it is that Newfoundland citizens of all creeds have come to regard the success] of the association as beneficial to the whole people. Remembering the impulse that it has helped to give to all branches of popular education, literary, commercial and technical, we can understand how rightly it is regarded as a useful part of the educational machinery of the country.

Fifty years ago Father Lambert kept St. Patrick's Day in New Port. In the morning the people had come from parts the most distant, some of them walking twenty miles, across barrens and over rivers and along the wood paths cut through spruce and fir groves. At ten o'clock the church was crowded, not merely to the doors but beyond them.

The church was a good strong building, accommodated inside with a gallery which was capable of holding nearly half the congregation. It had been finished only the year before, and Bishop Mullock, passing through New Port on his schooner voyage along the coast, held the dedication. A few hundred paces from the church the bishop also blessed a new cemetery. The school building and presbytery had already been opened. As the people came ashore out of small row-boats, or came on slides or on foot, and gathered on the grounds near the church, a very liberal supply of green ribbons and scarfs represented the "chosen leaf" that has been so long identified with the history of the race. Flags, too, from house-tops or garden front or store were flung against the breeze. Salvoes of sealing guns rang from end to end of New Port, and all the pomp and circumstance of a grand demonstration were there to show that "many waters" could not quench the old spirit of the Celtic stock. The day, too, was perfectly in harmony with the good cheer of the occasion: skies bright but not unmarked by clouds, hills of evergreen spruce and fir, fields bare of snow, though the frost still had the ground in bonds, and that most indubitable sign that a Newfoundland spring has definitely opened, namely, the harbour ice-free—all this glorified by the rays of an equinoctial sun was nature's gladsome greeting to the gracious festival of Erin's apostle.

As the people gathered in the churchyard, having come within years then recent from several countries of Ireland, mostly having sailed from the port of Waterford, then the connecting link with Newfoundland, many and hearty were the greetings. What hosts of recollections the recurring festival called to minds—

My soul to God, but there it is ;
The dawn on the hills of Ireland,
God's angel lifting the night's dark veil
From the fair sweet face of my sire-land.

Yes ; to the mind of the exiled Celt St. Patrick's of all days shows "the dawn on the hills of Ireland." "The Irish Brigade," numbering its millions now, and reaching from world's end to world's end, re-echoes the refrain, "God prosper old Ireland."

Mass began at ten o'clock, and a solemn hush fell on the congregation. Prayer and praise ruled the hour. From the introductory, "Introibo ad Altare Dei, Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam"—"I will go unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth"—even unto the end of the solemn Sacrifice it was holiest ground. There knelt the descendants of a race that had witnessed the same Sacrifice offered by Patrick, a race that had kept watch and ward fast by the altar of God for fourteen hundred fire-tried years.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo"—"Glory to God in the highest." Well did the sacred words give expression to the heart's gratitude of the people.

"Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!"—"Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth, heaven and earth are filled with Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest."

Presently befell the great action of the consecration of Host and Chalice, and the God who will judge the nations is present to bless his people. In prostrate adoration the congregation worships the veiled presence of the Son of God. Thanksgiving, oblation, petition, and resolution form the heart language of the worshippers. Nearly a hundred stalwart men, many of them members of Father's Lambert's Total Abstinence Society founded that year in South Bight, approached to receive Holy Communion.

Towards the end of Mass, the priest turned to the congregation and read the list of the dead, which included many who for many years had been gone to the great hereafter. Men who laid the first foundation of South Bight were on that list. And on St. Patrick's Day the old missionary priests who fifty or upwards of seventy years before had ministered on those shores were called to memory, before the altar of the living God. And the fervent "Amen" which burst as it were involuntarily from the congregation when the old, well-treasured names of the pioneer missionaries were announced was testimony to their zeal in the services of God's holy Church.

When Father Lambert began his discourse on the "Life and labours of the Apostle of Ireland," a motion of the people towards the rails, and a crowding in from the door towards the church centre, bespoke a close and attentive hearing for the day's discourse. A more receptive auditory no priest could desire for his sermon: hard-working, earnest, religious, sincerely Christian men and women; the preaching to them was in itself an inspiration.

The priest opened the sermon with a text from our Saviour's words to St. Peter: "Upon this rock will I build My Church." He precluded his remarks

with a brief summary of St. Patrick's life, from the time when he fell under the bondage of Milchoir and tended his flocks as a shepherd, on to the time when as apostle and chief shepherd of the Celtic people he, having finished his course and kept the faith, like another St. Paul, went forth to hear the glorious "Well done" from the lips of the Divine Master. Then the marvellous history, "ever ancient yet ever new," of a whole nation receiving as one individual the "deposit of the Faith" was unfolded. The theme is undying in its power of appeal to the heart of the Celt. Time cannot wither, custom cannot stale its infinite variety.

The preacher continued : " It was in the fifth century that God, all wise, all powerful, all merciful, called our ancestors to His safe fold by the voice of Patrick. Let us note to-day the generous promptness with which they followed that call to grace and truth. There was no hesitancy on the part of the people or their leaders. In Patrick they saw a 'man sent by God,' and instantly they yielded unto his preaching and counsels and precepts the homage of their intellect and their will. They believed at once, and they obeyed at once. A change wrought by the right hand of the most high God.

" There is only one thing in Irish history more remarkable than our people's prompt acceptance of the Faith, and that is the tenacity with which they have clung to that same Faith through so many centuries. Let us learn thence to follow it perseveringly. God calls us in many ways ; let us so wait on Him in holy prayer that this voice may sound clearly in our hearts, and be not deprived of its appealing effects by the clamour of the world or the demands of things merely worldly. Had our ancestors failed to give instant

heed to the words of their apostle, we dare not think of the result of such a rejection of grace. Let us give instant heed to the warnings of the Church, lest God should reject us in the day of our judgment.

"God gave our people the gift of perseverance because they accepted the Faith so generously and so promptly when first it was offered to them.

"For the first three hundred years of Christian history our Irish Church was the missionary of the nations. Then flourished all our grand religious institutions both of learning and of piety. Thousands of youths came from the neighbouring countries of continental Europe and England to gain knowledge at our Irish universities. The Saxon King, Alfred the Great, the grandest and noblest figure that could be found in history, was educated in Ireland.

"During those years our Church's missionaries were to be found from Italy to Iceland. No country but was indebted to them for the Gospel. It was a time of storm and stress all over the world. The great revolutions of the fifth century, overthrowing ancient civilizations, very nearly quenched the light of religion, but that God sent forth our missionaries to relight the torch of faith in Germany, Switzerland, and France.

"It was then, too, that our Irish monks, fearing neither gentile rage nor Atlantic billows, penetrated to the shores of Iceland and there established Catholicity. In those early ages there arose Colum Kill, the founder of monasticism in Scotland.

"'I envy not the man,' said Dr. Johnson 'whose patriotism will not be excited whilst viewing the plains of Marathon, and whose piety will not be revived whilst threading the ruins of Iona.'

"We may learn from this early history of our Church

to set a great value on religion and on education. Let us make every effort to advance amongst ourselves the cause of education, and to turn to the greater glory of God that knowledge which we shall attain in our schools. Our bishop has recently opened in St. John's the college for the education of our rising generation. May it send forth for ever the double light of science and faith, and be a source of spiritual and intellectual good to the whole country.

"The invasion of Ireland by the Norsemen in the ninth and tenth centuries, and their subsequent overthrow by Brian at Clontarf after the ravages and desolations of one hundred and ten years, may show us the manner in which our Celtic Faith was tried in a furnace seven times heated. Let us to-day humbly thank the God of Israel that it survived.

"To Thy sacred Name, O Lord, be honour, glory and praise for having led us by Thy strong hand and with signs and wonders through such a Red Sea of tribulation. Nor is God's hand less powerful to rescue now than it was then. The same Power that saved our Church in every age and in every crisis can save us, too, as individuals if we only hear and obey that Church which He has sent to teach in His Name. If we hear the Church, we shall keep the commandments; if we hear the Church, we shall do what God would have us do, and so gain the prize of eternal life.

"When, therefore, the Church calls on us to receive the great sacrament of reconciliation and to partake of the bread of life, the Holy Communion, at this Lenten season, in preparation for the Paschal solemnity, let all approach and do this great duty, and so become the children of God, animated by faith, hope, and Divine love. If to-day you hear the voice of God

speaking through His Church, harden not your hearts; beware of the sentences, 'Woe to thee, Bethsaida, and woe to thee, Chorazin. If in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the wonders that have been wrought in thee, long since had they done penance in sackcloth and ashes.'

"Remember that it was not merely by hearing sermons that our people had grace to preserve the Catholic Faith for so many hundreds of years, but by faithfulness and constancy in the use of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. Thus did they translate the spoken word into practice, thus did they bring forth fruits 'worthy of penance.' Do we not know that all through the darkness of the penal days the priests lived on amongst the persecuted flock, and in defiance of gibbets, quartering-block, and dungeons, broke the bread of life in the holy Mass, and pronounced over the penitent's head the sacred words of absolution according to the promise, 'Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained.' Therefore constancy, regularity, and thorough preparation of soul in the reception of the sacraments, should be the great lesson which we should derive from our reflections on the life of St. Patrick.

"The sacraments are not merely signs of grace, but they are productive of grace, if our souls be duly disposed for their reception. Let all, then, prepare well for the sacraments, and having partaken of the sacraments, as we may hope with right disposition, we may thence direct our course more securely along the pathway of God's sacred law.

"It were a long task to tell in detail the story of our martyred Irish Church, from the invasion of the Normans with Strongbow in the twelfth century

down to that dreadful visitation of a few years ago (1847), when the sufferings of the people were only equalled by their fidelity to the Catholic Faith, their patience and their matchless courage. The Normans divided the country, and so achieved their ends by disintegrating the national forces. But God be thanked, they failed to disintegrate our national Church. It was planted too firmly by Patrick on the Rock to which Christ had guaranteed permanency, even unto the end. 'As you are Christians, so be ye children of Rome.' This was St. Patrick's watchword and battle-cry. This sentence is not merely written in the confessions of our apostle but inscribed in characters of blood and fire on the very heart of the nations.

"For ten centuries did the storms of persecution burst with worse than Nero frenzy on our land, and for ten centuries did the waves recoil from the rock-built citadel of the nation's Catholicity. From the Plantagenets to the Tudors, from the Tudors to the Cromwellian incursions, from the Cromwellian raids to the gallant Limerick, from that to the battlefields of Wexford, and thence onward to the O'Connell crusade for repeal and emancipation, our strong and tenacious Irish race has everywhere and always stood like an army in battle array for the principles of Faith and Fatherland.

"The glories of fourteen hundred storm-tossed years are upon the standard of the Celt. In the front of the spiritual combat as of the material battlefield it has ever gleamed. To-day, in common with our race the world over, we salute the old flag, and as we pass it on to a new generation, we bid them remember that it is an emblem of Catholicity and nationality, blended so harmoniously now that the two ideas are inseparable.

"Looking backward from the vantage ground of this festival, we recognize one grand outstanding fact in our Church's history, viz. the strong bonds of loyalty which have ever subsisted between our people and their priesthood. These bonds were but strengthened in the days of persecution, for when on the lone mountain side in the old land the people assembled to witness the sacred ceremonies of our holy religion, there was often no altar but the rock, no church's roof but the canopy of heaven, and the faithful shepherd stood at that altar until his own blood was shed by those who sought either his life or his sacrifice of principles. He gave his life for God and the flock, but he yielded nothing of the principles of Faith which had come down to him from Patrick, and came to Patrick from Peter, and came to Peter from Christ, the Son of the Eternal God Who said unto Peter :

'Upon this rock will I build My Church.'

"Yes, and when earthly monarchs said to our priests, 'Make us supreme in matters temporal and ecclesiastical, and give up your allegiance to the Roman See,' then did our Catholic priests strike deeper in the soil of Ireland the standard of St. Peter, then did they raise more courageously the old banner inscribed with the historic keys of the papacy, and proclaim their undying determination to cleave to the centre of unity, the chair of doctrine, the throne of authority, the rock of Peter placed by Christ, in spite of all the slings and arrows of persecutors. How well that priesthood and people bore the brunt of the battle for Christ and for Rome in those dark and evil days needs no recital now. 'As we are Christians so shall we remain children of Rome,' faithful through danger and dread to the Church founded on

the Rock, and faithful to all the practical obligations of our Catholicity.

" But the Catholic heart will ask to-day with all its traditional patriotism, ' What of the temporal prospects of the land for which so many priests and so many patriots have poured their blood on so many battlefields? Is not freedom full and perfect to shine forth in brilliancy over a country so long and so cruelly tried? ' As we look back from this year of grace we can see in the retrospect much to enlarge the spirit of the nation. For the last half-century or more a host of great men has arisen, great in all senses of the word, and at the head of our nation's hosts we hail the glorious name, O'Connell.

" The lives and labours of these men for the old land, and their achievements too, gave us a well-grounded hope that all that human effort can do will be done for Ireland in the future as in the past. The old home race shall never lack her O'Connells or Grattans, her Davises or Dillons or Meaghers, her Mitchells, her Emmetts, or her Lord Edwards to raise a tribune's voice, to pour a bard's patriot strain, or to cast a freeman's vote or to strike a freeman's blow for the ancient land.

The star of the West
Shall yet rise in her glory,
And that land which was darkest
Be brightest in story;
We too shall have gone,
But our names shall be spoken
When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken.

" The political problems of our country may yet take decades to unravel. The solution will come gradually, but as the national mind and will are bent strongly, persistently, and uncompromisingly on attain-

ing a satisfactory settlement, it seems to me that it will and must be brought about. I am as convinced of this as I am that the sun is shining to-day on yonder blue Atlantic waves.

"Many centuries have rolled by since St. Patrick brought to our people the saving tidings of the Gospel. He preached to them the unity of the Church and its essentially necessary communication with the supreme see of Rome. He taught them that the successor of Peter was the Vicegerent of Christ. He expounded in theory and practice the saving doctrine of the sacraments and proved the power and efficacy of prayer in the miraculous results achieved by himself as an instrument of the Most High God. Did he address us to-day he would preach as he preached to his congregation in ancient Ireland, 'one God, one Lord, one baptism, one Faith, one Church, one system of sacraments, one road to heaven, namely the fulfilling of God's eternal law.'

"Let us hear His words in spirit and faith, and hearing put them in practice, and so make ourselves ready to stand before the tribunal of the Most High, there to answer the question of eternal consequence, namely: Is our fidelity to our holy Catholic Faith so real that in God's sight we are following the footsteps of the saints, or is it the opposite with us?

"May St. Patrick's prayers go up before the throne of God, and by these powerful prayers and those of Mary Queen of Apostles may we be enriched with a deeper faith, a livelier hope, and a more burning charity, and so in God's day be found worthy of the promises of Christ."

The sermon being finished, the organ gallery rang with the fine old hymn known to-day from Melbourne to Mexico—

170 THE LAST SENTINEL OF CASTLE HILL

All hail to St. Patrick
Who brought to our island
The gift of God's faith, the true light of his love;
All hail to the shepherds who showed us the fountains
That rise in the heart of the Saviour above.
There is not a saint in the bright court of heaven
More loyal than he to the land of his choice.

We have collected from an old manuscript of 185—the above “notes” on Father Lambert's sermon. The “notes” were only a sketch of the discourse, merely containing the chief points, but they will give the reader an idea of the enthusiasm with which the clergy in Newfoundland have always upheld the festival of the illustrious apostle. For nearly fifty years previous to that date the Benevolent Irish Society had been annually holding the festival, and doubtless newspapers that have come down from early dates in the century could give accounts of the work of the institution, and of its mode of maintaining the social, artistic, and religious traditions of the festival. Always could it be approvingly noted that the association in its yearly celebrations won the cordial sympathy of all creeds and sections, especially for its educational works and projects—a sympathy which suffered no lessening with the progress of the century, and will finally terminate in a Newfoundland Catholic University.

CHAPTER XVIII

TEMPERANCE IN SOUTH BIGHT

"'T WAS to the pint, d'ye mind," said Skipper Mickle.

"I hope you'll steer by that sermon, Mickle," said Jim McDougald.

"The same to you, Jim," said Mr. Malone. "It will do you no harm, either, to stow a little of it away for ballast in bad weather."

Jim and Mr. Malone were on good terms enough, but the teacher knew the ways and ideas of Jim so well that he took every occasion of giving him sage counsel, sometimes figuratively.

Jim took it fairly well: "You're right, master; we want to have the course rectified often, to keep from running down the land."

"Yes," continued Mickle, "'twas a clever fine sermon sure enough. Every word solid and true. But they're going to have a new society to-day commenced over in the school, so I'm towld."

Mr. Malone said: "Yes, friend Wells, to-day there begins in New Port the Society of Total Abstinence, inspired by the great work commenced some years ago in Ireland by Father Theobald Matthew. They have already formed a large society in St. John's, and we are now, under the guidance of our pastor, going to give the same idea practical shape in New Port. It will be a great thing for the youths of the place to be

safeguarded by means of a total abstinence pledge from the occasions of 'drink.' "

Skipper Mickle was not altogether quite decided on the temperance question, and said thus: "You see, Mr. Malone, there's two sides to most every question, and wan man's opinion is very good till ye hear another's. Now I'm a man that can use a glass of liquor in rayson, of course, and when I feel the need of it for a cowl'd or a thing of that soort. I am wan of those that can take it and do without it, wan or the other."

"And why don't you do without it when 'tis all the same to you?" asked Jim McDougald, for the sake of teasing.

"How smart you are with your word in!" answered Mickle. "'Tis chaps like you, now, should be enrowled in the Total Abstinence Society, and not owld saysoned men like me, that knows how to take me grog without goin' to the fair wid it altogether."

"Do you never take too much of it? Come now, a fair question, and a civil answer," asked Jim.

Mickle gave no response to this very personal question, but continued to propound his views on the subject of total abstinence.

"You see, what's wan man's mate is another man's pizen, and if I can take me glass, or even two glasses, in rayson and carry me liquor, I don't want these pledges they're talkin' about."

"Yes," said another, "but if you can't do that, what then?"

"Well, if I can't, I can't, and that's all about it. I remember the big trips of fish that used to be brought in here years ago. The times wor good, and, be haddocks, the rum was as plenty as salt water in a manner. There used to be a cask of rale grog rowled

on the wharf beyant, and three times a day regular every man could bring his mug and nothing to do but take the spile of the cag out and take your drink, wan in the morning, and wan at eleven o'clock, and wan lavin' off the work, and we never had better times since than we had thin."

This logic was more plausible than convincing. Probably Mickle didn't half believe in it himself, for there was a twinkle in his eye.

The men around were not much influenced by it, either. One and all really believed that alcoholic drinking was no good. One of them remarked as against Mickle.

"Yes, I remember meself when grog was flowin' around more plenty than these times, though it's not too scarce now, ayther. Still and all, I am looking at all this for as good as thirty-five years in this very harbour, and I've never seen that any people got any benefit from rum in the wind-up of voyage. 'Tis all right enough for a fellow to get full of rum and make a big man of himself in his own mind, but for all that, it's no use, and never was any use, and never will be. For the one man that it ever did a pennyworth of good to there's a hundred that it left hungry and cowl'd, and what I say is, if it can be stopped, I'm for the stopping of it."

"Thru words, boy." "We've all seen the bad done by it." "If the society saves the youths growing up from rum 'twill be a good job to have it here," etc. These were the various opinions passed by different persons present. Skipper Mickle knew this as well as any, but he kept up the negative side of the debate for the sake of contrariety, and Jim McDougald urged him on thereto for the sake of villainy.

"You're floored at last, Mickle. The temperance men

are too strong for you. Are you goin' to give in for beaten like that? Talk to them, my old chap."

Skipper Mickle ordered Jim to "button his lip and keep it so," then he reiterated the old argument: "I take me glass and always will. But I'm not against rayson, and I wouldn't mind signin', say, for two a day, and no barrin' sickness." Mr. Malone told him that the society was for nothing short of total abstinence.

"That, indeed?" said Mickle. "Then 'twont have my sign on the register. And I think I can spake for Jim McDougald, too."

"Put Mickle's name down for two a day and something over for a tilly," said Jim McDougald to Mr. Malone, who was then leaving the group to go over to the school-building to attend the first meeting of the new society. The building was thronged; all the boys of school age and many of those older, and a good contingent of the oldest portion of the parish came forward to put their names on the total abstinence register. A ballot was taken, and Mr. Malone emerged president and temporary secretary of the association, which adopted for its constitution the same rules and regulations as obtained in the society of the same name recently inaugurated in St. John's.

Father Lambert worked energetically to get the New Port society in motion. He was present at its first meeting, and gave some brief accounts of its aims and prospects, saying that if it were once well begun it would make good progress in the settlement and be the means of much good to young and old. He appealed strongly on spiritual and temporal grounds to maintain the grand principle of total abstinence. The sacrifice would be repaid in time and eternity, the reward for those who for God's sake would abstain from using

a glass of strong liquor. He pointed out that the chief object of the society was to get each member to abstain personally from the use of alcohol, and to trust to the force of self-sacrifice for the final success of the cause of temperance. On the subject of the sale of liquor in New Port he would give his views on another occasion, but this was the occasion to take a total abstinence pledge and to keep it with perseverance. How many would actually abstain from alcohol themselves to the end of life, by the aid of the Giver of all grace ?

The voting for chief officer having resulted in Mr. Malone's election, the latter thanked the meeting in due form for this evidence of their appreciation of his efforts, and was proceeding to read a paper of extracts, when Skipper Dave Trummer uttered himself thus, "I want to know if this job of president that Mike Malone is just got is goin' to be paid fur out of the road grants or not ? I don't object to any good man getting a berth, or even two berths. But then our local 'lowances are spare enough as it is, and if ye go parin' and clippin' them to find another salary for a man that's got a salary already, I'm beginnin' to think that we might as well whistle for anything we'll see of the money for our roads and bridges. And beyant Brooks Cove you're over your top-boots every step for the want of a bridge or a bit of a path. I'm agin spending of our local or main-line grant on new jobs."

Father Lambert had left the school after Mr. Malone's election. Mr. Malone himself proceeded to assure Captain Trummer that it was in no way proposed to pay him a president's salary out of the road grants or any other public moneys. On the contrary, in his new office of president he would have the privilege of

working for the public without money and without price.

"It is purely for the sake of the cause, Captain Trummer and fellow members, and in an age of mercenary ideas, is it not refreshing to find one to give himself to the cause of total abstinence? So you see, Mr. Trummer, the road grants for Brooks Cove and environs need fear no burthens as far as my new office of president of this society is concerned. I thank you, gentlemen, one and all, for your hearty confidence shown in voting me president of your society, and promise, here and now, to do my utmost to advance its growth, to foster its ideals, and to defend its principles."

"It's all very fine to use big words," said Skipper Dave to a neighbour, "but fine words don't butter parsnips, that ever I heerd tell, and I ain't so shure yet that there won't be a slice taken out of our road grants to pay fur this big talk. You'll see."

Mr. Malone then proceeded to read an essay clipped from a temperance journal, setting forth the evil effects of alcohol viewed from all possible standpoints. So far from being an aid to human nutrition, it was shown to be on medical grounds a source of disease. Its parching effects of the system were well known. Socially and industrially it resulted in blight. Its ruin was universal. In every portion of human activity, alcohol wrought havoc. The young especially were warned against the ofttimes "fatal first glass." Resist the beginnings, lest after remedies should come too late. The scriptural phrase, "stingeth like an adder," was too tragically true, not merely as a general proposition but in the cases of individuals that might be multiplied indefinitely. Alcohol was very often a real mountain of difficulty in the path of

life. Men differed as widely as the poles as to the best method of solving the alcohol problem, but all men were agreed on this, that it was a problem of many sides, and there seemed to be a generally accepted idea that temperance work must begin with the young and must be carried on to extreme old age. The edifice must be built from the very foundation. It was a question of grave moment, including consequences wide in their reach, but chief reliance should be placed on patient and persevering effort. "Let us raise the old battle-cry, 'Upward and Onward,' and trust to God to supply our defective human enterprises by His aid, never denied when sought with humility and sincerity."

After this the society was marshalled for its first parade through the settlement of New Port. It issued from the school and with a goodly display of banners and a band it proceeded to make the circuit of New Port. An arch of evergreen spruce and fir trees had been placed, after the Newfoundland custom, in the centre of the harbour near the premises of Robert Bennett. Another arch stood at the extreme end of the course. Both of these were covered with flags and inscribed with mottoes wrought on white materials—

Welcome! the Total Abstinence Society.

Success to the Temperance Cause.

All hail to the New Society.

These were some of the inscriptions which greeted the eyes of the men in the procession.

The bandsmen, though not then complete in musical appointments, still made the old marching tunes of the militant Celt sound forth—"St. Patrick's Day," "Scots Whae Hae," and the "Bonnie Wexford," awoke responsive echoes in many hearts. There

were there not a few who remembered the battle-fields of Wexford, New Ross, and Gorey. Some there were who had been actually on these fields as fighters.

One of the arches was flanked by two square towers like a mediaeval keep. Those towers were concave, and as the procession passed under the arches there were thrust through apertures in the towers the long brown muzzles of half a dozen sealing guns. What means this so startling development? Presently the loaded sealing guns are banged off, 'mid shouts and smoke-clouds. In fact, the guns though so suddenly presented were discharged as tokens of joy and welcome, and both the society and onlookers halted and joined in one storm of vocal applause, whilst the band rang out the bold measure of—

Let Erin remember the days of old.

Several voices took up the refrain, and the fishermen of South Bight, Newfoundland, recalled in verse the mirrored glories of "Lough Neagh's Banks."

Needless to record, the firing party at one side of the arch was led by the enterprising Jim McDougald, and that at the other side derived its inspiration from the genius of Skipper Mickle Wells. It was near being a little more unsatisfactory than it proved, because, at the first discharge of guns, some of the men, thinking these might be some kind of harm intended to their society, were on the point of rushing on the arches and sweeping the whole structure, guns and gunners included, over the bridge, when the humour and cordiality of the situation dawned on them, and then all joined in the acclamations.

Soon the voice of Mr. Malone gave the marching command, and the society stepped forward in as good form as possible. Mr. Malone himself remarked to his comrade of the march that "the only drawback

to the unique success of this parade is to be seen in the deleterious conditions of our streets. The sinu-
osities of the viaducts cause the flux and reflux of
the aqueous fluids to cross the roads transversely instead
of pursuing the regular way as in rightly channelled
roads. This matter must be brought to our Member's
notice by popular petition, especially as the House of
Assembly is holding at the current moment its annual
sessions in St. John's." Speaking of the sealing guns
in the arch he made a classical parallel—

"Skipper Jim," he said, "when, as you may possibly
have read, the Greeks took the city of Troy after the
ten years' siege, as narrated by old Skipper Homer,
it was done by strategy, and in this way—

"The Greeks, who lay partly encamped on the
Trojan shores, but largely on board ships off the coast,
had hammered at the old city walls for ten years,
but the Trojans defended them well, like Trojans.
So the Greeks resolved on a ruse, open force having
failed. The strategy was to construct a large model
of a wooden horse, an object venerable in the eyes of
the Trojans. This being done, they left the 'horse'
on the Trojan shore, and these worthies coming outside
their city walls next day and seeing the wooden horse,
well, they brought it into the city. Night came on
and the wooden horse proved a very hollow sham
indeed, for this model was a mere shell with a cavity
inside. Now the Greeks had filled this cavity with
soldiers, and when darkness fell the men within opened
the cavity in the side of the alleged horse and, leaving
their concealment, threw open the gates of the city
to their countrymen without, and before the Trojans,
who were drunk and asleep, could stir to defend them-
selves, Troy was a mass of smoke and flame, and the
Greeks were the victorious masters of their city.

"Well, Skipper Jim, when I saw James McDougald and Michael Wells to-day popping sealing guns in a very sudden manner out of the cavities in yonder arch, I was reminded of the Greek heroes capturing Troy. However, when Troy was thus taken, its citizens were plunged in liquor and sleep. On the contrary, when our good society was hailed by yonder boys it was exceedingly awake and strictly immune from even the slightest tinge of alcoholism."

At one point of the march the procession passed near a locality occupied by persons of other denominations, and so general was the feeling of unity, and so wide was the respect for the principle of total abstinence, that the society was greeted with flags and cheers and heartiest good wishes by their Protestant neighbours.

Greetings and general delight, as the society returned to its school, closed the business of the day.

Skipper Dave Trummer asked how often meetings would be held, and when the next was to take place. Mr. Malone replied—

"We have not yet decided on that, Skipper Dave, if you'll permit me thus familiarly to address you, but we hope to have our conferences semi-occasionally in order to give opportunity for debate on various questions, one of which will be the construction of a new hall for our members, to be used as a reading-room, a club-room, and a concert-room."

"Would you tell me, Mike Malone, whose goin' to pay for all this? Is it the people or who?"

"The society, I presume, will pay for it."

"The dickens a shillin' I'll give to your new buildin's until I know how everything is going as regards the feelin's of the people. Can't we do with the school-house for a hall?"

"Yes, but you know for concerts and large meetings we want a big structure."

"Be gor, we do, and big money, too, to keep it in repair; and be the time we pay for all, 'twill be slack enough with the shillin's."

"Oh, but we must be more optimistic than that, Skipper Dave. Look at the brighter side and cheer on the work by kindly deed and thought."

"That's all around me hat for talk. It's chape to make these big speechifyin's, but the doubleoons have to be dragged out in th' wather be hard labour wid two arms, and all you can do to get them, and be the time you'd put up that buildin' and pay for it 'twould be Tibb's Eve, and that's nayther before nor after Christmas. So, what I sez, is take a reef in the sails, 'fair and asy goes far in a day.' 'What's wance paid is never cried after,' but," etc., etc.

Skipper Dave's platitudes would have run on till beyond dinner time, but as some one said, "he was only talking to put his word out of him," so it was decided by the whole body to push on the work of the society as rapidly as possible, according to the needs of the association. All were pleased with the beginning of the work except Skipper Dave, who always professed displeasure, but who said after, confidentially to Skipper Mickle Wells, that he thought every man had a right to his opinion, and a civil growl only smoothened the water after, but to give their rights of it, he thought the society was as good a craft as any man need care to sail in, and, only for the big rocks of language and larnment that he slings round, Mike Malone is a prime man at the tiller."

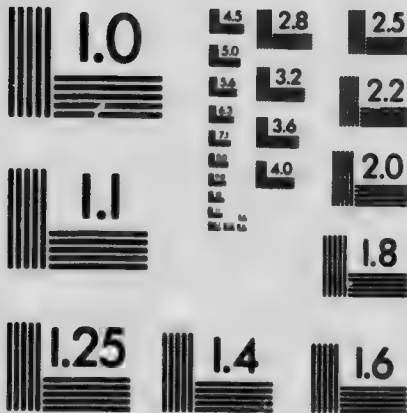
Mr. Malone himself commented on Skipper Dave's comments in his own manner thus—

"Yes, Dave Trummer is a good man for Church



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and nation, a most well-meaning creature of very admirable ideas, a man who deserves any amount of credit to have got on even as well as he has. But the good soul is rather absurd than otherwise on questions of public concern. No man knows how to run his own boat or cure his own fish better than the genial Dave; but, really now, as an authority on the affairs of a large corporation of persons like our society, well, candidly but respectfully speaking—ha! ha! ha! He is not, you know—ha! ha!—altogether—ah, well, let us say a Jefferson Davis or a William Ewart Gladstone. Ha! ha! ha!”

“Yes,” said another man, “but ’twill be Skipper Dave, and not Skipper Gladstone, that will get the bills for all this fine work, anyhow his share of them.”

“I do not deny Skipper Dave’s readiness to pay his share like the rest of us. All I say is, that Skipper Trummer is not the whole district; there are other older inhabitants, and when the district in its totality wants to build something and Skipper Dave Trummer says against it, really now—ha! ha! ha!—I do not see that the district—ha! ha! ha!—should be expected to, let us say, yield to Skipper Dave’s views merely—ha! ha! ha!—because he chooses to be, let us say, a little, you know, absurd.”

The little divergence of opinion between Skipper Dave and Mr. Malone showed that the New Port Total Abstinence Society’s conferences would be occasionally enlivened by the clash of debate. And, in fact, it would be as much for argument’s sake as for any other reason that the combative Skipper Dave took the opposite side of the question, for when it came to contributing either in money or labour there wasn’t, as Skipper Mickle expressed it, “a better man than you, Dave Trummer, from Ploughman’s Point to Potato Pond.”

CHAPTER XIX

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT IN NEW PORT

ST. PATRICK'S night in New Port was marked by a musical entertainment. This was prepared by the school girls, and as Mary English was a vocalist and musician trained in the convent at St. Pierre, and, as Skipper Mickle said, "purty smart at the singin'," she put the children through their various parts. Mr. Malone acted as general manager of the performance. The school was brightly festooned with evergreen branches and native flags. The stage was a platform cleverly adapted to the requirements of the piece. A front seat was occupied by Father Lambert, and an appropriate address was read to him by the children. Then the songs were rendered chorally and individually, the ballads and melodies of olden days, songs of an old land dearly loved by the emigrant heart, for—

We'll not forget Old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

These songs and ballads were given by the singers and right heartily received.

Father Lambert gave an address on the subject, "Newfoundland." Nearly at that time the country was quickened by new impulses of progress. The establishment of a local government, the opening of the college, and the wider extension of educational facilities acted favourably on public sentiment in the matter of still further development. Bishop Mullock was then advocating a spirited policy of progress, and

Father Lambert was one of those who seized the same idea, and energetically promulgated it.

His "lecture" or "address" at the concert was a summary of the country's history clearly and concisely set forth, according to the knowledge of its colonization available at that day. He said in part: "The Cabotian discovery was the outcome of those early ideas of finding Western worlds and discovering North-Western routes which seem to have influenced mankind from the very dawn of history. It has ever been true that the tide of conquest Westward rolls. It is in obedience to this westering impulse that we see to-day even the nations of the New World still pressing onward across the American Continent, not pausing in the emigrant march until the Pacific Ocean rises before their vision.

"It may be an interesting speculation to inquire whether the circle shall complete itself, and whether in some distant age the energetic races of Europe, having conquered the prairies and mountains of America, shall not still push onward and even across the Pacific, and entering the orient through China and Japan, move onward still to their ancient places of departure and so encircle the globe.

"As far as we in Newfoundland are concerned, let us rather beware of yielding to this ancient delusion. Of the millions who seek Western worlds, how many are there who reap only disappointment? Such far-away prospects are not and never can be what they seem when viewed in the distance. Let us look to the resource of the country where Providence has cast our lot; let us look to its resources rather than to the gilded stories of wondrous wealth in some impossible West.

"And supposing a Western world to be as richly endowed as even imagination could picture it, even then it would not necessarily follow that we going

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West would attain as individuals to any portion of its wealth. The old saying is at least partly true that the same amount of talent in Newfoundland can produce results as satisfactory as in any part of the Western Continent.

"Let our people devote their energies and means to the opening up of the mines and farming lands of their own country, and then instead of us going to the West it will be finally seen that the West shall come to us, that is the wealth with which the West is always said to abound shall be actually found within our own borders. A few acres of ground and a water-side property in Newfoundland may be more productive for us here than hundreds of acres of grain would be in the West of America. Our fishermen blessed with health and strength and living in a healthy climate should rather look to the developments of their own soil and mines than turn their attention to the other side of the globe. To quote from a sublime authority, we may say of our country in a certain sense—

"And they found fat pastures and very good,
And a country spacious and fruitful.

"Although our external coast-line is rugged and sparsely covered with trees, yet the inner reaches of our bays, lakes and rivers are rich in such growths of hay as may be fat pastures for countless flocks and herds. Persons who have taken up the work of farming practically are able to speak rather favourably of the spaciousness and fruitfulness of the country, at least after a fairly good expenditure of energy and means. Energetic application of time and labour is evidently the condition of successful farming just as of success in all other industries.

"It is important in this matter that we should throw off a very natural prejudice, namely, the idea that a

rock-bound island, so eminently adapted to the fishing in its situation, cannot at the same time be good agriculturally. The mere maintaining of such a prejudice will act injuriously on all practical enterprises in the direction of land culture. There should be studied both theoretically and practically in a country like this. The mind of the people needs to be strongly and constantly drawn thereto. The large tracts of grass which are to be found in every part of the country prove conclusively that Newfoundland has the capacity to become a great stock-raising preserve. The vegetable products of our gardens, especially those of the root-crop species, give sufficiently satisfactory results to encourage us to enter into this branch of farming most energetically.

"I know I am here confronted with the objection that talking about farming differs widely from actual farming, that it is much easier to say farming is good than it is to turn and fence a garden, and fit it for crops. But I answer, when we talk at all on the subject, is it not better to talk in favour of than against this most useful of human industries? I am firmly convinced that we want to talk and think more gracefully in favour of this industry in the future than heretofore; and once the principle is admitted that this country can be profitable agriculturally, practical farming will most assuredly follow, gradually, perhaps, but none the less decidedly for that. We need a campaign of scientific training on this very subject. Newfoundlanders make good seamen and good workers in all branches, and consequently there seems no good reason why we should not have here a large section of practical tillers of the soil. The ploughshare and the farming implements must be part of our industrial machinery no less than rudder, anchor, and oar.

CHAPTER XX

MUSIC AND MIRTH

"**S**PEAKING of our mineralogical capacities, it is so far difficult to give specific matter, and until we know to demonstration what these resources are and where they are we shall not be able to benefit practically by them. I have heard men of competent information state that the Island is one bulk of mineral, and I have heard other competent authorities state that if by any unlikely fatality the fisheries were to cease, the country would still be a hive of industry by reason of its metals. These statements may be either totally or only partly correct, but it is quite certain that until a thoroughly scientific exploration is made, until the country is unlocked in all its parts by railways and steamers, the resources of this region might as well be in the air as in the earth, as far as the people are concerned ; yes, the very keynote to the development of this country's resources must be the construction of such public utilities as will make of this island in all its parts one consolidated community, bound together by a chain of steam and steel in all its length and in all its breadth. This may seem visionary to us, but to the men of the twentieth century it will appear an accomplished fact. Aye, and I further venture the statement that in the Newfoundland of the future there will arise a great popular demand to have the

country made a link in that great chain of commerce which shall encircle the globe. I venture the assertion that the time is coming when a traveller from Newfoundland shall as expeditiously make a voyage of the planet as we to-day can make the passage of the Atlantic Ocean. It is not many years ago since I, coming by sailing vessel from the port of Waterford to St. John's, spent forty days on the Atlantic. Our vessel was a staunch one, the captain was more than hospitable, and the crew were as fine a set of men as could be met, but forty days at sea are forty days, no matter how favourably circumstanced on board the vessel. Yes, and as we came on towards the Banks of Newfoundland a storm struck the vessel, and the mate assured me on his veracity that it was the heaviest Atlantic gale he had ever encountered in a seafaring experience extending over twenty years, and I rather think the second mate substantiated this statement in even stronger language; such are the casualties to which ocean voyagers are liable under this system. Now there is our friend Mr. Michael Wells seated in the front seats, and very attentive; now, friend Michael, when you crossed the ocean I am sure you were not forty days making the run?"

"Fifty-wan days and fourteen hours, Father," said Mickle so promptly and decidedly that the building rang with jollity, and Father Lambert led the laughter.

Mickle rose in his seat and planting his stick firmly on the ground leaned on it with both hands and proceeded to make his speech.

"People," he said, "I don't often spake in public because 'tisn't every day that Morris kills a cow, but be rayson of the day that's in it, and bekase the paster has spoken to me direct, well, be haddocks, I'll give ye a word or so."

A voice, supposed to be Jim McDougald's, cried from the door, "Carry on her, Mickle, she's all oak."

"'Twas about crossin' the salt Atlantic the pastor spoke. Well, be herrings, we counted the time from the harbour of Waterford, be a watch set from the big chapel, ontill we flung down anchor in St. John's harbour, and 'twas fifty-wan days and fourteen hours to the minute almost. We had it purty rough all the way across, but av coorse we kem through it all, though the vessel was purty well used up. Annyway, I hope we'll have these steamers and railways our pastor just towled us of. They're good right enough, and we need them, but, be haddocks, anny travelling I'll do through this country in my day 'twill be on shanks's mare (by foot) in th' owld stile. If the railway ever comes here and comes ashore at South Bight, I'll take a steerage voyage now and agin by it. I'd like to sail in the forecastle of a railway, you know, and I hope we'll all be happy. Men, women, and children, rise and give three cheers for the pastor."

The audience responded heartily and vocally.

"Now," continued Mickle, "I don't know if there's annything else to be said, except to advise all ye young fellers to get married as soon as ever ye can get the stuff of a house cut."

"Why didn't ye get married yourself?" said Jim McDougald from the door.

"Don't mind that fellow that's talking below the gangway," said Mickle. "He's only trying to take a lift out of us. But I am sayrous and solid. Jim down there is too wild to setule down, and——"

Jim answered that Mickle was too fond of the money to give practical effect to his theories.

"Don't mind, girls and byes. Forty-five years ago, when I was following t' e say first out of this very

harbour, there was an owld girl, annyhow she'd be owld now if she lived, but she died years ago of an neuralagee, and that's how I kem to be me own house-keeper."

As this object of Mickle's affections was known to be legendary, a great uproar of laughter ensued. Father Lambert joined in the general jollity, and availed himself of it to retire from the platform and give a signal to Mr. Malone to commence the second part of the programme.

The second portion of the performance was dedicated to the more poetic and lighter phases of the dramatic art. Mr. Malone sang, and very acceptably, in a fine baritone, "Believe me if all," responding to an encore with "The meeting of the waters." Then he answered gravely, "The next piece on the programme will be a step dance by our esteemed and talented friend Mr. Mickle Wells. It is quite unnecessary to say that this is by no means Mr. Wells's debut. You know him already as a musician of skill, a ready singer, and a humoristic rhetorician. I hereby request the boys at the end of the room to maintain discipline, and indeed quietness, whilst our patriarchal friend 'covers the buckle.'"

The boys at the school end, so far from complying with this ruling, arose as a perfect unit and climbed on each other's shoulders to hail Mickle's appearance on the stage. Mickle himself was fairly in his element as he fronted the hall on the platform. Mary English was at the piano ready to strike a dancing tune especially acquired in St. Pierre, a bright and breezy composition, easy of rendering, and apparently well adapted. Skipper Mickle was really an expert dancer, but he had his own ideas relative to musical arrangements.

"Look here, Miss English girl," said he, "I'm follyin'

the say and bye fifty years, and be haddocks for a bit of a dance me heart lanes more to the face-and-lip music than to them pianies. Av it be plazin' to the assimblly I'd ask me collague Sir James McDougald, 'Squire, to haul hisself up here on the deck and to give us the face-and-mouth music, and be haddocks I'll bate it out for ye on this deck till the pigs fly, av it be plazin' to the company to wait that length."

The loudly expressed hilarity of the audience covered Mary English's confusion, and Jim McDougald, pushed from behind by several small boys on pleasure bent, strode up on the stage, and standing inside one of the wings chanted not unmelodiously that form of song called by Mickle face-and-mouth music, of the same species as he gave to the dancing of the Hungarian as recorded earlier in this narrative. Mickle spun around most briskly, now in slow, deliberate measure, now more rapidly; ofttimes he would bring down a foot as though stamping in anger, and again in the lightest manner. Now the arms were held akimbo, to the inexpressible delight of the juniors, and again they were swung wildly in a way to cause great dread amongst the very small children. All the while his countenance underwent changes from gravity to gaiety, from the vivacious to the most seriously sedate. Once in a way he would deliver a resonant "whoop" and make a spring, again he would point a threatening fist towards some one in the hall, and again wink and nod quite energetically at the ceiling. It was really good pantomime, and the building fairly echoed with delighted appreciation.

"Good boy, Skipper Mickle; lean on it, boy. Some know how, but you can't do it. Pitch it out of you, Jim. Keep the gruel to him. Higher voice, Jim, now, boy. Good look to the lie, but Mickle can't be bet.

Carry on her, Jim. Good for you, Uncle Mickle. He's the never's own. If all your people-in-law were dead you have to laff. He's a dancer sure enough."

The dancing over, Mickle seized Jim McDougald's arm, and both of them assuming a bolt upright position, marched three times around the stage, bowing each time to the audience, and so evaporating. After the play when Father Lambert was about to have the lights put out, Skipper Mickle appeared before him, as though a leader of some deputation.

"Reverend Father, we have a little petition to make to you. The byes and girls would like to have a bit of a dance before twelve o'clock, and then all to go home before midnight. Well, Father, I said to meself sez I, 't isn't every day that 'Morris kills a cow,' and the seventeenth of March is only wanst a year, and 'tis just as good to be jolly as sad, and there's no rum stirrin' about. So I thought I'd up and ask you to give consent for a few sets, 'twill be all the same in a hundred years' time."

"Very well, Mickle," said Father Lambert, "if you engage to keep order, have the dance, as an exception to our rule, but not later than half-past eleven, or no more permission on any account. Too much even of sport is good for nothing, you know, so I'll hold you answerable if there's disorder."

Half jestingly, whole seriously, the clergyman gave the conditional permission, and Skipper Mickle announced it thus: "Ye can dance away for an hour and a half, after that look out for bad weather if there's light in this craft or if ali hands aren't gone home. Now thin fall to." The young folks and some not so young took the floor, and music and mirth ruled the hour.

CHAPTER XXI

OFF TO THE ICE-FIELDS

LAN BENNETT was not home on St. Patrick's Day, but he was where the Newfoundlander oftentimes is to be found on or about that date. He was off in a seal-hunting vessel battling with the various difficulties of the vast ice-fields of the North Atlantic.

"Seal hunting" is a phrase which calls up a number of very Newfoundland ideas. We mentally picture a great white-and-blue world in northern seas when we mention seal hunting.

These vast plains of ice which cover the northern seas in winter and spring are the camping ground for unnumbered colonies of seals. Sometimes the ice-fields are in motion and sometimes stationary, sometimes tossed and broken by the billows and sometimes smooth and glassy like the skating surface of some sheltered lake. However, the latter condition does not very frequently prevail, at least, not so frequently as the more broken and uneven conditions of the ice-plains. At intervals, pinnacles of crystal-like material, blue and silvery in the March sunlight, rise skyward like spires of a colossal cathedral. These bergs are the glory of the ice-fields spectacularly, but nautically they are often most serious barriers in the way of plain sailing or steaming. However, the icebergs strewn in the vessel's course are not so frequent as might be

expected. A ship could often go through a hundred miles of level ice on the Newfoundland shores scarcely seeing one berg for the whole time. Again, the berg is often seen floating in otherwise blue and iceless water, principally near the eastern or north-eastern seaboard of the Island.

The railway tourist of to-day along the shores of Conception and other bays may occasionally see the white outlines of the berg towering picturesquely above the blue, smooth waters of the landlocked bay, rivalling in altitude the cliffs of Bell Island. Such a glacial mountain comes refreshingly on the vision of the tourist from the sun-scorched south. It tells him that there really is a north, and that the ice latitudes are a reality, although Newfoundland itself is not a northern latitude. However, it is within such reach of the north as to be able to declare war on the citizens of the northern ice-floes each spring, sending forth its ships and its crews to the work of attack. Nor is it a one-sided, inglorious battle, either, for if the seal is at the mercy of the huntsman, he in his turn has to front the large odds of cold and storms and heavy travelling and fatigue and grinding ice on ocean seas, all this to carry out the expedition prosperously. In all the annals of human industry, no page can be more picturesque than that which tells of the seal hunt. The whole environment of this enterprise lends itself well to artistic treatment. Kipling, Stevenson, or Scott would find in it venturous exploits and inspiration for their best novels and most stirring ballads.

The great hunting expeditions which we read of in ancient days, through forests and over mountains, could scarcely have more, or indeed as much, of the elements of excitement, peril and toil, as each spring

arise with the sailing or steaming of the Newfoundland sealing fleet. The men crowding the streets of St. John's; the shops and tradesmen all busy preparing goods for the supplying of the ships; the departure through the Narrows; the advance of the vessels to the ice-fields; the men springing over the ship's sides and scattering over the ice-plains armed with gaffs or guns and ropes; the actual encounter with the seals; the return to the vessel, hauling the fat of the vanquished harp or hood along the way; the various vicissitudes and perils; the dangers from storms of snow drift, from broken ice, from treacherous man-traps in the ice, or from the moving of the whole body of ice, and the consequent drifting perhaps for scores of miles from the vessel on a measureless, fathomless ocean—all these things are the very common-places of the sealers' lives and labours.

No greater physical danger, and not half so much physical toil and fatigue, have been encountered in hundreds of wars that have been illustrated for us by artists, poets, and historians. To encounter the frozen north and its thousand perils spring after spring requires in our hardy Newfoundlanders an even stronger spirit than that of the ancient Vikings, whose flag struck terror on every sea. There is this difference, that the Newfoundland sealing voyages are purely in the interest of peaceful commerce and not of human destruction, and consequently this fine militant old world of ours will never appreciate them at a truly heroic valuation.

However, even still the heroic argument retains its force, for a surety, if it were necessary on any occasion for men to come forth in battle array, we might well suppose that the men who are trained to face the most dreadful forces of nature on storm-torn

oceans or amidst the icy mountains of the north, trained to the handling of implements of warfare in peaceful industry, such men would not be ill-adapted to the artificial work and dangers of battle if a just cause were ever to summon them to the field.

A few years after the time of which we write, the mettle of our sealers actually did attest itself, and that in the very front ranks of the American Civil War. Now, I am sure, our Newfoundlanders are more disposed to fight the seas and the ice-fields, and the metal-bearing cliffs, and the crop-producing soil in the way of righteous industry, than they are to expend life and limb in useless, and not always righteous, conflict with their brethren of other races.

At the time Lan Bennett went to the ice he made the trip in a good stout sailing vessel, manned by about forty men from nearly every port in the country.

The *Viking* was the name of the vessel in which Bennett sailed. Leaving St. John's under the charge of Captain Bulloan in the first week of March, she shaped a north-easterly course, and struck the first of the seals between the tenth and fifteenth of the month.

The mere working of the vessel did not consume so much of the men's time but that there was plenty of leisure to cultivate the free and easy "give and take" social intercourse of the fo'c'sle. Thus joke and song flowed fast and free, and all the sea songs of that and earlier days were rehearsed, men of North, South, East, and West Newfoundland joining fraternally in the joviality of the hour.

Captain Bulloan was a sealing man of the very oldest school. He had been thirty-five years going to the ice, so that he must have begun his voyages in the 'twenties of the last century. He was antediluvianally conservative of old methods in sealing opera-

tions. He heard with scorn unspeakable certain new theories broached in the 'fifties. Amongst these one was that steam should be generally and perhaps universally used in the seal fishery. The mere alluding to this innovation on ancient usage was always enough to make the captain foam and rage. His prejudices all ran in favour of ice hunters that could spread canvas to the breeze, and not ships that would have smoke stacks rising out of their hull. The captain's prejudices were so well known that the bright boys, at sea and ashore, took keen delight in reminding him that there would soon be steam used everywhere and all the old captains would have to agree to it.

"Steam be steamed!" or some such reply would Captain Bulloan make. "How blank smart they are with their steam! We old fellows are too slow in our sailing craft, eh? Is it send sealers with steam up to strike the seals? The next thing we'll do will be to rig out one of these blank telegraph machines and send dispatches to the seals, asking them if they'd be kind enough to come ashore and get killed on the rocks in the harbours. Good-bye, seals and sealers, once they put steam in place of a good spread of canvas. The sailing crafts did our turn, and I think they'll have to do a bit longer, and be blazed to the fellows that are trying to make changes that will ruin the seal fisheries. 'Tisn't steam, 'tis men, and be drubbed to them."

"No use, captain," the boys would say, "steam is coming, surely. You'll have to learn all the new ways, go to school again, in fact, after your thirty-five years sailing. Get up the steam, and take down the good old sails."

So outrageously impossible did the revolution seem to the old captain that he would not discuss it patiently.

"To Hong-Kong with them and their steam! 'Twould kill the industry and make the men no use for the ice in less than five years. Give me the good old sails, and a good spanking breeze to make fellows know they're alive and keep them on the jump and, not have everything done for them by a few bunkers of coals."

The captain's anger against a steam age usually found expression in the most emphatic Anglo-Saxon speech. Whenever he wished to express his opinion strongly concerning any slackness in any of his crew, he used the words "lubberly," "only fit to be a hand on a steamer," "not able for a man's work on a sailing craft."

The first striking of the seals at the ice, and the leaping from the vessel's side by the men all armed for the fray, is perhaps the most stirring part of the enterprise. Readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember that scene when Magnus Troil and his guests rushed from the house to capture a whale which had run into shallow water on the shore in the vicinity. The whale was entrapped in a narrow lake of salt water, separated from the sea by a strip of beach which was barely submerged. The rush on the whale with spears, the throwing of ropes around it, the rowing of the boats to come within striking distance of the huge creature, then the sudden exertion of strength, by which the whale, though wounded by several harpoons, dashes over the bar and escapes into deep sea, leaving two of his attackers floundering in the water as the result of a blow of his tail administered to their boat as a souvenir of the encounter, and a warning to fight with smaller foes the next time—all this is described graphically by Sir Walter, who regarded the incident as surpassing anything that could be experienced on any

hunting field. But then, Sir Walter could have known little of the Newfoundland ice-fields.

In point of bulk there is no comparison between a whale and a white coat, but then between attacking one whale in a duck-pond and attacking tens of thousands of sea's on the broad and ice-strewn Atlantic, we may believe that the author of *Waverley* would be most appreciative of the vastness of the latter enterprise and of its surpassing heroism as contrasted with any other form of sport or hunting, for, though an industry, it has in it all the stormy enthusiasm of the chase.

The *Viking* had been some days at sea, making for the north, when she encountered great drifting masses of soft and slobby ice. If Captain Bulloan had had the much-denounced steamer instead of the sailing vessel, he would have advanced more securely and rapidly than he did. However, his prejudice ran in favour of the sailing craft and he was quite schooled to the drawbacks of that system.

The ice became more solid as they advanced, and not long after the vessel was fastened in it. A man stationed at the mast-head gave the signal, "Seals to the north'ard." Instantly all on board is bustle and preparation.

"Come there, look alive!" cries the captain.

And "look alive" is the word all over the boat: men dashing about, seizing guns and bats and ropes, and clambering down the boat's side on the ice, which, near the ship, was almost too slightly frozen to bear the weight of the men dropping heavily upon it, and thus more than one went half through it into the chilly wave, and only escaped being drawn under the surface by being pulled out by the ready aid of the others.

The captain was kind-hearted enough, but eager to push on for the seals, so he urged all along, and the men were also so determined that wettings were thought little of.

As soon as the men got on the more solid ice, a race began between them as to whom it would fall to be first back to the ship with the heaviest load of seals.

Competition between the men for the "good fellow" is very keen, both at the seal and cod fishery. Every man of spirit aims at being high-liner or first on the list. Such contests carried out good-humouredly gave zest to the day's work. Bodily strength and swiftness of foot are qualities greatly needed on our seas or at the ice. Men possessing these are fully tested by their opponents, and so the emulation is kept up and in a genial fashion.

An instance of this was seen just as Lan Bennett was about to leave the vessel's deck for the ice. A comrade had already jumped from the rail of the vessel and landed safely on a ledge of ice, which lay flat and elevated several feet from the boat's side. It was no mean jump and the men seeing it gave him the usual "Well done, boy, that's your sort"; however, though the spring took him across the space, in alighting he came prostrate on slippery surface. Before rising to his feet he looked back at Lan Bennett, who also stood on the boat's rail ready to make his spring.

"Come, Bennett," said the man who had made the jump, "are you afraid of it? Beat that jump and you'll beat me."

Bennett had often in college days beaten all opponents in the high jump and pole-springing, for, though competitive sports were not as fully organized fifty years ago as they are in this year of the college jubilee, yet the boys of half a hundred years ago knew some-

thing of athletics, too. Bennett answered the challenger by bounding elastically from the rail—shooting over the head of his opponent, who had not yet risen, and landing several feet beyond where the other had alighted. He came down on the ice quite steadily, and turning to the other said, as it were jocosely—

“I’ll give you twelve months’ practice to come within a foot of that.”

It was so daringly and so skilfully done that the men uttered themselves variously by way of surprise and delight. The man who was beaten in the jump, a good-humoured fellow and strong as possible, made another challenge to Lan.

“Now, Bennett, I put on you (challenge you) to have as big a load of seal fat back to the schooner before dark this evening as I’ll bring.”

“Worse than fail I can’t,” said Bennett. “So I’ll do my endeavour to put you down.”

“All right, boy,” said the other genially. “If you beat me with a haul of fat, I’ll give it up to you for this trip, anyway.”

By this time the men were all on their way to the places where the seals were shrewdly expected to be found. Not long was it before the huntsmen had come upon the game, and the work of death began.

CHAPTER XXII

ASTRAY IN SNOW AND DRIFT ON THE FROZEN PANS

WHEN Lan Bennett and his comrades sprang from the side of the good ship *Viking* to hunt the seals, the whole surrounding scene was one of dazzling splendour. The icebergs rose like the towers of Gothic cathedrals; the ice itself extended to the horizon like a crystal sea, or to use a scriptural simile, it was like a "sea of glass mingled with fire." In fact, the day was too fine to continue so. It was treacherous in its possibilities of change. There was danger above their heads and there was danger under their feet, for they were walking over a flooring of ice which covered the deep and treacherous caverns of the ocean.

How often have our hardy Newfoundlanders, the boldest and best seamen or landmen that history gives any record of—how often have they since the days of John Cabot trod these frozen pans! How often have they walked over that swaying and buckling ice, which floored the very Atlantic, and fully realized all the while that under their feet lay the dark unfathomed waves of ocean, and above them the blue canopy of a March sky, which might at any moment be clouded by a sudden insurrection of North Atlantic snowstorms such as would shut out from them the

light of day, and perhaps usher in the darkness of death and an ocean grave! Nor were these Newfoundland wanderers of the ice-pans like roystering braggart soldiers, or mere military machines, uninfluenced by conscience. On the contrary, they are the soldiers of our island's peaceful industrial army, who, in pursuit of legitimate livelihood, encounter dangers such as might overpower the courage of the ordinary military man. If Newfoundland ever wishes to enroll a large volunteer army for purpose of defence, she has the material, and lots of it, in her dauntless sons who tread the ice-floes. It is time that the country should devote some of that splendid energy to agricultural development, which is now too often wasted on the ungrateful and merciless seas.

But while we are thus speculating, Alexander Bennett and his fellow-sealers have in their hot race after the seals, put a great distance between them and the good ship *Viking*. If now the swaying ice floor should be torn away by wind or wave they would not have a very good chance of returning to the *Viking*. In fact, the good ship itself might be involved in the same disaster. But soldiers in the front of battle cannot find time to think of ghastly wounds and bayonet thrusts and cannon balls, neither can sealers following the hunt over an Atlantic ice wilderness pause to think of occasional danger, where all is a scene of danger.

Lan Bennett and his comrades sank more than once in those man-traps, that occur where the ice is not closely frozen, but they pulled each other out and dashed along again, armed with bats and guns, and when a seal, young or old, came in their path it was promptly converted into dead seal, the carcase and skin being preserved, and each man had his tow of

seal-flesh to drag back over the ice to the vessel by means of a rope. To walk miles with a tow of seals attached to a rope requires skill, strength, and courage, and these in a marked degree.

The seal hunt had its pathos and comedy like all human dramas. The pathos was supplied by the young seals that were wont to turn appealing, and almost tear-stained, eyes to the batsmen as though begging him not to strike. And young men at the ice, unhardened to this appeal, often refrained from striking, and let the young seal slip down through a crevice and, perhaps, praise the kindness of the merciful sealers in its own language, that is if seals talk, or even if they don't, they can hold communication if only an imitation of human conversation. There is, at present, a great American statesman who knows the book of nature well. If he were to take his rifle some spring to the Newfoundland seal-fishery he would form new theories for the scientific world and would get an international hearing for the now ignored seal.

But the comic side of the seal hunt is best illustrated by that species of seal known as the "old hood." This name is not given, O reader, because the Newfoundland people have been "hoodwinked" in connexion with the seal-fishery and the lack of safeguards for those who follow it. "Hoodwinked" they have been, and shall be so long as the island depends for prosperity on treacherous ice and cruel sea, but the term "old hood" has another meaning. It describes a species of seal which has attained to old age, and like many other old cranks, becomes more quarrelsome with age. This "old hood," so called, is veritably the crank of the ice-fields, and a first-class fighter. When attacked by the sealer, it stands on the defensive, drawing a "hood" like the visor of a

mediaeval knight over its face. It gives battle to the batsman who attacks it, and it's not the seal that always gets the worst of it. Many a batsman has had to call in a gunner to shoot an "old hood," thus showing a lack of chivalry, and proving that mere machinery can frustrate the best efforts of valour.

As the day promised to be fine for Bennett and his company, they still continued to follow the chase, and were several miles from the *Viking*, and so occupied with killing seals, and placing at intervals marked flags along the ice, that they did not recognize that a change had come over the landscape. It was now well on in the afternoon of a March day, and the sun was sinking in a sea of splendour on that limitless ocean of ice. But all the while, it was getting darker in other parts of the sky, and the far-off rising of an Atlantic cyclone was signalled by the winds, as if by wild beasts raging on distant hills. Almost whilst they waited to get their bearings the storm had burst upon them in all its fury. It was accompanied by snow, which was frozen into the most cutting sleet, and whirled over that wilderness of ice like clouds of dust. They were practically buried in the heart of the whirlwind, and even in that crisis the cool courage, calm judgment and inventiveness of the Newfoundland sealing race did not abandon them.

They clasped hands, each one grasping his neighbour's, and thus they formed a living human chain resolved, by God's grace, to live or die together. This resolution proved their safety, or, if they separated on that ice and drifted about, scarcely one would have survived to tell the story.

But now a very much worse thing than a storm occurred. The very ice on which they walked all day is breaking to pieces under them. A huge cleft has

cut through that ice in such a way that it leaves a clear blue space of miles of iceless Atlantic between them and their vessel the *Viking*.

What's to be done? Can they live the night through on that ice without food, fire, or shelter? They decide by God's aid to do so. They keep together and even spent the night in frolic and song and jump to keep their blood in circulation. Nor did they forget their prayers, for the man who fronts nature on the ice-clad Atlantic will never be an atheist.

The sun came up in splendour again next morning on all that world of ice. Is the *Viking* in sight?

"No"

"But yes! yes! There's her sail!"

The men had lost their seals, but made up a good load before returning to St. John's. And as the *Viking* came in through the Narrows all dressed in bunting the crowds on Signal Hill gave three cheers for the laden seal ship, and three times three for Captain Bulloan, the best sealing skipper that ever shouted at a crew.

CHAPTER XXIII

A BIG FIRE IN ST. JOHN'S: SOLDIERS, BLUEJACKETS, AND SEALERS TO THE RESCUE

CLANG! clang! clang! The fire-bell is ringing in St. John's, and it is ringing the warning note that on three different occasions in the nineteenth century caused the citizens of that town to cry, "Fire! fire!" And it is fire again, and that part of St. John's called *Arachins* town is swept by the devouring elements.

In a town largely composed of wooden buildings it is never difficult to imagine how fire occurs. It may be that all our Newfoundland towns of the future will be composed of brick and granite. But at present the old-time woodwork abounds.

At the time of which we write, the St. John's fire-contesting organization was in a very unformed condition. One big fire-bell stood near the centre of the town, adjacent to Play House Hill, and when this instrument rang out the tocsin of danger it was understood that citizens generally would dash to the front and form themselves into a "bucket brigade." They filled these pails from the large wells that were the water supplies of the town, and, sending the buckets along the line they managed to vanquish the flames

rather by force of numbers than by excellence of machinery.

But hark ! The people have now concentrated on the threatened region, St. John's East. This district is remarkable for its churches and public buildings, and especially for the Catholic Cathedral, Government House, the Assembly Building, the Anglican Cathedral, and the Catholic College. This latter bore, as we have seen, the title of St Bonaventure's, and was the first and for many years the only college in the country. The Anglican College is second in the order of time, and the Methodist College takes third place chronologically.

With so many private and public buildings to be saved, no wonder the people strained every nerve, and called in all the aid they could.

The policemen, at the time, were few but a strong body of men. They were soon seen in the centre of the flames fighting back the fierce foe. But now a louder shout goes up from the crowd, as, looking east and west, the people see two companies of red-coated soldiers hastening from Fort Townsend and Fort William to aid in the work of opposing the spread of the fire. Now another yell bursts forth, as word passes through the multitude that the "bluejackets" were marching up Garrison Hill to clear away such fences and woodwork as might feed the flames. The sailors who thus dashed forward to save the town were of Her Majesty's ship *Sword Fish*, Captain Angler, her commander, being at the head of the sailors and marines.

But a louder shout of native pride rang out when the boys, who are called the "pride of Newfoundland," the hardy sealers, rushed up the ancient hill to do their part as fire-fighters. It was with them "through

fire and water," inasmuch as they were just returned from the seal-fishery, and their ships at that moment were anchored on the south side of the port of St. John's. Here were all the stores and establishments connected with the seal-fishery—amongst them the places for storing the sealskins and extracting the oil from the pelts. Of late the seal-fishery is attracting not a few even of foreign tourists, and every detail of the industry has been given to the public.

But hark! From the town side of the harbour there floats across the ominous signal—Clang! clang! clang!—and they drop their work, feeling that they will be needed to lend their aid towards saving the town from the terrible scourge of fire. But there is an obstacle in their way, and that obstacle is wellnigh insuperable. The harbour is frozen over, but frozen in such a way that the ice is just about to break up. This clearly is an insuperable obstacle, or would be an insuperable obstacle to any other class of men on earth except our Newfoundland sealers. To them it was merely a pleasure to tread the most dangerous ice that ever floated. They were well trained to leap from pan to pan, even though water of Atlantic depth lay beneath. Escapes of the most marvellous kind from falling into ice crevices or actually sinking to the neck were the experiences of every man in that sealing fleet. And yet, their daring was not the fool-hardy courage of some people. They did not look after or before they leaped, but, to apply an expressive American proverb, they looked "whilst they leaped." They paused not to count hazards on the rails of the vessels, but each man, grasping an axe, sprang out on the treacherous harbour ice as cheerfully as if thousands of pounds' worth of seal were to be got by the risk.

Lan's fleetness of foot, strength of limb, and quick-

ness of eye gave him the lead whilst crossing the ice-bridged harbour. Some that had left the *Viking* in company with him had fallen through the crevices of the half-melted ice, and though they did not go under in such a man-trap as bad ice is, they were pulled out, and had to move so cautiously that those of fleetier foot or keener eye like Lan had reached the town side and were racing up the steep incline of Garrison Hill before the others had quite got to the cove near Water Street.

The sealers arriving on the burning ground were cheered most vigorously by Newfoundlanders, who are of a cheerful disposition in any event, and, as Lan and his comrades carried axes, they were told that the point of danger at that moment for the fire was at the place where the Military Road and two or three other streets, or rather paths, converged to one point. At that time St. John's was nearly all a wilderness of brushwood, whilst even Water Street was just beginning to eliminate its fish-flakes, and the barrens were a hunter's paradise to such an extent that the gunners from the town used to go there in pursuit of game.

But a very comic incident occurred as Lan, armed with his sealer's axe, appeared, and was about to dash forward to break down a great wooden fence which extended from a burning house to certain shops or stores in the neighbourhood, which latter contained such inflammable materials as oil and rum.

If the fire caught this place it would be extended for perhaps another mile, and would not die out until it had wiped out the woods near Signal Hill and Quidi Vidi. But if the fence could be swept away then the fire would be restricted to an old boarding or tenement house at that place which was actually in flames. This house was owned by a stern landlord, such as St.

John's, like many other towns, abounded in. And this stern landlord kept these old traps, and no Jew ever extorted the last drop of blood from the unfortunate debtors more surely than did this slum landlord get the rent from his tenants. The neighbours said that the tenement house was a loss to no one except to the landlord, and, as he had no friends, there was no sympathy expressed.

Now to take up this post of danger was no simple matter, because sparks, brands, and even rafters, fell on their heads, but Lan took up this very task of battling down the large fence, and several of his comrades joined him in the axe-work, until after a little while the fence was nearly swept away by the sheer strength of the axe-men, although they were nearly choked with smoke and burnt with burning rafters whilst they did this deed of real valour. Now the fence is practically removed, and the burning tenement house is about to collapse, when a warning voice reaches Bennett from the crowd, "Stand out of the way, or that old house will topple over and bury you in its ruins."

Bennett and his comrades had not time to obey this prudent course before another cry rang out from the crowd. And it was this: "Mister," said the voice, "for the love of God try and save a helpless old man that's left in one of the rooms of that old building. Quick, quick, man alive, or the poor old man will be burnt to death in that building. See, the house is falling!"

"Yes, yes, the old man is saved. Well done, Bennett!" and a thousand voices give back response. "But see, the old tenement house is down and goes up now in smoke and flames."

It was all the work of an instant. As soon as the

people told Bennett that an old and helpless man was about to perish in the fire, he flung down his axe and dashed into the burning building, taking a blind chance of finding the old man's room. Providence favours the brave if the cause is just, and presently our friend appears at the door with the old chap in his muscular arms, the old man being alive and well, but doubled up in his bed with rheumatism and unable to move. Bennett steps out into the clear air, and the old tenement house, or rather man-trap, crashes in and in its collapse sends up a column of flame and smoke. And that was the end of the Tarrahins town fire. St. John's was saved from complete destruction by the dreadnought valour of Alexander Bennett more than by any other man.

CHAPTER XXIV

AFTER THE FIRE: CAMPING ON THE BARRENS

THE comic incident referred to in our last chapter was this: When Bennett and his hero band arrived at the head of the present King's Road, having come up Garrison Hill and turned east, they were met by a number of "bluejackets" from the warship *Sword Fish* who were also going to fight the fire, and who with their splendid discipline succeeded in conquering it at a hundred different places. And certainly the "red coats" were at every place of danger, too, but regarding the comic incident it was this: One of the bluejackets, not having an axe and seeing Bennett carrying that implement, asked him in no very gentle tones to give him the axe. "Why," said Lan, "I want the axe to cut down that fence and stop the fire."

"Oh, say," said the sailor, "give me that bloomin' haxe like a good fellow; you don't want it." And without more ado the sailor made as though he would tear the axe from Bennett's hand, whereupon Lan gave the gallant tar a friendly thump on the head that sent him to the other side of Military Road amongst the crowd. Just then some one said, "Here's Captain Angler coming up from W? Street wit. the guards

from the ship. Look for yourself, Bennett, or he'll put you in prison."

Immediately the gallant Captain Angler, looking more grim than usual and swearing in his most impressive style, as he thought, pushed with his guards in through the shouting crowd.

"Where's that fellow that just assaulted one of Her Majesty's Navy men?"

"There he is, captain dear," said Corporal McManus. "Just say the word and we'll put the irons on his wrists, be jabbers."

"Hold your blasted tongue, McManus, you blank lunatic; but where is the rebel?"

Lan strode up to the captain and met him face to face.

"Why, blast it," said Captain Angler, "but it's that Bennett boy from New Port. A splendid fellow, indeed."

"Won't we arrest him, captain dear?" said Corporal McManus.

"No," said the captain, "don't arrest him, you fool. Let him go to hell and help to put the fire out. Arrest that private sailor for disorder."

With an amazing conflict of ideas the captain encouraged Lan to continue his fight against the flames, and threatened to put the sailor in irons.

But the real comedy began next day, because the sailors were determined to challenge Bennett to a public fight in the barrens with fists, or else a wrestling bout. Bennett was by no means a low, drunken street-fighter; he had too much self-respect for so vile a trade. But if he had received the sailor's challenge he would most certainly have met the gallant navy man on the barrens, but the challenge was never delivered, but fell into the hands of Captain Angler, who actually

caused the sailor to be put in irons for some hours lest he should start a riot in the town at a most excitable time.

For the following days and weeks the Parade Ground was covered with canvas tents, but gradually the victims of the fire got back to more permanent residences, and the city was laid out on a new and improved plan, slum tenements being to some extent eliminated.

CHAPTER XXV

FISH-FLAKE POLITICS AND OTHERS

AMONGST the many absurdities of Newfoundland politics one is the outcry against the codfish merchants. Many of them came as penniless adventurers from the old country, and some of them may have been rather given to grinding down the fishermen ; but fish merchants are not the only people who have tried that. It may sound startling to my Newfoundland reader, but it is true all the same—the real defect in the fish mercantile system is that there have not been enough merchants. Just as the Newfoundland fisheries would bring more revenue to the country if there were more farmers, lumbermen, and miners to stimulate industrial competition. Then, again, it is the dishonest fisherman that makes the dishonest fish merchant quite as much as the reverse. I really believe that, instead of having too many merchants in Newfoundland, there are too few. The few fish and cod-oil merchants that do business have their interests concentrated in St. John's and a few outport districts, whereas if nearly every large port in the island had its supplying business it would revive industry, because in connexion with the fishery there are so many other branches. Lack of enterprise is another defect in our codfish merchants. So many of them began

business with practically no education that they never rise out of the old cart-track groove.

Lan Bennett was about to fit necessary supplies for that summer's fishery, and being a comparatively independent boat owner he went for his goods to the firm of Getthere and Company. The Hon. Mr. Getthere was a member of the Legislative Council. He had failed the year before and compounded with his creditors for something like seven shillings and sixpence in the pound, and given them his IOU and a horse-laugh for the rest of their money. Now, Mr. Getthere had come to Newfoundland from that town familiarly called "Who knows where" in the same year that Robert Bennett arrived. But Robert Bennett believed in paying his debts, and Mr. Getthere believed in an opposite policy.

Anyway, it was to the Getthere shop that Captain Bennett went to spend his cash. As he had money to spend Mr. Getthere received him with a smile that a saloon-keeper might envy, and gave an order to have all his goods made up in parcels, barrels, and bags, and translated to the hold of Freighter Hallaway's schooner, to be conveyed in due time to New Port.

Whilst in town Mr. Bennett was the recipient of many compliments on his undoubted bravery shown at the fire, and like many other brave natives newspaper flattery was all he got. We do not here insinuate that there are many Newfoundlanders to whom newspaper flattery is a very much sought-after prize. All we do say is, God pity such, if such there be. The modern vice of newspaper notoriety is the source of a more evil than most people suspect.

Now there was to be an election held in two years' time in South Bight, and as the Honourable Mr. Getthere's party was in dubious popularity in that

district the Hon. Member himself was warned by the boss of the party to meet the various skippers at his wharf and "pass the word, to vote the straight ticket and keep the country out of confederation with Canada. Mr. Getthere interviewed Skipper Hallaway in person on the deck of his freighter, the *Bessy Browney*. He held some intellectual conversation with the skipper, and at the end remarked with a horse-laugh that as it would be open voting he would know from Jake Rugley how every man marked his ballot."

"Well, Mr. Getthere," said Skipper Hallaway, "if you'll take my advice you'll take no information from Rugley. He's a fellow that will take more votes from the party than he'll gain for it."

"But I suppose you'll do the right thing for the party yourself?" said Mr. Getthere.

"I will," answered Captain Hallaway. "I'll do the right thing for the party, and that means that I'll vote as hard against it as I can and make my nine sons do the same."

CHAPTER XXVI

SIR LAWRENCE O'BRANNIGAN GIVES A BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

ON many occasions many persons in Newfoundland have abused the newspapers in all the moods and tenses. To what extent they were right or wrong we do not at present decide. Anyway, the "viper political Press" became a local proverb. And yet the Press at its lowest may be only a reflex of that public opinion which creates it. The two principal newspapers in St. John's at the time were the bi-weekly *Star* and the *Delineator*. They were described respectively as "prejudiced journals" by opponents, and as "fearless champions of public liberty" by their supporters. It depended to some extent on which side of politics you happened to stand whether the bi-weekly *Star* was a bad journal or the "glorious champion of downtrodden labour," or the subsidized canine of some bandit corporation.

At present both the bi-weekly *Star* and the *Delineator* were engaged either in criticizing the Governor for giving a ball at a time when the people were camping on the barrens, or else lauding him to the skies for his unselfishness in so doing. Larry O'Brannigan was a shrewd Irishman who, having done well as a fish merchant, thought he would add a cubit to his social stature by going into politics, and keeping his

weather eye lifted for a knighthood, for if the Treaty Shore question would not convert Larry O'Brannigan into Sir Lawrence, what was the good of having a Treaty shore at all? "Sir Lawrence" at last became his title, and yet there are some people who say the Irish don't help to govern the British Empire. Don't they, indeed!

Now Lady O'Brannigan was really the power behind the throne. It was she that kept urging Larry on until, as the poor man said, "he did not know whether he stood on his head or his heels with all this high falutin' about knighthood." If it were left to Larry himself he would be well content to have his game of forty-five and his social glass with the "boys" in his comfortable drawing-room over his shop on Water Street, but "herself" wouldn't hear of such low ideals, because her father had been a prosperous liquor merchant in Dublin, and she was determined that the lustre of such a family should be perpetuated even in Newfoundland. It is unnecessary to say that there was a vehement rivalry between Lady O'Brannigan and the wife of the Honourable Mr. Getthere, because the latter had been beaten in the race for gubernatorial honours. And it is the "galled jade that winces."

But now all the wealth and youth and beauty of the metropolis gathered in the brilliantly lighted rooms of Government House. Captain Angler and the officers of the *Sword Fish* were guests of honour, for in Newfoundland we are nothing if we are not the offspring of the world's greatest sea empire. So at least the politicians always tell us. Music, dance, song, and refreshment filled in the hours. Sir Lawrence was a good host, and as the *Delineator* said next day, "Lady O'Brannigan did the honours like a

queen, our reptile contemporary, the bi-weekly *Star* (whose mother-in-law was not invited), to the contrary notwithstanding."

It is naturally the etiquette of occasions like a ball at Government House that all topics of a merely sectional interest are tabooed. But politics laugh at etiquette, and here and there were groups of persons talking even with excitement on the next election. This political emotion would exist in any event in Newfoundland, but at present it was intensified by numerous reports that the people in many parts had threatened armed insurrection because of the vexatious delays in settling the Treaty Shore difficulty.

Captain Angler was appealed to, and he said that in the business of protecting the fisheries he had met the people all around the coast, and he believed the excitement was caused by the politicians.

Just then the Honourable Batt Smiles was called on from the group to take part in a dance, and thus a lively debate between himself and Captain Angler was interrupted. Mr. Smiles more than insinuated that the Treaty shore was kept unsettled because of false statements sent to England by certain antiquated officers of the Navy who were no good for more active service than trout-fishing along the coast.

This started the captain going, and a very undignified scene might have ensued if the orchestra had not given the signal for a new dance. But if the ball at Government House pleased the *Delineator*, it was ridiculed by the bi-weekly *Star* (whose mother-in-law had not been invited).

Now as both the bi-weekly *Star* and *Delineator* had an eye or two on the South Bight election, they overrated rather than underrated the merits of Mr. Bennett. Each paper vied with the other in praising

the valour and coolness of our young countryman who stepped into the breach at an opportune time and saved the city from the fiery elements. The *Delineator* actually advocated his being taken on the ticket as a member for the district. But the bi-weekly *Star*, whose nephew was clamouring for nomination on the South Bight ticket, repudiated Bennett's political claims in the most uncompromising terms. It was rumoured in New Port that spring that Lan Bennett and Mary English were to be married in June, but Lan himself said he had heard nothing of it.

CHAPTER XXVII

SOCIAL FESTIVITIES AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S

THE ground near the Governor's residence and the reception-rooms of the building presented an animated and even brilliant appearance on the first day of August, 185-. The Governor, acting no doubt on advice, initiated those very interesting festivities which have since been sources of recreation to the lieges in the city of St. John's. This social entertainment was prepared by Sir Lawrence in view, of the proximate departure of Her Majesty's warship, the *Sword Fish*, which was about to proceed to South Bight to patrol the coast in that vicinity, and especially as most disturbing reports had reached St. John's that there was much talk of an armed insurrection there. Jake Rugley had informed the Government as a matter of certain knowledge that fishermen with sealing guns had been drilling night after night near Brophy's forge, and that there was expectation of some foreign warship landing troops and guns at New Port to assist the insurgents. All this was the outcome of trouble arising from the Treaty Shore problem, which was still unsolved.

Captain Angler had received orders from the Government to use his forces to prevent an insurrection, but at the same time the gallant captain got a hint from certain politicians, and in particular from the Honourable Mr. Getthere and others, that he should not be too severe, lest it should embarrass the Government

and give a handle to the disloyal opposition, of which at that moment the Honourable Batt Smiles was a leading light. The latter statesman had openly boasted from the steps of the House of Assembly that at an hour's notice he could get a thousand fishermen to drop their oars and take up sealing guns if their country's cause demanded it.

Here a man from the crowd shouted: "What berth are you looking for, Batt?"

To whom the latter gently replied: "I'm not looking for the job of pig-impounder, because if I were I'd run you in at short notice."

Anyway, whether the ructions in South Bight were merely a wave set in motion by the opposition against the Government, or whether there was in them a more grim reality than political excitement in official circles in St. John's, Captain Angler as he came to the Governor's entertainment looked more grim than usual, and a sabre-cut received in the Crimea did not make his countenance prepossessing. The captain was irritated at hearing of the South Bight insurrection. He had lived much amongst the South Bight men and admired them as hard, fearless seamen and hunters who would, as the captain put it in his Cockney dialect, "be blawsted fine fellows, don't cher know, if the bally politicians left them alone."

But though the captain had much goodwill for the South Bight yeomen, he had at the same time a furious passion of loyalty to the Crown, and he would fight the *Sword Fish*, to the water's edge before Her Majesty's sway over any territory was in the least diminished, "don't cher know." The captain and the Honourable Batt Smiles never met without bickering. Even at social festivities there was danger of some breach of tact, but on this occasion Sir Lawrence,

or rather Lady O'Brannigan, so arranged matters that everything went smoothly, although there was an undercurrent of strong feeling.

The grounds around Government House are as fine a property as may be seen anywhere, especially as some modern Governors have been men of culture and taste who availed themselves of their tenure of office to improve the property. In this connexion I would wish to pay tribute to Sir Herbert Murray who, with Governor Boyle, Governor MacGregor, and Governor Davidson have been the most respectable Governors that we have had of recent years. Sir Herbert caused the trees in Government House grounds to be trimmed and arranged on a decent plan, and he maintained the best traditions of his office as regards keeping out of sectarian politics, and thus he escaped much personal abuse.

But as regards Sir Lawrence O'Brannigan's festival, it was a varied entertainment, and was attended by people of all shades of political opinion. There was at first a certain feeling of restraint, several felt that trouble was brewing, but the hosts had tact enough to bring the right people together and keep the more dangerous elements from intimate conversation lest in such an excitable time political discord should end in slaughter, or if not in slaughter at least in verbal warfare, which would prove embarrassing to all.

Notwithstanding a feeling of uncertainty as regards the South Bight insurrection, mirth and jollity ruled the hour, even as it did with the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo.

On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the flying hours with glowing feet.

All the dances of the period were performed whilst the summer night flew by, and in the magic of social

life even Captain Angler and the Honourable Mr. Smiles forgot for the moment how much control they had over the destinies of nations.

At that time there was in St. John's a French consul, or rather an agent. He was described as a little "croaking frog" by one of the papers; the editor of the same paper afterwards walloped him with an Irish shillelagh. The French agent at the time was a very unfortunate representative of any self-respecting nation, but in later years the agents called consuls that have represented France in Newfoundland have been, with few exceptions, gentlemen in every sense of the word. Witness, for example, our old friend Monsieur Des'Ile, whose tact and character stood so high with the whole public.

Now the French consul of the time we refer to was a very truculent little man who was married to a lady about twice his size, weight and width. It was whispered that this lady used to administer corporal punishment to the "consul" on occasion by means of a strap. Anyhow, this particular little French consul was a most extraordinary busybody. He was present on the night of the Governor's ball and was all fuss and excitement. Having taken more wine than was good for him he became quite patriotic, and insisted on giving the company the benefit of his vocal powers in the revolutionary song, the Marseillaise. But just as he was doing so, his lady wife appeared and carried him off under her arm amidst the inextinguishable laughter of the company. The incident relieved the strain of the occasion, and the entertainment was voted the most brilliantly successful ever held in Government House.

Next day Captain Angler in the *Sword Fish* steamed away for South Bight to hinder any outbreak that might threaten the integrity of the Empire.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE INSURRECTION IN SOUTH BIGHT AND ITS CAUSE

WHEN Captain Angler reached New Port he found that reports concerning trouble in that district had not been at all exaggerated. At least that was the impression which he received when he swept the harbour with his glass and saw so many tokens of life and excitement in a port which was usually considered as dead as a graveyard. Not so now, for boats laden with oarsmen were seen dashing here and there across the harbour. Some boats came out from Rugley's landing stage. Others were rowed out from Robert Bennett's, and a third line of row-boats came by way of Gorman's Foot, and if Jimmy Furey the mail carrier was worthy of belief, "the fellows would soon be over from West Bight with their guns, scythes and boat-hooks 'all ready for war.'"

Such was the scene that met Captain Angler's vision as his glass swept the harbour, and the captain was beyond everything else a man of action, an old Crimean war-horse, and by no means a mere toy soldier. Instead of sending a party ashore to look after affairs, Captain Angler would confront the danger himself. So he ordered the largest row-boat to get ready, and then directed that a detachment of marines should be stationed in the boat with loaded rifles and ready

to fire if he gave the order. Then he took up his station in the stern of the ship's row-boat, and with the Union Jack displayed above their heads conspicuously, he bade the sailors pull the "blawsted oars" and the marines to keep their eyes on their "bally rifles, don't cher know," whilst he himself steered the boat straight for the centre of the harbour, where the New Port crews appeared to have concentrated their forces. Using a speaking trumpet Captain Angler hailed Mr. Michael Wells, whom he knew personally and whom he now recognized as steering Bill Radaway's cod-seine skiff.

"I say, Wells, what's all this blawsted row about? I trust none of you fellows have any bally nonsense in your heads that you think you can make war on the British flag. The blooming politicians have been filling your pates with rubbish about the Treaty shore, have they? Pull your bally boat over here and let me know what you mean by these rebellious movements."

Skipper Wells steered the skiff in the direction of the *Sword Fish's* row-boat, and when she came within speaking distance roared the following reply to the naval officer—

"Oh, captain, then 'tis yourself that's just in time for Lannigan's ball. Good luck to such a divarsion you ever seen since you were out fighting those haythen Roosians in Crimaya."

At the mention of Lannigan the captain became infuriated. He appeared to think that Lannigan was one of the "bally politicians" who had inflamed the people against the Imperial Government. It also occurred to him that Skipper Mickle was deceiving him, and spoke of Lannigan's ball in that way merely to lead him into a trap, and perhaps capture his crew

and himself and bring them all away into the fastnesses of Deadman's Head and keep them there until they were ransomed by the Government. With this idea in mind he ordered the marines to cover the cod-seine crew with their rifles, which they promptly did, and the cod-seine crew would have done in like manner towards the crew of the *Sword Fish* boat only that Mr. Wells poured oil on the troubled waters in the following graceful manner—

"Why, captain dear, what's all the fuss about? Shure you should keep yer hair on till I explain my policy, as the politician said to th' owld maid though he knew she wore a wig. Now, captain, do you want to know what all this is about?"

"Be quick and tell me," roared the impatient Crimean, "or I'll sink that bally skiff of yours with our guns in three minutes."

"Be herrin's, captain dear, don't be rash! If it kum to sinkin' a neighbour's boat like that, p'raps two could play at the game. But sure it's all a mistake on your side, captain, and you'll see that for yourself when I tell you to look over there where the boys are rowing the other boats and observe the big ripple on the waters."

The captain looked and saw some unusual disturbance on the surface of the harbour, but did not yet understand.

Skipper Mickle continued: "That's something, captain, that yer warship itself couldn't fight against."

"What do you mean by this rebel talk?" snapped the captain.

"I mean," said Mickle, "that your warship is only a sword fish, and that creature over there under the water is a whale, and it takes a sword fish and a tresher to bate a whale. Now, captain dear, do you

understand me varses ? as the fellow said when he got drunk and made up an owld doggerel song."

The captain looked through his glass at the place indicated by Mr. Wells, and saw by the immense upheaval of the water and the blood along its track that all the excitement was really created by the pursuit of a whale which had invaded the harbour that morning, and which called out all the youth and age, the beauty and chivalry of New Port, either as spectators or participants in the hunt.

"Why, Wells, you bally old humbug, why did not you tell me at first 'twas a whale? Row over there now, and do you men keep your guns ready to have a shot at the fish as soon as it comes above water."

"Hurroo, Mister Whale," shouted Skipper Mickle, "now you'll have to fight the British Navy as well as the people of New Port."

Thus speaking the two boats fairly raced for the scene of action, and Captain Angler was as keen on the hunt as any one, being an old time follower of "fish, fur, and feather."

But by general consent Skipper Mickle Wells was the leader of the storming party, because, as he often said, "he had been a whale hunter man and bye for nigh on fifty years." Mr. Wells disposed the skiffs so that they formed a ring around the whale, which lay concealed in deep water.

"Now, boys," said Skipper Mickle, "get your guns all to rights, and as soon as the baste comes to the top of the water I'll give ye the word, all to shoot together. Some of the shots will sartinly get into the crayture's intarnals. Then when you have given him all the shots, you can make in on him with the scythes and harpoons, and we'll have nothin' to do but tow him ashore to Robert Bennett's stage-head, do ye mind now?"

Jake Rugley interrupted: "Mr. Wells, if it's all alike to you, I've some right to that whale. My skiff was the first out on his track and our men put the first shots into him."

This protest from Rugley was a part of the old rivalry between himself and Robert Bennett.

"Jake Rugley," said Mr. Wells, "you're wan of those contrary men that's so hard to satisfy that you won't be content with the way the hangman puts the rope on yer neck. But I'll make a bargain with you. When we get the whale landed we'll leave it to Captain Angler here to see how it can be cut up and divided."

To this half-mocking and half-serious arrangement Rugley consented, but in a surly way. "Yes," said he, "I'm well content to leave the question to be decided by the captain."

Jake Rugley believed that the captain would side with him because he was in secret correspondence with the Government in St. John's regarding the rebellion in South Bight against the Treaty Coast *modus vivendi*, and in fact it was because of a letter sent by him to the Honourable Mr. Getthere that the *Sword Fish* had been so suddenly dispatched to South Bight.

The crews had chased the whale for hours all over New Port harbour, and as it came to the surface a few times they managed, being all keen shots, to wound it, but not fatally. The huge fish made a dash for the open sea at a place where the exit was barred, except at high water, by a ridge of submarine rock that nearly joined the foot of Deadman to an island some few yards away. At this place the nearly exhausted whale lay on the bottom of the harbour, and the chances were that with the rising tide it might come up to the surface and be too seriously wounded to

offer any more fight to its enemies. Whilst the crews were thus waiting to pour shot from scores of sealing guns into the whale, Skipper Mickle proceeded to give his views on the whale species in general, as indeed he well might after a half-hundred years in that fishery.

"Well, boys, I think we've nearly dun for him. Do you know, I pity the creature sometimes, but 'twould make a cat laff to see how the whales run through the wather. They're such big, ungainly crathurs and all so bloated and growed-out like. Do you know, I wance see. squid chase a whale from this to Gorman's Point. Though they're so big and ugly, the whales are the most cowardliest and harmlessest creatures in the say."

Now whether the whale was not so seriously wounded as might be supposed, or whether it overheard Mr. Wells's uncomplimentary references to it, we are unable to say. All we can say is this, that Skipper Mickle and his followers never in all their lives got such a surprise as that whale just gave them, when they thought it was nearly dead. By this time the tide had risen considerably, and the huge creature of a whale almost suddenly rose above the water even as an island might appear as the result of submarine eruption. But the whale was more alive than an island would be, for it blew such a trumpet blast and sent up such a column of water as might be heard and seen miles away. Its sudden arrival at the surface caused huge waves to rise near the shore. And with much splashing of the tail and an exercise of all its remaining strength it launched itself over the bar and made for the open sea. Nor was this all, for in the confusion caused by the escaping whale the boats were flung against the land, and most of the hunters, including Skipper Mickle, Captain Angler, and Jak Rugley,

had to swim for their lives and just escaped, though drenched from head to foot.

And now, as though to verify the proverb about misfortunes coming in regular procession, there float down shouts of laughter from one of the terraces of Deadman where a party of girls and boys, amongst them Miss Mary English and Captain Bennett, had been holding a picnic, chaperoned by Mrs. Robert Bennett and Mrs. Rube English. Old man Rube was away in St. John's at the time, or we may be sure his fair daughter would not dare to attend a party at which a son of Robert Bennett was a guest. Well, they were unfeeling enough under the leadership of James McDougald to laugh so loud and to shout so much at the mishap that Robert Bennett, who was also at the picnic, had to check them.

When the news was sent to St. John's the Honourable Batt Smiles did what Newfoundland politicians often do. He sent an open letter to the *Delineator* in which he cast considerable ridicule on Captain Angler by showing how, contrary to all laws, the *Sword Fish* had been conquered by a whale. He also hinted that some men who knew how to handle sealing guns in the hunt for whales would handle them still more effectively if the Treaty Shore question were not soon settled to the satisfaction of Newfoundlanders.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SCHOONER *WEXFORD* IN NEW PORT

ROBERT BENNETT was so thoroughly Irish that he would call the new schooner that Lan was going to skipper that summer by the name of his native county Wexford. Thus there arrived the day for the boat-launch, and quite a hundred men had come together to help to get the boat into the water. The ship's yard, where the *Wexford* had been, was near the water, some distance from Robert Bennett's landing-stage and fish stores. Between the yard and the water was laid a sliding platform over which the *Wexford* should glide gracefully into the water.

The launching party was provided with ropes and stakes, so as to pull the boat along and keep it propped up until it got into the water, where it would have to trust to its own strength and balance. Many of the men who came for the launching were themselves expert builders, and they gave the most varied criticism of the "new piece of marine architecture," as Mr. Malone called it. Skipper Dave Trummer's idea was that the craft would sail well, but that it wouldn't be easy to keep her rightly ballasted. From this Mr. Wells dissented, chiefly on the ground that he always made it a point to differ from Skipper Dave

Trummer on almost every possible question. Then others present had various remarks to make.

Lan and Jim McDougald were busy getting the men together and preparing all the machinery for the launching. On the preceding day, Father Lambert, at Robert's request, had come to the schooner and blessed it, reading the prayer prescribed in the ritual for that ceremony. Jim McDougald acted as spokesman in calling the men to aid in the launching. His mode of address was rather of the boisterous kind.

"Look here, my hearty buckos, is it to launch the new schooner you came here to-day, or to sling old gab about how she can sail? Come down and get your arms twisted into the ropes! Take hold of one of these stakes, Mr. Wells, it will be a cure for your rheumatics if you work hard enough."

"'Tis rum-matics I'm thinking of now," said Mickle, as he took a horn of grog from the jar that Robert had got from Rugley for the occasion. It was smuggled rum, but Robert wasn't supposed to know that.

At that period every enterprise, or nearly so, was supposed to be inaugurated with a distribution of liquor. A recent historian told us that at the opening of a certain temperance hall in St. John's, nearly a barrel of alcohol was given to those who assisted, and possibly it was given as a bribe to get them to attend a temperance demonstration. Well, we certainly know that nothing like this occurred at the opening of the St. John's Total Abstinence Hall, and it must have been a playful exaggeration on the part of that historian, even as regards a Protestant temperance hall. Still, even these harmonious stories throw side-lights on the period, and show that the total abstinence campaign was as a boat pulling against the stream. Let us now ever hope that the total

abstinence men, having the tide with them, will never cease from their efforts until ten thousand Newfoundlanders have made up a huge total abstinence Catholic army from end to end of their "native isle of the ocean."

And now the usual shouts of vociferous Terra Nova resound from the shores: "Put your rope there; stick your stake there." "Now, men, away with her to give her a drink." "Haul on the bowline, the bully ship she's row-line."

Singing, O my jolly poker,
We will rock and roll 'em over;
Singing, O my jolly poker,
Whoop, boys, whoop!

All these more or less unintellectual songs and shouts were signs and tokens that the men had surrounded the new schooner with ropes, that they had got it upright and fixed the stakes so as to keep it from toppling over, and that they were prepared for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, until the schooner was fairly launched into the blue waters of New Port harbour, where she would be moored and accommodated with rope stays, with sails, and with masts, and made ready to confront the rougher seas that rage so threateningly beyond the cruel rocks that made a seaman's grave at the very foot of Dead-man.

The social side of a ship-launching in Newfoundland is never forgotten or omitted. This was the breaking of a bottle of liquor on the side of the ship and declaring at the same time her future name. Mrs. Robert Bennett was agreed upon by all as a fit and proper person to give a name to the new schooner. She took the bottle and looking around saw a group of young girls dressed in holiday garb and watching the

launch as eagerly as if it were a moving-picture exhibition. Amongst the young people was the "Lily of New Port," as a local poet called her, the beautiful Mary English, who was brought there by the urgent invitation of her girl friends, although her modesty kept her in the background on the occasion. And modesty in a young person is such a charm that it is really the queen of all other charms, and only too little appreciated in the brazen twentieth century.

But Mrs. Bennett was a good-hearted and good-humoured old woman, so when she saw the young girls it occurred to her that she might ask one of them, for good feelings' sake, to break the bottle on the side of the schooner. She appealed in the matter to Robert her husband, saying that she herself was too old and too stout to fling a bottle in a nice way, and he should ask one of those beautiful young girls to fling the bottle. Robert was too gallant to admit for a moment that any of the younger lasses could compare with his own Betsy, either in youth or beauty, although the good woman was beyond sixty in years and was nearly eighteen stones in weight. Then the question was referred to Skipper Mickle Wells, who became for the moment a recognized court of appeal. Mr. Wells looked around on the launch party and thus addressed it—

"Ladies and joints, men, women, children and fishers! I wish I had a fog-horn that would carry me voice from this to West Bight, to say how glad we are to be all gathered here in this harbour forinist Robert Bennett's stage-head, and helping to launch his fine new schooner, the *Wexford*. I consider the *Wexford* as fine a craft as was ever built out of this harbour. To Hong-Kong I bob the opinion of them that think different. I'm fifty years, man

and bye, going to say out of this harbour since I left Limerick, and good luck to the nater looking craft I ever seen, though there's some purty lookin' craft in the river Shannon, you may take yer 'davy' on that. But all that talk is nayther here nor there, as the owld maid said when the fellow asked why she didn't get a man. What I'm called upon to do is to ask wan of these young ladies here that I see lookin' at me so hard, to ask wan of them if it's plasin' to her to break a bottle of grog on the side of the new craft and call her the *Wexford* whilst she's going into the sea. Now if all that we hear is true there's wan young lady here that has a better right than any other to give a name to Mister Bennett's boat. And the name of that young lady is Mary English. Now then, Miss Mary English girl, if it is plasin' to you to come to the front and smash this bottle of grog on the side of the new schooner, we'll all be glad to see you do it."

This speech being made, a perfect chorus followed of "Well done, Mickie," amongst the men, and much laughing amongst the girls, for it was known from Deadman's Head to Gorman's Foot that Mary English was engaged to be married some day to Bennett junior. Mary herself never felt half so mortified in all her life as to be thus singled out by the tongue of Mr. Wells to give a name to her prospective husband's schooner. If she could have taken wings at the moment she'd have fled a hundred miles from the scene. But she was neither such an angel nor such a bird as all that. So though she blushed and pouted and said "no," there was no way out of it. The girls all said with one voice that she should do it. The men waited for the incident. So taking the bottle from Mrs. Bennett and covered with confusion, she advanced

and flung it fairly at the side of the schooner, saying the word "*Wexford*," which word the crowd took up with a shout; and the next minute the *Wexford* herself, drawn along by a hundred stalwart New Port men, had glided down the gangway and ran a hundred yards out on the harbour before stopping. "Good luck to the *Wexford*," said every man. "May she come home loaded with produce every trip." But Skipper Mickle Wells noted an incident that awakened his seaman's superstition. It was this, the *Wexford* in going down the launch-way stopped for an instant only before rushing into the water.

"They may say what they like about wishing her good luck, but I never yet knew anything but bad luck come to a boat that stud still even for a second in the launching-cradle," remarked Mickle. Mr. Wells's words were remembered in after years, though no one ever regarded him as gifted with any Highland seer's second sight. All that day Rube English stayed away gunning on Deadman rather than see the launch of the craft, which belonged to his hereditary foeman.

CHAPTER XXX

THE GOVERNOR VISITS COURAGE HARBOUR

CAPTAIN BENNETT, having completed the work on his schooner as regards spars and sails, then engaged a crew of about eighteen men for the Bank fishery. Jim McDougald was his "second hand" or mate, and a very reckless assistant he continued to be. The trips made by Captain Alexander between the Banks and New Port were practically of the same kind as those which he had already made between the Banks and St. Pierre in the previous season. One accident may serve to show Lan Bennett's resource and cool courage as a seaman.

He had taken his schooner to West Bight to procure a load of caplin as "bait." The tourist of to-day doesn't go by West Bight, because the place has not yet railway accommodation nearer than fifty miles, but he has travelled the line towards Placentia, and in early summer must have seen the shores near Topsail and Holyrood covered for miles with substances that shine and glisten in the sun like some rich metal thrown up from the sea, but these substances are dancing on the shore, if we may thus describe their movements. Fishermen are all along the shore with "dip" nets, taking in the fish as the surf flings them on the strand. These are the caplin which constitute bait fish for that part of the season.

And here let me repeat what has been very often said, "the Newfoundland fishermen do not yet know the value of their own fisheries," and this ignorance is retarding progress more than most of the people realize. An ignorant population will never make as much out of its natural wealth as an educated public will make, and as regards the scientific side of the fishery the Newfoundland public is quite as ignorant as it is of scientific farming. The solution of the difficulty is obviously in the extension of technical education. If fishing and farming be not soon made branches of education, farmers and educated fishermen too will come as immigrants from continental Europe, or perhaps from Eastern Canada, and make the uneducated and technically unenlightened Newfoundlander work as his obedient servant, or if you like as his slave. In the battle between technical education and unskilled labour, handy ignorance always loses the day, and let Newfoundlanders think of it. It is the handy-man idea that keeps back progress in the Newfoundland fishery and leaves the country so very little ahead of what it was in John Cabot's day; the same is true of farming.

Now Captain Lan, as far as schooling went, was rather in advance of men of his business. The fish merchants of that time and since had a great idea to get big hauls of fish and leave the cure to take care of itself very largely. And all this is emphatically due to no cause but the all-sufficient cause of not knowing any better. Captain Lan on this occasion sent the men into West Bight to get their dories filled with caplin for the next trip to the Banks. His banking schooner remained at anchor in a rather dangerously situated position farther out on West Bight shore.

In the course of the day a storm gradually arose which made it impossible for Captain Bennett to get

into the safe waters of West Bight harbour. The shore near which his schooner lay happened to be strewn with huge boulders of granite rock, and when the storm disturbed the waters there it made the place unsafe for any schooner to delay in. This emergency—for such it was—called into play that judgment combined with courage which the Newfoundland banking captain requires to possess.

Captain Bennett happened to have a crew somewhat disposed to disorder, or even to mutiny. As the vessel continued to be pounded with the sea and driven closer to the rocks, which in a little while would have "gored her sides," one anarchist amongst the crew suddenly turned on Bennett with an oath and accused him of putting them in that position by not taking better anchorage on the sheltered side of West Bight.

Lan measured the blusterer from the sou'wester down. He was of that type commonly called "white-washed Yankee," which really meant a fellow that would not get a berth on board any vessel out of Gloucester, so he drifted down to uncritical Newfoundland. Lan knew him as a blusterer and drinker, and also a desperado; besides, the wretch had an axe in his hand. Jim McDougald, seeing his treacherous movement, grasped him by the wrist from behind, and Lan managed to wrench the axe from him. Then swinging the axe above his head, Lan brought it down on the deck in such a way as to cause the other man to spring back thinking his last hour was come.

It was not to injure the mutineer that Captain Bennett thus brought down the axe, but rather to save the ship, for the keen-edged weapon in its descent severed the stout cables from which the boat swung, and then the *Wexford* bounded off to sea like a cannon ball suddenly discharged. The schooner was now

clear of the rocks, though she was driven for many hours before the gale, until after some time she safely came into a harbour near West Bight, where nother exciting adventure awaited her crew.

Captain Bennett anchored after the storm in Courage Harbour, and the port was almost a forest of masts, there being vessels there from all over Newfoundland and not a few American schooners. Here let me remark that when Newfoundland seamen meet each other or when they meet American seamen in any port they fraternize in the most jovial manner, and each man shows a disposition to contribute to the happiness of his neighbours. On this occasion when the storm-tossed crews came ashore in Courage Harbour they found the place one general scene of animation. His Excellency Governor O'Brannigan and his Lady had come from St. John's, making an official visitation of that part of the coast. At that time the Governor had some idea of establishing a summer residence in Courage Harbour—at least so it was reported. But the main purpose of the Governor's visit was to meet the fishermen personally and find out for himself what truth there might be in the rumours that there was a growing spirit of discontent amongst the people owing to the Treaty Coast difficulty. Courage Harbour gave the governing party a royal reception as was right and proper. The Governor's carriage was constructed in the form of a boat so that it could be detached from the shafts and used on the lakes, where His Excellency indulged in the Newfoundland recreation of trout fishing. After the regular procession had been held around the harbour and all the sealing guns had been discharged in the most approved fashion, the Governor addressed the lieges from the steps of the Court House. No man despised speech making

more than Governor O'Brannigan did, but her Ladyship insisted that he should address the people. Some low-minded St. John's politicians insinuated in the Press that the speech was in reality her Ladyship's composition. This was not true, for though the Governor cared little for mere oratory, he had the knack of thinking out a subject for himself without depending too much on political advisers. Thus, then, did he address the good people of Courage Harbour:—

"My friends, I am glad to be amongst you to-day and to thank you for all the trouble you have taken to extend such a hearty welcome to her Ladyship and myself. I say you have given us a hearty welcome, and indeed you have. We are especially delighted to meet here to-day so many of the hardy toilers of the deep—the bone and sinew of Newfoundland. I have seen you to-day full of enthusiasm for our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and from all that I have witnessed in this port I have come to the conclusion that you are a loyal and a devoted people, and if the day ever came that Britain wanted soldiers or sailors I am sure that the men of Courage Harbour would be the very first to respond to the call, 'If the Queen wanted soldiers to-morrow she'd easily get them to march.'

"All that being true, what is that we hear from time to time of a spirit of discontent and disloyalty amongst our people because of the Treaty Coast trouble? As representative of Royalty I cannot take sides with either party in the House of Assembly, but I can say without hesitation that this momentary discontent arises not from the minds of the people but from a few designing men who wish to promote their own ambitions.

"Mind you, I am too much of an Irishman to object to any form of legitimate agitation. My own native country—dear Erin (emotion in the crowd)—has all its

political rights—or will gain them—because here have always been Irishmen at home and abroad who, like O'Connell himself, were not afraid to wield the sword of Constitutional Agitation." (Here an old Irishman in the crowd whispered to another, "'Tis his honour can pitch the big rocks of English out of him. Mr. Malone himself couldn't bring in a bigger trip of language than 'Constitutional Agitation.'")

"Order there in the crowd," shouted an official and the Governor continued—

"My dear friends, we want just and rightful agitation; we want to make all Newfoundland

Great, glorious and free:

First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.

"We want a settlement of the Treaty Coast difficulty, and we shall obtain that settlement." (A voice: "That we will, your Highness. 'Tis you that knows it.") "We do not, however, want disturbers and plotters. We do not want men to sacrifice the peace of Newfoundland merely to advance their own interests."

The Governor's speech ended with a whirlwind of cheers, and the Government Press in St. John's came out in big letters, declaring that the Hon. Batt. Smiles might shout now for Rebellion as long as "his left lung would hold out," but the splendid reception of the Governor in Courage Harbour and his statesman-like speech would prove to all intelligent Newfoundlanders that this Treaty Coast disturbance was started by men in whom the people placed no confidence.

"We'll see about that when the election comes round," said Batt. Smiles as he read the views of his political opponents.

CHAPTER XXXI

FROM THE ALTAR STEPS OF NEW PORT CHURCH, FATHER LAMBERT DE- NOUNCES THE SMUGGLING OF LIQUOR

CAPTAIN BENNETT, in common with all the other schooner captains of New Port, had finished his summer fishing, and now Skipper Hallaway's freighting vessel lay at the wharf of Mr. Robert Bennett. The fall is a busy season in a Newfoundland coastal district, for the people are busy harvesting the results of their land and sea labours. And whilst one group of workers may be seen carrying fish on board the freighters waiting at the wharf, another is helping at the gardens or meadow-lands. The fall, too, is a very bright season in Newfoundland, in fact the so-called "melancholy days" are often brighter than early summer or spring. August and September are the island's best tourist months, or would be but for the defective state of travelling and the insufficiency of railways.

New Port, as we have seen, was right in the track of St. Pierre, being half a dozen hours' run from that depot in favourable weather. Hence there was for the New Portians an almost irresistible temptation to smuggle rum.

Now Father Lambert was a strong temperance man in practice and profession. He was personally a

total abstainer, and absolutely known and proven to be such all over New Port. Skipper Mickle Wells often said that he knew Father Lambert to travel miles in wet and cold, and he "wouldn't take so much as a half-glass of liquor to save his life." This was literally true. Father Lambert abstained from liquor personally in order to encourage the people to throw off the chains of intemperance, as he could say in all truth he would ask no man to do what he wasn't ready to do himself, that is to personally abstain for life from liquor.

Here let me make a very emphatic protest against a certain stamp of critics in Newfoundland who are predisposed to oppose and check temperance work in order to keep back the cause of temperance advocates. Against all such liquor sympathizers be it said that Father Lambert's advocacy of temperance was eminently right and proper. It was Sunday in late October, sometimes before the banking schooners were beached for the winter, and at a time when some of them, at least, would have gone to St. Pierre on a smuggling expedition; it was just at that strategic time now that the parish priest of New Port preached one of his strongest and most dignified temperance sermons. And, by the way, he made at the same Mass a publication which came as a surprise to many in the church, and to none more than to Rube English and his friend Jake Rugley. The latter was not a Catholic, but he came to Mass occasionally, not to be converted, but from motives of mere curiosity. The publication made by the pastor was that the banns of marriage are published between Alexander Bennett of Robert Bennett and Elizabeth Grogan on the one side, and Mary English of Reuben English and Dorothy O'Slattery on the other.

After this publication he proceeded to denounce the smugglers.

He stated emphatically that the occasion of this sermon was the evil custom certain people had of going to the neighbouring island of St. Pierre to bring back cargoes of liquor and distribute it along the coast, to the ruin of religion and the encouragement of crime. He went on to prove that by indulging in this thirst for liquor persons had often brought themselves to the very scaffold. Of the history of intemperance he said: "By this vice nations and empires have fallen as well as individuals. The very name of cities like Corinth are monuments to the evil of drunkenness. Well may we call it 'fiendish' alcohol, for such it is. Search the scriptures, whether in the Old or New Testament, and everywhere you will find the condemnation of this vice. Consult history, come to the story of modern nations, consider social conditions on either side of the Atlantic, and everywhere is alcohol the source of almost universal evil. From the depraved thirst for alcohol have sprung heresies not a few, and apostasies in modern times to Protestant Churches may too often be traced to drunkenness and to the vice that goes with alcoholic intemperance. Beware, my brethren, of these so-called 'moderate drinkers,' of those persons who say that we want temperance rather than total abstinence. This is the very root principle of much of modern drunkenness. A false principle like that popularized by wicked men for their own selfish end leads the foolish on to take the proverbial first glass, and before long he becomes one of the greatest monsters in God's universe: a confirmed drunkard, bound hand and foot as surely as if the irons of a dungeon rested on his limbs.

"We certainly want temperance, but in order to secure

temperance we must make total abstinence our ideal. Some people say, 'Consider the number of persons who can really take liquor in moderation, and don't be so extreme.' To all such persons I would say, 'Show me even one person who can take alcohol even in slight quantities and yet not be somewhat the worst for it. If the self-styled moderate drinkers did no other harm than preach their hypocritical theories that temperance men were too extreme, that alone would suffice to prove that moderate drinking which they advocate is merely fraudulent, and even satanic. I repeat it, satanic, for as long as temperance is not preached from an heretical motive it is devil's work to oppose it. The history of Newfoundland alone should tell us that this devil of alcoholism has filled the land with desolation. To take a lesson from our seafaring annals, some of the worst wrecks that have occurred on this coast and sent innocent people to watery graves have been brought about by drunken sea captains or masters of vessels.

"Now as regards those perverted persons who, after so many warnings from this altar, continue to smuggle rum from St. Pierre, in what language shall I speak of them? Are there any such in this church to-day? (Here, perhaps by accident, the preacher's eye fell on the infrequent countenance of Jake Rugley.) If there be any such perverts in this church to-day, I warn them to beware. I warn them that God will not be mocked. I tell them plainly that even if they are backed up in their hellish smuggling business by certain of St. John's politicians, I tell them that the same supreme power that midst storm and tempest caused more than one rum-laden craft to perish on Deadman's shore will not fail to punish them, unless they repent whilst a patient God awaits their conversion."

This sermon was not directed against Rugley more than against three or four others, but several connected him with it.

After Mass the congregation dispersed slowly, discussing the events of the week, the prospects of the crops, fish and like matters. There was one young fellow down from St. John's, staying on a visit at Skipper Mickle's. He was a clerk or assistant, on a very humble salary in a tailor's shop in Water Street, his name Arthur Duckley, and his self-conceit equal to any youth's of his size in all Newfoundland. He had a lordly disdain for the outports and the fishery business, being a very beautiful little cad; he thus addressed Skipper Mickle in the chapel yard—

"Uncle Wells, how is it that you people here can talk of nothing but fish, fish, all the time? Gout o' that wit yer fish! Talk about somethin' a fellow can take an interest in and show some knowledge of. Eh, what?"

"Look here, Arty," said Skipper Mickle to his nephew, "when you're home with yer aristocratic relations in St. John's, d'ye have bread-and-butter and tay twice a day even, or is it injun mail you'd devour all the time?"

"Sure we do, uncle; and we have all the delicacies of the season, if paw has the price of them," said Arty.

"Well, ye little pup, who gives you the delicacies of the sayson? Do they drop out of the fog from Signal Hill, or what?"

"A' gout o' that, Uncle Wells, and speak English to a fellow if yer know how."

"Well, ye little St. John's brat," said Skipper Mickle rudely, "I tell you this: we gives you your three meals a day any time ye happens to get three meals in your town. Now then, don't ask any more

questions about fish, or I'll trate you like the old maid trated the insect when she got her thumb on it."

To give Arty his due, he was only trying to draw his uncle out for the amusement of a select circle of youths like unto himself, who urged him on, but none enjoyed it better than Arty.

In other parts of the churchyard people were discussing the sermon, and many comments were made on the marriage between Lan Bennett and Mary English, which was to take place before Advent.

"Well," said one old skipper, "I never tought that slip of Rube English's was going to be married to Lan Bennett. I always tought she was going in the convent, or to be an owld maid like her Aunt Kitty. Ye can never tell what they're up to at all these times. 'Tisn't like before, now, eh, Skipper Dave?"

"No," said Skipper Dave, "times are changed for the worst. I raly do be thinking that these temperance societies and all this high falutin' is putting wrong idears in the people's heads."

"Then," said the first skipper, "there's Skipper Rube English himself. He's dead against her marryin' Lan Bennett, and 'tis said he would make her marry Jake Rugley if she wasn't Rube's own daughter and had a good deal of her father's 'stalk' (strong temper) in her."

Some writers are fond of sneering at old spinsters' gossip, but these writers should correct their prejudices. No old maid's ever dug as deeply into their neighbours' business as the two old fellows with beards over their waistcoats, whose conversation I have just noticed.

But Lan Bennett himself, where is he to-day?

He has gone over to West Bight to hear Mass.

Why?

Because if he remained in New Port he knew the whole congregation would nearly knock the breath out of him by striking him congratulatory thumps and "Well done, Lan," between the shoulders. Though he was a very brave man, he thought in a matter of this kind that a modest flight to West Bight would save him a complimentary demonstration such as might prove embarrassing.

And yet it would have been better for Lan Bennett—a thousand times better—if he had stayed in New Port that day and heard Father Lambert's sermon, with its warnings, and took the good-natured jokes about his nuptials in a similar spirit. The reason is this: West Bight had a crew of rather reckless men who were always ready for adventure. Jim McDougald went over there with Lan, and managed to engage five or six West Bighters to go to St. Pierre for a load of rum in the *Wexford*, in case Captain Bennett should give his consent to go with them as skipper. They would bring to the timberless islands a load of spruce, fir, and birch for fuel, and in exchange for that they would bring back rum and a variety of such commodities as the islands imported, and all would be transferred to Newfoundland duty free, that is—smuggled.

Unhappily, Captain Bennett did give his consent to this proposal, and against his better judgment, for he was always too much under the influence of Jim McDougald. He did not hear of Father Lambert's sermon until it was too late to profit by it. He spent the remaining days at West Bight causing his schooner to be laden for St. Pierre. Then he sailed thither with his reckless crew, and still more reckless mate, James McDougald. No sooner had he left South Bight than Jake Rugley sent a special letter to the

Government in St. John's, urging them to send a schooner with a party of armed constabulary to intercept the *Wexford* on her leaving St. Pierre. He also wrote to Louis Grenville telling him to keep an eye on Bennett whilst in the French port.

Mary English addressed a letter to her prospective husband Bennett, asking him, "for the love of God," to have nothing to do with the smuggling business, and telling him of Father Lambert's sermon. This letter she desperately sent through Rugley's post office, but Mr. Rugley obtained the letter, and, having consulted Susannah Gadder, committed it to the fire. Thus did Captain Bennet, walk into a trap that was made for him without any malice by the reckless spirit of James McDougald. An unwise companion is certainly worse than a bitter enemy.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE FIGHT ON THE DECK OF THE *WEXFORD* IN ST. PIERRE HARBOUR

CAPTAIN BENNETT'S schooner, having reached St. Pierre and anchored in the roadstead, discharged the cargoes of firewood by means of a row-boat, and put on board a cargo of rum and other goods (if rum can be called goods) by the same means. It took several days to do this, so that Louis Grenville had time to receive Jake Rugley's letter warning him to keep an eye on Bennett. Louis did this, and wrote in reply to Rugley that he was on the look out. Rugley had said in his letter that in all likelihood a schooner filled with armed policemen would intercept the *Wexford* as she left St. Pierre.

Louis registered a vow in his vicious heart that if he could do it Captain Alexander Bennett, of the banking schooner *Wexford*, would never live to take his vessel out of St. Pierre harbour. This meant that he, Louis Grenville, would, in some way or other, kill Bennett, and then take his flight to France, because at that time, in St. Pierre, there was little or no protection for a British Newfoundlander. The Government in St. John's had not even an apology for a consul such as France had in Newfoundland, and if a Newfoundlander really met foul play, that is no reason to suppose that the St. John's politicians would (to adapt Larry O'Brien's phrase) "take any illegal

means " to call his slayer to account. It might be an obstacle to their getting knighthoods if they did.

Now Louis watched carefully to find if Bennett would visit any gambling or drinking saloon, because if he did Louis would meet him there, provoke him into a drunken row, and then stab him in the course of the fight. Few men, with the fear of the scaffold before their eyes, would make such plans against a fellow-man's life, but the death penalty for murder was never as rigidly exacted under French law as it is in British territory: hence the indifference to human life shown so often by the French as well as by Americans. Now Lan Bennett, on this trip to St. Pierre, kept religiously from taking any liquor. Perhaps it was that his marriage with Mary English, which was to take place before Advent, introduced an element of steadiness and sobriety into his life. Anyway, he gave the St. Pierre tavern a wide berth.

But Jim McDougald used to reassure him in this matter by saying, " Don't mind, Lan boy, even if you are a teetotaller, because you may take your 'davy' that myself and the rest of the boys on the *Wexford* are well able to drink your share as well as our own."

Lan said this was very gratifying indeed.

" But," continued Jim, " it's mighty curious and something hard to understand how that old friend of yours, Louis Grenville, seems to haunt us like a ghost every time we go ashore to take a drop of grog at the tavern. He comes right into the shop where we're drinking and makes up some plan to join us. He's a pretty keen boy all right, but I think there are lots of better devils than Louis Grenville. He often asks why you don't come ashore and have an evening's drinking like the rest of us."

To Lan this seemed natural enough. He even thought that Louis might be on friendly terms towards him after his little display of vindictiveness. He could never think that Louis would harbour such vengeance in his heart that he could wish to kill him, and that for no other reason than that Mary English had accepted his offer of marriage, even when she wouldn't marry Louis Grenville, if he were the last man in the world.

Nor was Louis Grenville's evil disposition towards Lan Bennet the result of jealousy, at least in the ordinary sense. It was worse, if possible, than the green-eyed monster. It was simply the badness of a man who had never learned to control the wild beasts of his own passions. Mary English was only the pretence, for if Louis Grenville did not kill Lan Bennett for her sake, he'd have killed somebody else on some other grounds. That being the sort of a person he was, or as Jim McDougald said, "that was the sort of a hairpin he grew."

Then, again, Louis was a confirmed sot, and in some temperaments drunkenness develops the homicidal mania, although English law does not recognize drunkenness as an excusing cause in case of murder, but sends the inebriate just the same as the sober criminal to the gibbet. Louis, too, had much vanity and egotism. Like many people, he had any amount of wit, but his vanity was too great to allow him to have any real sense of humour or of the ridiculous spectacle he was making of himself. "'Tis a wonder," said Jim McDougald, "that little kinat of a Grenville would be making such a mummur of himself."

Now the most respectable people in St. Pierre knew, or felt, that some sort of trouble was brewing in connexion with the banking schooner *Waxford*, which

had lain now for over a week in St. Pierre port, taking aboard rum as unconcernedly as if every gallon were going to pay duty to the Government of the country in which it was to be distributed and cause more sorrow than pleasure, if the cursed material could be said to have even an ounce of pleasure to its tons of misery.

A prominent citizen of the island had given a very select dinner party, and even there it was discussed between the courses. This most respectable and wealthy citizen deemed it strange that a craft should come from Newfoundland and take a load of liquor whilst there was no Newfoundland agent in St. Pierre to look after the interest of his Government. Evidently all this must be corrected in a year or so. Fifty years were destined to pass, and even still the grievance remained unredressed.

Captain Bennett, having spent several days unloading and loading, at last decided to head his schooner for the Newfoundland coast, and then to make for St. John's, where, in league with the liquor merchants there, he would dispose of the balance of his unlucky cargo. The goods of various kinds which he purchased in St. Pierre he would sell off in New Port, and whilst he walked his deck this fine October morning, waiting for his crew to come on board, he inwardly resolved that as this was his first smuggling trip it would also be his last.

But whilst thus meditating, and perchance examining his conscience, he was suddenly aware of a row-boat being rapidly driven along from that fine pier that projects into St. Pierre harbour. Lan brightened up as he saw the boat advancing, for he had long been waiting the return of his crew from their diversion at the tavern on shore. Besides, it was a fine day, with a brisk and favouring breeze along the shore,

so he intended as soon as the men came to lift his anchor and spread his white canvas to the breeze. But what does this mean? The row-boat is getting nearer, and he sees only one man in her, and he is pulling a pair of oars. Yes, Captain Bennett stamps his foot with genuine rage, for he has reason to rage. That one man coming in the boat indicates to him that the rest of his crew is detained on shore, and that Jim McDougald, by his drunken tricks, has got into trouble with the French policemen again. He waits patiently for the single oarsman to row to the side of his schooner and clamber on deck. But what is his surprise to find in the new arrival, not one of his crew, but no other than his sworn enemy, Louis Grenville, a man who had design on his, Bennett's, life, and could have no other motive in coming in such a way to his schooner than to kill him if he could.

Louis was dressed in the rough costume of a sailor, with a hat or cap pulled well over his face as if for disguise. He had been drinking for years, and his face, overgrown with beard, had all the appearance of an utterly desperate wretch who was now become a desperado. Instead of tying his row-boat to the rail of Bennett's schooner, he flung the rope back into the little boat again and allowed it to go adrift. This action said as plainly as words: "Bennett, when I have put you out of the way, I don't care much whether your men come back and hang me like a dog from the mast-head of your schooner." In fact, if he had any wish to escape to France before, he seemed now to have no such desire.

Now Bennett had no intention of quarrelling with this lunatic if he could avoid it, but Louis wouldn't let him avoid it. On the contrary he poured forth a stream of oaths and abuse on Lan's head, which the

latter bore with almost perfect self-control until he brought Mary English's name into the dispute, and that in such a coarse manner that Bennett became suddenly transported with uncontrollable fury. Lan knew well that Mary was a girl of modesty and self-respect. He knew, moreover, that her Aunt Kitty had once said that she'd sooner see her dead than find her spending five minutes unchaperoned in the company of Louis Grenville. Knowing all this, Lan struck such a blow at the insulter as brought him to the deck. But Louis, quick as a cat, was on his feet in an instant and sprang straight at Bennett's throat.

It was now a mortal combat from which one or the other could not escape alive. Louis was both active and strong beyond what his size would warrant. Bennett was no light weight in any sort of a fight, and in length of arms he had the advantage of his opponent. Each tightened his hold on the other, and thus they swayed, staggering and rolling on the deck of the schooner, making a prolonged fight impossible. Louis kicked and struck with his fists till finally Lan brought Louis against one of the stays or ropes that connected the railing with the mast-head. But for this impediment both himself and the Breton would have gone over into the water. Perhaps it was now Louis's design that it should be so. If, however, he thus thought, he soon changed his plans, and wrenching his right arm clear of the other's grasp, he swiftly drew from his sailor sheath a knife of deadly make, used in the fishery. With this he managed to make two desperate stabs straight at Lan's heart, which the latter just succeeded in warding off.

Bennett now saw that he had to do something decisive or else be murdered. He too loosed his right

arm, not to draw a knife however, but to bring his clenched fist down in a circular blow nearly on the temple of his infuriated assailant. Brophy the blacksmith could not have struck a more sledgehammer stroke on his anvil. The stroke too had the effect of finishing the fight, for Louis's relaxed hand dropped the knife, and gasping out the two words, "Dieu miséricorde," he went backward, and falling head down over the railing of the *Wexford*, descended in an instant into the depths of St. Pierre roadstead.

Persons who have thought deeply on the mental state of those who are condemned to be hanged for murder say the very prospect of the scaffold does not produce a greater horror in their souls than they feel just after sending a fellow-creature unprepared into eternity. All this horror rushed on Bennett's mind when he saw Louis fall from his hands and disappear in the tide. Accusing himself of homicide, when he really acted in legitimate self-defence, he, without another thought, plunged after the Frenchman from the railing of the schooner, and went under the keel, swimming furiously with the desperate idea of snatching his enemy from death. But all in vain! And now in the act of coming to the surface he strikes his head violently against the bottom of the vessel, and the consciousness of cold sea and warm blood flowing into his eyes and mouth is his last waking sensation. When next he comes to consciousness he is lying in his bed in the cabin of the *Wexford*, and the schooner itself, flying over a blue sea before a lively breeze and steered by Jim McDougald, is many miles away from St. Pierre and the watery grave of Louis Grenville.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE SCHOONER RACE IN PLACENTIA BAY

THE Government in St. John's, acting on Jake Rugley's advice, lost no time in sending down a schooner and a number of armed policemen to seize Captain Bennett's vessel as she left the French port. Now we really believe that Newfoundland politicians are as a class good-natured and broad-minded gentlemen who sheath the sword when the fight is done, but we are not quite sure that in this move their zeal for the revenues of the country was not stimulated by the thought that Lan Bennett and Jim McDougald had voted against and worked against the existing administration in a preceding election. At least the Hon. Mr. Getthere had been assured by Jake Rugley that they did so, and the Government wanted no other proof. That people who voted for them were smugglers was nothing to the purpose. After they had made an example of Bennett, an opponent, they would have done a good stroke of political business, and at the same time asserted their own virtue before the world. What more could these temperance people demand of them? Besides, they could wink a friendly eye at the liquor interests and say, "You know it is only politics. We understand each other."

It was the game of running with the hare and hunting

with the hounds that always lays political patriots open to criticism. And Mr. Getthere knew every point of that game, but not a bit better than his opponent, the Hon. Batt Smiles. When the Government papers asked if the opposition wanted to favour smuggling, the Hon. Bartholomew Smiles wrote a very graceful letter to his opposition party newspaper asking, "How many of the Government supporters were themselves liquor dealers? How many of them were drinkers? How many of them used to hang around bar-rooms for treats? How many of them used to pay for liquor? How many of them used to get liquor without paying for it or ever intending to pay for it? How many of the Government supporters would steal the pennies off a corpse's eyes rather than not have the price of their diurnal Jamaica? How many of them had button-holed him personally on the north side of Water Street, and begged him to give them the price of 'wan beer,' and have their votes for ever and a day?" The Hon. Bartholomew went into these and a hundred other details which must have been nearly as gratifying to his political sympathizers as they were disgraceful to the community in which they were printed, and to the papers that published them.

Despite the fictitious zeal of the Government and the unspeakable journalistic turpitude of some politicians, Newfoundland has been a genuine temperance country, as is evidenced by the fact that sixteen out of eighteen districts have passed a local option act most successfully and carried it out consistently, though the liquor interests for selfish motives seek to prove the contrary. By all means, good reader, you can call this a temperance sermon. The author glories in being an advocate of temperance and in the abolition of the liquor traffic.

Meanwhile the Government cruiser has come in sight

of the smugglers and ordered them through a speaking trumpet to "heave to."

"We'll heave you to the dickens if you provoke us," yells back Jim McDougald, whose voice is lost on the breeze, though the defiant waving of his sou'-wester proclaims that if they want to catch them they'll have to crowd all sail.

On the deck of the Government cruiser are the policemen under the direction of a sturdy sergeant named Throttle. Now Throttle was merely a nickname which the drunken elements in St. John's bestowed upon the sergeant because of the powerful grasp with which he was accustomed to take by the throat inebriated persons who made trouble in Water Path as St. John's greatest thoroughfare was then called. Sergeant Throttle's real name was Glonger.

When sturdy Sergeant Glonger noticed Jim McDougald defying the law as represented in his own rotund person, he felt that he should assert its dignity, so he ordered his constabulary to bring their guns to position and to fire at the masts and sails of the flying smuggler but not at the deck. This he believed would cause them to surrender in due form if Captain Bennett were absolutely himself, for it disgusted his sense of decency to be a smuggler, even though he was drawn into the business by James McDougald and that once only. The constables fired and knocked splinters out of the masts.

Now as to McDougald, it was his idea of very excellent amusement to be pursued in this way by "old Throttle," as he contemptuously called that venerable official. He again swung his hat in defiance, and as the two schooners were just entering Placentia Bay it became a race between them as to whether the smuggler would escape. The policeman's schooner

was selected as being a good sailer, though Bennett's boat had been constructed for strength as well as speed. The weather too favoured such a race, for the schooners had nothing to do but merely run before an ever-increasing breeze. As they flew along in their course past the fishing grounds on the west'ard side of Placentia Bay many a fishermen stood on the deck of his boat watching the two racing schooners.

Jim McDougald was known from Portugal Cove to Point May as a very wild and foolishly daring fellow and a practised smuggler. One of the fishermen in a smaller boat called to Jim as his schooner shot by, "Hello, Jim, where are you off to in such hurry?"

"We're down the bay for a load of hay," said Jim, and the fishermen knew there was as little truth as poetry in the remark. The men in the other boats soon saw the schooner pursuing James' craft, and this turned the wrath of several of them against the Government. Here be it noted that there were as many Protestants as Catholics amongst the crews, it being near Burin District, but whether they were Protestants or Catholics they all seemed to think that it would be a "black stroke against the Government at the next election in South Bight to send policemen hunting the fishermen in that way just for bringin' a few gallons of rum from St. Pierre."

To-day common sense teaches all Newfoundlanders that the liquor trade has to be put down absolutely. The fact that otherwise shrewd men should favour liquor traffic in any way will suffice to show that temperance education is a plant of slow growth always and everywhere. It is also a plant that needs much care and watering, if we may use the word without any suspicion of punning. Too much false sympathy was extended to rum smugglers and too little towards

innocent people who saw their children exposed to the temptation of drunkenness by liquor dealers.

As the two schooners sped along under full sail, the *Wexford* continued to gain a little all the time on the policeman's craft. It might have been that the smuggling schooner was really the better sailer, or it might have been that daredevil Jim McDougald would drive his boat harder than would the skipper that pursued. As they worked further in the bay they had to be cautious to avoid collisions with other crafts and row boats that were anchored at different intervals on the fishing grounds. And now the breeze which in the morning was merely lively has risen to half a gale. The fishing boats on the grounds are unusually late with their work this year, and now they are in danger of being scattered if not wrecked by a fierce outburst of storm such as will send rolling waves all along the shore of Marquise and St. Brides and Placentia and make it necessary to cut and run for the nearest port. Now James McDougald knew that coast better than he knew the title of his prayer book, "The Path to Paradise," this being the title of his prayer book, which he seldom read, but kept locked up in his trunk.

On board the Government schooner the captain says to the sergeant, "Well, now, sergeant, I suppose if you ketch this Jim McDougald you'll arrest him. Mind you, he's a hard fellow and as big as the side of a hill."

"I don't care," said the sergeant "if he was as big as that land over there" (here the sergeant pointed to the cliffs of Red Island that were still more ruddy and golden in the setting sun). "If I get my forefinger and thumb on his wind-pipe I'll lug him off to the Queen's Hotel down be Quidi Vidi as sure as his name is Jimmy."

Now the brave sergeant meant every word of this,

and he had done it to men as hardy as Jim McDougald ; to bank fishermen who almost required the whole police force in Fort Townsend to arrest them ; but Sergeant Glonger little knew how for the first time in his life he would lose his native courage, and actually shudder and fly in terror, when confronted with Jim McDougald face to face on the very crest of the Marathon of Placentia Bay historic Castle Hill.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE LAST SENTINEL OF CASTLE HILL

IN this chapter we shall describe the incident from which we borrowed a title for the present story. James McDougald, in charge of the *Wexford*, had managed to outdistance his pursuers, and now shrewdly argued that the other boats might all run inside of Placentia roadstead and cast anchor in North East Arm, as that was the most direct run for many of them. He also surmised that the schooner carrying the police might go in the same direction. Now below that part of Placentia which bears the old French name of Marquise there extends a number of almost landlocked ports, beginning with that known as "The Reach," which if accommodated with railway branches and steam ferries would make Marquise and all the district below it one of the finest business centres in all Newfoundland.

Into one of these splendid harbours Jim McDougald brought the *Wexford*. Having consulted with Captain Bennett he rowed ashore from the *Wexford* next day and started on his walk to Placentia. He brought with him a ship's lanthorn in case he should have to return to his schooner after night. At that time the roads were uneven, and to a comparative stranger very uncertain and dangerous. The road from Marquise to Placentia ran well out

along the cliffs in many places, and as Jim went along he could see the water rolling huge waves against the hills by Pointe Molle and up towards Crevcoeur. His road so ran that it brought him out over the historic Castle Hill and very near the top of that steep which sentinels Placentia roadstead and commands a view of land and sea, mountain and meadow, beach and moor, for perhaps thirty miles in all directions.

As the French had made Placentia a military town from 1665 to 1713, for nearly fifty years they garrisoned Castle Hill, having built their fortification, the ruins of which still survive to remind the educated visitor of days when the battles of Empire were fought in Newfoundland waters. Certain historians have from time to time mistaken the whole purpose of the Castle Hill forts. Many very brilliant blunders appear to have got publicity in certain foreign newspapers. They were actually built by the French.

But now James McDougald comes along to the head of the hill and looks abroad. Away towards the south-east he may see the towering wooded crests of the hill called the Mountain. Towards the south the long line of Cape Shore runs out into the Atlantic, on the west are the headlands and islands of Placentia Bay, and immediately before he sees those two branches of sea, north-east and south-east arms, ordinarily as tranquil as summer lakes and as blue as the Bay of Naples, but now disturbed by the heave of sea that followed on yesterday's storm. He also sees that the north-east arm is practically forested with the masts of the boats that were driven there for shelter. Amongst the crafts lying under the hills his practised eye quickly notes the hull and spars of the Government schooner that pursued him the day before across the bay.

But this is not all, for as he looks down the steep side

of Castle Hill he sees coming up the figure of a constable, and a very robust-looking figure too. The more he looks the more he is convinced that the advancing figure belongs to none other than the renowned Sergeant Throttle. Now Jim McDougald was essentially lawless; he had in him much of what the American press call "gang spirit," and a very mean and contemptible spirit it is. He would have extremely relished a fight with Sergeant Throttle; such was the anarchy of his nature. But he saw that if he began to wrestle with the sergeant, both himself and that officer might roll over Castle Hill and down into the roadstead. It occurred to him therefore that he would contend against the sergeant rather by strategy than by open force, and in order to explain his plan of campaign we may remark that after the French evacuated Placentia in 1713 and the British took possession, there was a sort of vague tradition amongst the soldiers in Fort Frederick garrison that every night after sunset the last French soldier that stood sentinel at the castle used to return to the hill as a ghost and march up and down near the forts musket on shoulders as he did when the banner of King Louis waved on the heights.

Now Jim knew all the folk-lore of the district. Besides that, he had often figured at Christmas as a mummer, and dressed in grotesque costume used to go with the gang through New Port at the festive season. The plan therefore which he thought of was this; he would conceal himself behind one of the old walls of the castle, and would so pull his "jumper" and sou'wester over his face as to present a more awful appearance in the half light. Then he would set a match to his lantern and suddenly appear above the wall the moment Glonger appeared on the top of the hill.

Meanwhile the rotund sergeant comes along puffing

and blowing and declaring vengeance against the smugglers. As he advanced towards the wall Jim, having completed his disguise and lighted his lantern, springs up with a yell and fiercely waves the light in the sergeant's eyes. That officer firmly believing that it must be a ghost that rose suddenly, says in a voice of terror, "Who are you? If you were a mortal man you wouldn't startle me, nor ten like you, but tell me what you are?"

Then James, half seen in the gathering dark, answered in a deep sepulchral voice from behind his jumper, "Sergeant Throttle, you old wretch, I'm the ghost of Castle Hill, the French ghost dy'e mind? This hill belongs to you people in the day, but by japers it belongs to us French after night. I have my musket here at my feet. I just laid it down to take a shaugh of me pipe and I have to guard this hill till the French shore question is settled. But if you're on this hill one three minutes longer I'll take you be the throat and send you through the air so that you'll never stop till you land over on Daffy Hill, or I'll roll you down this hill like a puncheon. Begone, man, begone."

Jim uttered these remarks in a perfectly horrible tone, swinging his lantern the while, and the sergeant, firmly convinced that it was a spirit that spoke, and gasping out: "'Tis the ghost in earnest. Good luck to the lie in it; the old French sentry does walk the hill after sunset." Saying this, that brave old officer, whose appearance would put to flight a score of rowdies in Water Street, actually turned and fled or rolled down the hill, and so sprained himself that he had to consult Peter Brennan the bone setter when he got back to St. John's.

Jim, seeing the success of his mumming, made no more delay, but keeping his lantern lighted, he fairly raced

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back to rejoin the *Wexford*. He put the ghost scene into the form of a comic song, and Lan, despite the misery of his recent and horrible experience in St. Pierre, almost roared with laughter as Jim re-enacted the affairs in which he and Sergeant Throttle figured.

CHAPTER XXXV

ST. JOHN'S CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICERS BOARD THE *WEXFORD*

NEXT morning with a favourable breeze the *Wexford* left Placentia Bay, sailing for St. John's. She anchored about fifty hours in the harbour of St. John's, up near River Head, and then the night being favourable a skiff was run out from one of the wharves and the rum was landed in a few hours. Bennett spent some time on shore and drifted over towards the Parade Ground, where he saw the college boys playing football as he used to do a little before. Then he came over to that popular outlook the steps of the cathedral, from whence he could see the *Wexford's* masts in the harbour, as the town slopes in such a way that the water of the port is always in view. As he stood on the steps thus looking down towards the sea, which opened up beyond the colossal gateway of the Narrows, who came along but three ecclesiastics, viz., Bishop Mulloch and Frs. Carafagnini and Forrestall. Alexander avoided meeting them, because he had enough self-respect to know that it was a considerable falling away from high ideals that he, a promising college student of a few years ago, should have degenerated into a mere rum smuggler wearing a piratical-looking costume, even though he had made but one trip to the French islands.

But that evening an almost amusing and typical incident occurred. A group of Custom House officers came on board the *Wexford* to search her for the smuggled grog from keel to masthead. They were led by a notorious Custom's reformer named Harry Brass. The laughable part was that they just came on board as the last cask was taken safely on shore, and the Hon. Batt Smiles published a letter in which he insinuated that the Custom House officers were part of the skiff's crews that rowed the rum on shore and hid it for the time being in Kerry Lane or some other classically named alley.

When the Custom House officer and his men stepped on the deck of the *Wexford* they were full of zeal and importance. Mr. Brass said with the utmost impressiveness to Jim McDougald, "Now I want you to tell me like a good fellow if there is any smuggled liquor on board this craft, and if so where is it?"

Now Jim had, as we have seen, a good deal of natural talent for the theatre, and on occasion he could look like an unintelligent fellow. In answer to Mr. Brass's question he put on his most foolish and bewildered appearance, and when Harry Brass repeated the question, "was there any liquor about this craft," Jim first looked up at the masthead, then out at the booms, then he peeped down in the holds, and finally went to the outer side of the schooner and looked carefully all over them, then he turned to Mr. Brass. "To tell the truth, sir, I can't say for sure. I looked over it and found none. If you like I'll have the schooner docked and we'll examine the keel. But tell me, mister, what do you want the rum for?"

Custom House officer Brass stormed and fumed at this insulting and undignified mode of speech. "Come, my fine fellow," he said in a very bullying

tone, none of your outport smartness for me. I'm an officer of the Government and will compel you to do as I bid."

As soon as Mr. Brass began to play the bully Jim adopted the same tone, and it was perfectly natural to him. "See here, Mr. Brass," said he, "did anyone see you coming on board this craft?"

"I don't know," said Brass. "Why? What do you mean?"

"Well," said McDougald, "if you don't leave at once no one will ever see you going ashore." He then caught the Custom House officer by the back of the neck and the loose portion of the pants and dropped him like a paper package into the row boat that the officers had just tied on to the rail of the *Wexford*.

"Now," continued McDougald to Mr. Brass's men, "the tail follows the dog, you go too," and they went.

On reaching the wharf the indignant Customs' officers did what they should have done at first, that is, they dashed off to Fort Townsend to get help from the police barracks to seize the smugglers' schooner and the lawless Jim McDougald. But whilst they were thus acting Jim McDougald and Lan crowded sail on the *Wexford* and in thirty minutes were beyond the Narrows steering for New Port. Jim was a far-seeing man, and he changed the white sail of the *Wexford* for one of brown colour, and this, and this alone, enabled the smugglers to pass unchallenged the Government cruiser carrying Sergeant Throttle and his men, which went by them near Cape Race, returning to St. John's.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE PARTY

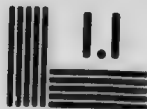
IT was a few weeks after Christmas that Mr. Robert Bennett, to please his son Lan, or rather to please Lan's friends, gave a dancing party and supper at his house. In those old days there was too much of enforced idleness during the winter months caused by lack of industries, or rather caused by the fact that most of the wage-paying industries were concentrated in one town to the great injury of the island and the benefit of no one. The best hope both for St. John's and for Newfoundland will be in the growth of half a dozen large towns, especially towards the west, north and centre of the island. If Green Bay became, as every person hopes it will become, the terminus of a swift line of steamers from Galway in Ireland, thus reducing the Atlantic voyage to less than a three days' run, then Newfoundland will have solved its most difficult problem, that of over centralization. Why should not some northern town like Twillingate be the future New York or Liverpool of the island?

Now in places like South Bight the fishery was still the chief business, especially as mineral regions like Deadman's Head were not destined to astound the nations for at least fifty years after the departure of Silas Flusher for another world. Thus proving that in mineralogy as in other sciences genius is never



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appreciated in the lifetime of the individual. In fact, Silas Flusher was generally laughed at as a visionary for his faith in Deadman, when he was not denounced as a fraud for seeking to borrow money to work such a hopeless mining property.

But though the fishing and some agriculture were the chief and only resources of South Bight at that time, they enabled the people to live happy and contented lives during the long winter months, and at Christmas time there was much social diversion, for even more than the twelve days were given over to such festivities as visits, songs, story-telling and the popular pastime known as the mummering, said to be of Devonshire origin. This latter amusement consisted in a number of men called mummers dressing themselves in grotesque costumes decorated with many-coloured ribbons. The mummers went from house to house reciting verses and receiving or perhaps demanding refreshments. They were not always benevolent; on the contrary, they often used this disguise to wreak vengeance on their enemies, and were eventually put down by law.

On the night that Robert Bennett gave the social dancing party in honour of Alexander and his prospective marriage, a party of mummers, led by Jake Rugley, came to the house and shared in the pleasure of the hour and in the glow of the dog-irons piled high with blazing birch, fir and spruce. They listened to Skipper Mickle Wells tell his old stories of the seal fishery or perchance relate some other marvels of hunting or seafaring.

The mummers left the house, and towards midnight all the guests departed, leaving Lan and Jim McDougald seated by the dying embers of the dog-irons, discussing perhaps their plans for the coming year. Suddenly

they are startled by a tapping at the window. Lan goes, raises the blind and sees horror of horrors, the face of a woman looking in! The face was white as the face of the dead, with hair flowing loose on the shoulders. And it is the face of no other than Mary English. But how and why?

Lan opens the window and in a terror-stricken voice she tells him to fly from New Port for his very life. But why? The reason is this. There was a boat at that moment anchored in the harbour. It was full of policemen and they were coming, led by Jake Rugley disguised as a mummer, to arrest him for smuggling. Mary herself from her house which overlooked the sea saw the signals exchanged by lights from the witches' den on Deadman's Head and Rugley's stage. She saw the strange schooner entering the harbour, then she came at the risk of her life, for her father would kill her, so he said, if he discovered her on such an errand. Having thus come and given her message, led on as the poets say by the instinct of love, she turned and fled back like a spirit to her house, and Lan Bennett and Jim McDougald had now to confront a new problem.

Whilst Lan is looking through the front window he sees the policemen coming up from the shore led by Jake Rugley, the mummer, as Mary said. Whilst Lan sees all this Jim, unknown to him, has taken down a loaded sealing gun from the rack across the beams of the old-time room. Presently a heavy sealing shot rings out, and Lan desperately snatches the gun from the other's hands.

"What have you done, you wild beast?"

"What have I done, but what I should do? Don't you see Rugley stretched out there on the snow?"

It was true. Lan saw in his despair that Jim's

shot had singled out Rugley the mummer, and brought him to the ground. Then he sees the policemen rush towards the house. Jim McDougald disappears through the back window with the intention of collecting a party of New Port men to beat off the police. Presently the familiar form of Sergeant Throttle enters the doorway, and finding Lan with the smoking sealing gun in his hand, he says to him, "I arrest you for resisting the law, in the Queen's name." And Lan makes no answer, but goes to the boat with the constables.

CHAPTER XXXVII

AN ANCIENT NEWFOUNDLAND MAIL-
CARRIER

JAMES McDOUGALD did not succeed in exciting the people of New Port to resist the police and rescue Bennett, for the New Portians had too much common sense to undertake such an enterprise. Nor did he realize that Bennett was to be tried on the charge of murdering Rugley, and charged too for that crime before Judge Roper who was notorious as a "hanging judge." If James McDougald realized this he would have given himself up to the police as the real culprit and secured Bennett's liberation. As it was, however, when he failed to rescue his friend by a popular insurrection in New Port he made for West Bight, and then took passage by a Gloucester schooner which landed him in Boston. Jim's taste for military life led him to join the northern army of the American republic, which at that time was receiving volunteers from all parts of the world, and amongst them hundreds of Newfoundlanders who emigrated to U. S. A. during the civil war period. As soldiers or navy men, there were very few nations that could compete with the Newfoundland banking fishermen or seal hunters.

But Jim's comrade had been brought by the Government schooner from South Bight to Placentia, and there he is placed on Jim Rafferty's catamaran and

guarded by one policeman only. The party of three starts for St. John's by the Colinet and Salmonier road, a journey of eighty-four miles.

Jim Rafferty was a type of those fine, sturdy, old mail-carriers, men of physical energy and courage who in pre-railway Newfoundland confronted every condition of weather and every possible obstacle in tangled forests or on bleak barrens to carry the mails from one district to another. Mr. Rafferty worked on the route between Trepassy, St. Mary's and Placentia, and it used to be said of him that the news which he carried in his letter satchel was nothing to what he carried in his brain and distributed to the public through a good-humoured and witty tongue. Nothing could vex Jim Rafferty and nothing could terrorize him. As for ghosts he knew every one of them, from Father Duffy's Well to Chain Rock, and in fact said that on more than one occasion he gave them a lift along the road, so as to keep on good terms with such folks.

As Ian Bennett and the policemen sat on the slide and drove along the solid ice of the South East Arm, which in those years of hard winters used to make a safe thoroughfare for traffic, Mr. Rafferty was unusually quiet, impressed by the belief, which he was not the only one to hold, viz., that Alexander Bennett of South Bight when tried by Judge Roper would be sent to the scaffold. But Jim Rafferty wasn't the man to keep still all day, especially as it was a fine winter day of bright sunshine and good driving.

In order to break the ice of solemn quietness he suddenly said to the police officer, "Mr. Simms, did ye ever drive on the same slide over night with a corpse?"

Mr. Simms had to admit that most of his driving was done with living men, most of whom were very

lively corpses, in fact too lively to be comfortable for the policeman who conveyed them, especially when they had taken what they called "Billy Wall's Tea," another name for St. Pierre rum.

Then Mr. Rafferty proceeded to tell of a wonderful journey he made to Holyrood with a corpse. After that he opened up a whole satchel of stories about every variety of creature to be met on that road, from a bee to a horse-fly, and his narrations were so mixed up with fact and fiction that the shrewd listener could scarcely tell where truth ended and invention began.

One of the most remarkable of his stories was about a caribou hunt on the banks of Colinet River. He told this story after coming to the Colinet River. We shall give the first of his remarks and nearly in his own words.

"Ye see," said Mr. Rafferty, "it was this way. About twelve years ago, when this part of the country was less populated be the human family than it is now, the deers in this direction used to be shockin' bowld and forward in a way of speakin'.

"One year old Colonel Skinhead came along this road and there was a party of officers with him, and they got me to navigate them through the country. Well, we left our horses two miles inside the south-east mountain and we got on the track of a herd of deer that made for this side of the country. After three or four hours of the hardest kind of travelling we came upon the deer and there they were as bowld as brass, drinkin' out of the strame near Curnet and guzzling the water just like people would. Well, sir, they looked at our party comin' along and every man of us had a loaded gun and they didn't mind us very much but got themselves in line to swim or wade

across the river. And they were as leisurely as you like. We came down to the edge of the river or near it, intending to blaze away at the deer as they went across the river. And we'd have opened fire on them and turned the whole herd into venison in no time. But the comicaest thing you ever heard or seen occurred just then. And it was near being tragedy instead of comedy for us. 'Twas like this.

"The owld stag or the deer that led the herd did not go across the river at all, but stood on the bank like a piece of rock or an owld general of the Roosian war. He waited and saw all the herd across, or at least we'll under way. Then he turned and eyed us, much as to say, 'Now, my fine fellows, what's your business here on my grounds? I'm just going to give ye a bit of a lesson that ye needn't go to college to learn—that I am.' And saying that with his eyes, and before we could fire a shot, he rushed down on us with the purpose of killing us with a blow of his fore-foot or takin' out our intestines with his horns. Well, every one of us flung himself face and eyes on the ground, and the Stag raced by us like wan of them railway things. Then we sprang to our feet again and aimed our guns point blank at him, and what do you think but he made back at us again and we were just in time to fire all our guns right at him before he'd have tossed some of us on his antlers for sure.

"Well, to see the cray-chure with all the shot holes in his hide and covered with blood! But as he lay nearly dead he gave wan last look at the herd of deer that had crossed t'e river and was disappearing into the woods on the other side. The look the stag gave was just like the look some of those old warriors would give when they'd lay down their own lives to save their army from its foes.

"Now," continued Mr. Rafferty, "that's the most curious thing I ever met since I kem from Ireland. But, Captain Bennett, as I understand you're a college graduate, I hope you'll excuse me if I didn't grammar and Englishify the story in the right way."

The travelling party spent the night at Jim Roches' decent inn at the Head of Salmonier Arm and then drove on, reaching Topsail at nightfall. There they stayed at the Bell Island View Restaurant, and as Miss McGrath, an Irish spinster, gave them a smoking dish of ham and eggs she said, "Well, Mr. Rafferty, here it is the same old dish again. We never change the ham and eggs unless we give eggs and ham."

"Why, Miss McGrath, me dear, not a wan of meself objects to ham and eggs so long as the grub is clane, and there's not a claner one than yerself from this to Colliers."

Next day, as Mr. Rafferty's steed travelled briskly along the route towards St. John's, they were saluted by various sleigh drivers, all of whom knew Rafferty. Entering the town near the west end they came along Middle Path, now Middle Street, by a then rough road. So they continued until they reached the institution known as the Penitentiary, where Constable Simms gave Alexander Pennett in charge of an underturnkey named Billy Dexter. The chief of the prison was away canvassing votes for his party in South Bight.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A DARING SWIM IN QUIDI VIDI LAKE

LAN BENNETT had been tried in all form by Judge Roper and condemned to twelve months' imprisonment in the new penitentiary which was just built on the south shores of Quidi Vidi Lake—and its gloomy walls do not add any beauty to that charming scene.

Bennett was charged especially with having fired the shot that wounded Jake Rugley. Sergeant Throttle found him with the gun smoking in his hand. Now Alexander Bennett might have talked out of the court-house a free man and returned to New Port and married Mary English, but actuated by a deep sentiment of honour he refused to tell that Jim McDougald had really fired the fatal or nearly fatal gun. He took the penalty of his comrade's criminal rashness on his own head, and as Judge Roper believed there was a dangerous spirit of rebellion in South Bight in connexion with the Treaty Coast difficulty, he determined to make a signal example of this man, who appeared to be a ringleader amongst the malcontents of a high-spirited district.

Lan had served about seven months of his term on the bank of Quidi Vidi when the incident occurred which procured his dramatic liberation. It was on the occasion of the annual regatta or boat racing

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exhibition on Quidi Vidi Lake, the whole surrounding country and town being represented in the gathering on the sloping banks.

At that time the racing boats were of every variety, from the big skiff to the punt. There were also some racing machines of more modern construction, and in these latter the more exciting contests took place, inasmuch as at that time the skiffs and punts were put on the lake rather to add to the comedy of the occasion and as representatives of the older days when Quidi Vidi racing was merely beginning. In all probability the first races were informal affairs between the fishermen of Quidi Vidi and those of the west end, which grew into recognized holiday events of a formal and official kind as early as the forties or thirties of the past century. We base these surmises on the theory that 1915, the Waterloo centennial, might have been but for the war a landmark year to hold a centennial also of the regular establishments of Quidi Vidi races. Supposing, that is, that such races were held in any form as early as 1815. Popular tradition would seem to indicate the holding of these races at that date or earlier.

In the year we refer to public opinion seems to have been unusually inflamed, although the Newfoundland national holiday found all political parties united with the purpose of making the holiday a genuinely national event. The warhorses of both camps came on one platform, under the title of Regatta Committee. On that platform even such gladiators as Mr. Getthere and the Hon. Batt Smiles consented to forget their fictitious quarrels and to appear arm in arm before the public, just like two loving brothers from Fogo, as Tom Manus happily put it in an after-dinner speech in which he replied to the toast of the Army and

Navy, Tom himself having once been a volunteer in the Newfoundland regiment and sustained an injury in the hip by falling off a horse on the parade ground. At present Tom was a professional undertaker, and his great rival in that business was Toby Boneyard, a politician from Little Paradise.

Instead of firing pistols to start the boats Manus and Denis McKay that year appear to have taken turns blowing a conch as a signal, each relieving the other in the conch blowing at alternate races.

And now the skiffs and punts having won or lost the different races, Tom Manus stood on a stump and said to the crowd, "Ladies and gints, meself and Dinny McKay will now proceed to blow our conchs and after that the boats will pull out like Lucifer going through Athlone." (Loud laughter from the crowd.) "Now, ladies and gints," said Manus, "I'll blow me conch and Dinny McKay do ye do the same."

Tom Manus and Dinny McKay then proceeded to make their conchs awaken the echoes, and away started the four boats, the new boat being a little behind the other three. The *Kilkenny Cat* took the third place up the pond, then came the *Shannon City*, and the *Native* (we are proud to state) led the line. The best crew on the lake was selected by Teddy Jackman to man the *Shannon City*, but up and down the "pond" she seemed to roll like an old cask, rather than cut the water as a keen-prowed racing machine should.

The gamblers who had spent money on the *Shannon City* (and they were very few of such) threatened to drag Manus and Dinny McKay at the tail end of a skiff up and down Quidi Vidi for having announced such an old tub as one of the racers of the day. Thus they swore every oath they could think of at the poor racing speed of the *Shannon City*.

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But besides being several hundred yards behind the winning boat, the *Shannon City* played a dirtier trick than that, she was rowed by the best oarsmen on the pond, but the very excellence of the rowers precipitated the catastrophe. They worked so vigorously at the old tub, as she was called, that finally when they were half way up the pond and the *Merve's* turning of the buoy was being announced to the people by Dinny McKay's conch, the *Shannon City* turned bottom up and quietly poured men and oarsmen and her mobile property into Quidi Vidi's chilly tide.

Oh, and what a shout of terror rose from the banks as the oarsmen are seen struggling in the water! And the cry rings out, "Save them! Save them! Save them!" But who'll do it? But who is that one man ahead of all others and in the race to save life? See! look at him! He has sprung from the high wall of the penitentiary; he rushes to the edge of the lake; he pauses merely for a moment to fling off his boots and coat; he plunges into Quidi Vidi and swims with a lion's strength to the upturned *Shannon City*.

Of the six men in the boat one only was unable to swim, and this man was going down for ever when the bold rescuer brought him to shore by the simple process of swimming on his own back and beating off the half-drowned man with his fists whenever he attempted to grasp him in such a way as to risk dragging both the rescuer and the rescued under water. Yes, he has brought him ashore safe and sound, and never before nor since did Quidi Vidi witness a bolder rescue. A cheer rings out from end to end of the lake, because cheers really cost nothing, and besides they have a hygienic effect in the way of expanding the lungs. So the people cheer like fine fellows.

The other five men were saved by their own swimming, and in this way did it happen. It seems there's a virtue in everything if only you know how to find it, and though the racer *Shannon City* was a joke as a rowing machine she had a splendid spread of bottom, and when she turned upside down the swimmers had nothing to do but keep themselves afloat long enough to climb upon her broad bottom and remain perched there till Billy Dexter got a row boat and a crew to take them ashore. And the joke of it was that Under-turnkey Dexter put in a claim to the Government for having saved the man who was in real danger.

But who was the hero who dashed into the lake and brought ashore that drowning man? Who was he but our old friend Alexander Bennett of New Port, who that day was working inside the penitentiary grounds when Billy Dexter's shrill voice said to him, "Bennett, for the love of Mike, run out there and save these drowning craychures. You can swim like a sea-bird. I'd do it myself in a jiffy only I have a tetch of de roomaticks and an awful pain in me jowl." Almost before Billy Dexter had stopped speaking Bennett was cleaving the waters of Quidi Vidi to save the drowning oarsmen.

And now a word as to the *Shannon City's* builder and designer. He was a good-humoured chap named Anthony Clashing from Open Vote Harbour. He saw the *Shannon City* was a smile, so next summer he put on the lake a real racer named the *Brian Boru*, which took all the prizes, including a brass shield known as the Morris Trophy and the Jackman Pin. Thus did he turn the laugh against his opponents, and young Peter McGrath from Snipe Cove coxswained the victorious *Brian Boru*, whilst a man from Gibb's Town

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pulled the bow oar, though at first he excited the hilarity of the small boys by "catching crabs"—that is, tumbling over the thwart occasionally, for he was a barber by trade.

But the news of the disaster and Bennett's gallant rescue of the drowning spread over St. John's like wildfire. The old city by the Narrows is more profoundly moved by a deed of seafaring chivalry than any other city in America or in Britain's Empire. For nearly four hundred years, since the days of old Skipper Cabot, has St. John's sent its boldest and its best to confront the terrors of the Arctic or the not lesser perils of the Tropics.

CHAPTER XXXIX

A DARING SWIM IN QUIDI VIDI LAKE (*continued*)

NOW the lieges have left the Lake side and have converged to that place near Water Street, near the so-called "Beach" (it may have been a beach once). A pork barrel was rolled out from Benjamin Grieves' shop, and Murphy was asked to mount the pork barrel and address the gang. Now at that time there was in St. John's East a sort of a "Woman's Rights Club," presided over by a spinster popularly known as Amelia Biggins. This good lady elbowed her way through the crowd, and standing in the open space prepared to address that very intellectual audience. She continued in a few shrill words that if woman had the rights such a brave and beautiful man as Alexander Bennett would not be down in a penitentiary while cowardly creatures like Tommy Manus and Dinny McKay tried to make a living ranting politics from the heads of pork barrels.

"Well, Miss Biggins," said Manus, "personally I'm an undertaker; here's my card and address. 'I'm prepared any day to lay you or friends out in six feet of sile and do it nate at that. But then we can't always live by the dead, so wance in a while I take an enterest in the affairs of me native sod."

"Well done, Manus," shouted the mob.

"Now, Miss Biggins," cried a voice from the crowd,

"take a fool's advice and go home and peel potatoes av' ye have no children to keep their faces clane. We intends to listen to Tommy Manus. Now then, Tommy, get up yer sails and tell us where we'll strike the seals."

Miss Biggins still held her ground, but the man next her shouted, "'Tis Manus we want to hear, me good woman; he's wan of the male ganders."

After this delicate and refined speech Miss Biggins was passed to the outer edge of the crowd as if she were a handbox, and then Manus proceeded with his speech, prefacing his remarks by reciting "Lord Ullin's Daughter" in a musical Irish brogue—then very general in St. John's.

Then another voice arose. "Yerrah, Manus, port yer helm, 'tisn't about Skipper Allen or his daughter we want to know, but what are we going to do about Captain Bennett, that fine bowld' and plucky man that had sperrit enought to race into the lake to save that Torbay man, and bring him ashore?"

Manus, in spite of all his politics, could talk occasionally with an energy, a spirit and a determination that would carry the mob with him, especially when the mob wasn't ultra intelligent.

"What are we going to do?" said he as he waved his hands like two sails. "I'll tell you men what we're going to do. We're going to take Alexander Bennett out of the pen., and we're going to do it before six o'clock this evening, supposing we had to take Governor O'Brannigan on our back down to the Lake and make him open the door himself. That's what we're going to do, and if I can get ten men to follow me, I'll lead the crowd or die in the attempt."

Now this happened to be just the sort of a speech for which Manus was anxious. It was the kind of a speech that turns the tide of battle and makes history. The

crowd caught it up with a fierce hurrah. "Manus for ever! Let us hear from the Governor!" And in ten minutes, having placed themselves in a rough and ready procession, with Manus at their head, carrying a Union Jack and a native flag, they were thronging the grounds of Government House and trampling them out of recognition.

But alas! for the vanity of political ambition. It was just like Manus that he should be a minute or so too late, because, by the time he led his crowd into the grounds another audience was already gathered there, and behold! in front of the building the Hon. Messrs. Getthere and Bartholomew Smiles are addressing the people, and Governor Brannigan standing between both is smiling all over his face like the traditional "basket of chips."

Manus had fought a brave fight, but politics are politics, and he was beaten at his own game. Batt Smiles was now in the centre of the stage, with Mr. Getthere running him an extremely good second. The sudden interest which Messrs. Smiles and Getthere took on the fate of Lan Bennett may be attributed in part to the natural benevolence of these gentlemen, and in part to the fact that there was to be a general election in South Bight in the following November. Alas! how few men's motives are absolutely pure.

The outcome of the speeches by Messrs. Smiles and Getthere was this, that Alexander Bennett was liberated from the penitentiary that very evening, but when Judge Roper heard the shouting of the people and saw the torchlight procession that marked the event, he took an oath that if ever he got Bennett in his power again he would call in the British Navy rather than yield to the clamour of a St. John's mob.

CHAPTER XL

THE ELECTIONS IN SOUTH BIGHT

THE excitement over Lan Bennett's liberation from the penitentiary occurred in August, and the elections were declared in South Bight for November, nomination day having occurred in the preceding month, i.e., after the twentieth of October. The two opposing chieftains were the Hon. Mr. Getthere for the Government and Hon. Batt Smiles for the opposition. Samuel Grafton, a St. John's politician and a nephew of the editor of the bi-weekly *Star*, and Henry Gleason, a native of South Bight, made up with the Hon. Mr. Smiles the opposition trio, whilst Arthur Punch and James Running seconded the efforts of Mr. Getthere as his colleague.

Now neither the Honourable Mr. Getthere nor Mr. Smiles happened to be extravagantly popular. In fact, they were both said to be gentlemen to whom the famous phrase, "too sweet to be wholesome," might be applied with singular accuracy. It was openly stated and universally believed that when they got back to the rum shops in St. John's they used to boast very vociferously of the way in which they pulled the wool over the eyes of the people of South Bight.

The two papers, the bi-weekly *Star* and the *Delineator* in St. John's fairly excelled themselves in their methods to advertise each its own candidates.

The words they applied to each other were not of a kind to reflect very creditably on the intelligence of their readers. "Our gutter-snipe contemporary, the bi-weekly *Star*." "Our pitch-like opponent, the dirty *Delineator*." These were amongst the least unrefined of the terms that these two leaders of public thought used of each other. If the press is yellow it is just as well to realize that it is made so.

Newfoundland has actually a keener sense of justice and right in its public affairs than any other country in the British Empire, but there is this difference, that the community life is isolated and narrow, and political strife becomes personal and individual. The people as a whole do not want a degraded press, but they want to win elections, and when their political passions are excited they let the dogs of journalism loose, and reform becomes more difficult the longer it is delayed.

In discussing the approaching election in South Bight these two journalistic charmers used all the type they could to catch the public eye. And such advertisements as they made for their respective parties! As specimen headlines we might give the following:—

The people of South Bight tricked.

Seven-and-sixpence. Getthere publicly branded as a liar, a drunkard, and a thief.

Smiles won't smile when the ballots are counted.

Getthere and Smiles fight with fists on nomination day.

Batt Smiles too drunk to speak at West Bight.

Batt Smiles in alliance with rebels against the British flag.

Smiles takes supper at the house of Brophy the blacksmith, a notorious Irish Fenian.

Smiles speaks in a Protestant school.

Getthere ridicules the temperance society to catch the smugglers' vote.

The most amusing incident in the election was when Mr. Getthere went to hold a meeting at a place called Dalton's Guiley. Jim Gaultoss and all his clan came to the meeting. The Gaultosses had been Protestants, but were converted by Father Lambert. Mr. Getthere did not know of their conversion, and assuming that he had a Protestant audience he began to speak to them as such, and asked them to help him, who was a good Protestant like themselves, to check the growing power of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland.

Old Jim Gaultoss, a man nearly six feet six inches, with a beard of the manilla rope or oakum variety and a sleepy voice, rose up out of his slumber and startled the member by saying :

"Hon. Mr. Getthere, ladies and joints, I just wants to spake me moind. I ain't used to public speaking or private aither, becace of a man, and that's the way 'twas with me always since furst I kem to this kentry from the Channels Islands. But I wants to say, Mr. Getthere, sir, that you've ran yer craft on the rocks in mistaking us byes for Protestants. We wuz like yerself, Mr. Gett' re, till a few months ago, when we came on boord Father Lambert's boat and bekem Catholick, so now, Mr. Getthere, we don't want to insult ye as the yother boys does, but we ask ye to lave our religion alone."

Here James Gaultoss sunk down on the end of a butter tub and went to sleep again. In fact, Jim was so habitually asleep that the boys an the roads as he walked used to say, "Hallo, Mister Gaultoss, wake up and fling us down a quid of your best 'honey due' tobacco." But he wasn't asleep when the Catholic Church was attacked.

The joke at Mr. Getthere's expense reached all over

South Bight, and finally confronted him in the House of Assembly in St. John's, and really his sleek and oily bigotry deserved much more ridicule than it got.

A very comic scene also occurred at the Getthere meeting when three or four young men from Conk Harbour struck up in chorus a ballad entitled, "The Courage of Newfoundland Fishermen." They clasped hand ; then flung feet ; and each placing his hand on his eyes to exclude distractions gave forth the following effusion almost in the lugubrious tone of the Irish Kean or banshee note :—

BRAVE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN

Now list all ye who fain would hear
A tale of Newfoundland
And how her sons unknown to fear
Did make a gallant stand.
It happened down in New Port
On a wild December morning,
When twelve men did risk themselves
All doubt and danger scorning.

The winds rolled high the ocean on Deadman's shore that day
An American barque, the *Gloucester*,
A hopeless wreck she lay.
Brave Robert Bennett saw her spars as they were driven by,
And swift to New Port he sped to save the crew or die :
The fishermen about their work not thinking then of dangers.
"Come on, my boys," said Bennett, "to save the drowning
strangers."

The men dropped work and hastened forth
To face the deadly risk :
Unused were they to bide at home
When duty said "be brisk."
In haste they hie them to the cliffs
And look upon the sea,
And never scenes more dreadful the human eye could see.
For the storm king gathered all his force
And hurled against the rock

Such mountain waves as seem to say,
 "We human efforts mock."
 The winds blew fiercely on the land
 As though to sweep away
 The strong foundations of the hills
 And scatter them like sand.
 The sea birds flew from off the sea,
 The angry tempest fearing.
 The cliffs rose straight 'bove other cliffs
 As though man's efforts jeering;
 The heights were straight down to the sea,
 Where rocks and boulders lay.
 To go down o'er such dreadful paths
 Seemed worse than man can say,
 But seamen brave of Newfoundland were not the ones to
 shirk or fly.
 "Ropes around waists," said one, said all,
 "We'll save these drowning men or die."
 No sooner said than fast to waist they tied the hempen cord
 And down the cliffs two hundred feet
 They went without a word.

Soldiers oft on battle plain have faced both shot and shell,
 But soldiers never faced worse death than those of whom we
 tell.

No thought of fear was in their hearts as down the cliffs they
 went:

On saving others from the sea
 Their minds were wholly bent.

The cliffs were steep; the rope was weak;
 Death glared on every side:
 Above the trackless wall of rock,
 Below the raging tide.

No hope for them if that weak rope
 Do yield to such a strain:
 The rocks and wave below their path
 Would break them midst the ocean wrath.

They meet the fierce Atlantic face;
 They battle hard mid rock and sea;
 And for three full days they risked their lives along that
 storm-torn strand.

298 THE LAST SENTINEL OF CASTLE HILL

Hardship and cold and death they faced,
Like the hero sons of Newfoundland.
Five drowning men they picked from waves
And carried up the cliffs.
To do such task
Required giant's strength
And hero's dauntless heart.
Whilst such are they who guard our shores
We fear not any land.
Our island boasts a many thousand more,
Like dauntless Bennett of South Bight grand.

CHAPTER XLI

SOUTH BIGHT GETS READY FOR
THE POLITICAL BATTLE

AS the young men finished these verses of a well-known local ballad they were vigorously applauded, not for the poetic merit of the song, but for its faithful description of incidents so well known to the audience.

Robert Bennett had been for years a recognized leader in all deeds of seafaring chivalry in South Bight. Lan Bennett was also very popular, and the Hon. Batt Smiles so worked his campaign as to make the people forget the extreme odiousness of his own party. The Hon. Batt concentrated all attention on the evil deeds of the Government, and made it appear that through motives of mere spleen the Government had taken action against Captain Bennett and maintained on the bench Judge Roper, a perfect tyrant and a bigot, who would not be tolerated in any other part of the British Empire.

To all these charges Mr. Getthere made what reply he could, but the tide of popularity had set in strong against his party, and in Newfoundland the tide of political feeling is all the more violent that it runs in very narrow and sometimes unscrupulous channels.

Two typical incidents occurred in Conk Harbour.

It seemed that in that place Mr. Getthere had supplied a number of fishermen with gear for their business, and amongst other things he sold them fog-horns on credit. Now, when he came to Conk Harbour to address a meeting, the whole locality turned out practically to mob him, and they used his own fog-horns to blow their scorn after his retreating barque. They were notoriously an ignorant and low and very dirty crowd in that particular place, but the joke was that they used his own fog-horns to play him out of the harbour.

"Don't you see, Getthere," said Skipper Mickle, "it's this way with the boys of Conk Harbour? They won't pay you for your fog-horns, and they say you won't pay your creditors more than seven and sixpence in the pound. So it's as broad as 'tis long, like the Connaught man's blanket when he has wan, and 'tis the owld saying over agin he 'honest fishermen' pays for all and is chateau e all."

At this time Lan Bennett was in the United States, having sailed thither after his honourable liberation from a penalty which took nothing from his character, because the charges imputed to him were wrong. Jim McDougald had written urging him to come to Boston, as there was great excitement in that country over the civil war, which divided the North and the South. At that time volunteer defenders of the American Union were pouring in from all over the world, and amongst them were several hundreds of Newfoundlanders. From the very foundation of the Republic there had been Newfoundlanders to uphold the American flag, and this notwithstanding the firm and unswerving loyalty of the Tenth Island to Britain's throne Jim McDougald had enlisted with the Federal or Northern Army with which England

had sympathized, and no highland chieftain of ancient Clan McDougald looked more soldierly than did our Newfoundland fisherman in his uniform of blue.

Lan Bennett had not yet decided what course he would pursue as regards employment. But whilst he was waiting in his boarding house in Boston he received an anonymous letter in a carefully disguised hand, in the writing of which three or four might easily have taken part. Now this letter proceeded to warn Lan concerning Mary English, that she was on terms of constant intimacy with a young man in the place. And the letter wound up by urging Lan to "pitch Mary English to the dickens, as she was a mean, dishonourable, two-faced creature; sly, deep and hypocritical."

Lan's nature was by no means jealous or suspicious, and his common sense told him that this malicious letter must have been penned by some one of very debased nature. Still the slander did its work, and he was tempted to believe it might be true or half true, forgetting that such anonymous writers as the person he just got a letter from would lacken the character of the angels. At the present time our police detective system is so perfected that anyone who gets an unsigned or falsely signed letter may send it to any detective bureau in almost any city and have it traced from post office to post office and the guilty parties punished by law. But at that time it was not so.

Now at that same time that Lan got the anonymous letter concerning Mary English sent from Newfoundland, she got a letter concerning *him* mailed from East Cambridge, Boston. In this letter it was stated that Lan was engaged to be married to a wealthy widow, that he had ridiculed his supposed engagement to Mary English, and the letter concluded by saying that "if Mary English had any spirit she would

pitch Lan Bennet overboard and marry the first desirable young man that would seek her hand." Now without further mystifying the reader, we may say at once that both of these letters were either written or inspired by Jake Rugley and Miss Susannah Gadder.

Let it be stated in the most delicate possible terms that Miss Gadder some years before had been involved in a scandal in which Rugley participated. The neighbours guessed rather than stated how the scandal was hushed up. The mother of Susannah Gadder was Judith Gadder, the witch of Deadman's Head. Now Rugley refused with scorn to marry Susannah Gadder, and the widow Gadder swore from the depths of her soul that in exchange for her daughter's dishonour "she would get Rogley's head in a bag some way or other." That she fulfilled her oath both in the letter and in the spirit we shall see before the end of this tale.

Susannah Gadder herself, like the miserable creature that she was, became a partner with Rugley in the work of smuggling, selling rum and keeping a low dance house. She probably expected that her seducer would one day marry her. Old widow Gadder added fortune-telling to ship-wrecking in her den on Deadman's Head. Hence her popular title of "the witch". Now when Susannah Gadder found that Rugley would not marry her, but on the contrary wished to marry Mary English in order to get Rube English's house and farm, her love was changed into a fury of jealousy, and she entered into a plot with her mother to bring about her faithless lover's destruction, given a fair opportunity.

In all this miserable business Father Lambert could do nothing except see his parish injured, because

neither the Gadders nor Rugley were members of the Catholic Church, either in practice or by profession. The Protestant lay reader, Isaac Paddle, made an honest attempt to convert Miss Gadder, but she turned on him like a tigress. "It's bad enough," she cried, "to have the Romish priest, owld Lambert, abuse us from the altar, but you, you cuss, git out," and she chased the poor man with a kettle of boiling water.

Now all this village gossip or scandal was brought into the South Bight election by both parties, and the youth of that settlement would have had their minds well vitiated if Father Lambert did not sharply reprimand those who used such tactics in a sermon which he gave in New Port Church. His words sank deeply into the minds of his hearers, because they knew that he did not favour one party or the other, but was wholehearted in his devotion to the Church rather than in his attachment to any political faction, and for that very reason he could intervene in political questions with effect when the occasion warranted it.

CHAPTER XLII

THE ELECTIONEERING SCRIMMAGE NEAR KITTY BRADY'S TAVERN

AND soon the occasion was to arrive which would demand the intervention of Father Lambert if bloodshed, trials and executions on the scaffold were to be prevented. It was the Saturday known as "nomination day," i.e., the day when all the political candidates would address the people from the court-house steps or from some building which did duty for a court-house, which building in this case was the new school house situated near Gorman's Foot. Now it so chanced that to reach this building the voters had to come by two separate roads, which met at a very dilapidated bridge and continued on in one line towards Gorman's Foot. Just where the roads met there stood a licensed public-house, known as Kitty Brady's Shebeen. The various parties had been coming to this shop for hours, and gradually becoming more excited in their talk as the liquor gained control of them. Dobbin Hedger, from Clare, a small, little political worker, was Kitty's husband, but as she supported Dobbin, she despised him very thoroughly and would not even put his name over the inn door. Kitty Brady was nearly twice the size of Dobbin.

But the two political factions on nomination day, were led by Jake Rugley, Bill Braggin and Rube English on one side, with Robert Bennett and Mr. Malone leading the other wing. The clash which was nearly the occasion of sending more than one man to the scaffold occurred on the open space between the bridge and Brady's Shebeen. On that ground there would have been as bloodstained a riot as ever shocked Newfoundland, were it not for the timely advent of Father Lambert, who as we have seen had not been mixed up with any political faction.

On the preceding night the six candidates had appealed to their respective followers to rally up all their forces and "fight for the principles of liberty like Bruce, Tell or Emmett in former days." To hear such appeals, each party denouncing the other, one would think it was one of those occasions in history in which high-minded patriotism and honour on the one side was matched against villainy and self-seeking on the other. To read about such an affair afterwards appeals to all men's sense of the ridiculous, but history is not politics, and the people who heard these appeals to their warlike passions never thought the speakers were merely trifling with them. On the contrary, they took their words in "black, bitter and bloody earnestness." Or perhaps, after all, the populace was not deceived more than it wanted to be deceived.

Jake Rugley and the others, in serving out liquor and making inflammatory speeches to the crowd, did not count on raising a storm which might have wrecked themselves. Robert Bennett was in the fight not so much because he loved disorder, but because, as often happens even to the strongest men, he was carried along by the stream. Then there was the great law of heredity. He was the son of a Wexford pikeman,

and the call of "Vinegar Hill" was powerful. He was personally somewhat hasty of temperament, and might on occasions of excitement say like the highland chieftain :—

"St. Mary men' my fiery mood
Old age never tames the Douglas blood."

Thus we see from a combination of causes there was very likely to be bad work at Brady's Shebeen if Father Lambert had not been called to the scene. The pastor received intimation of the prospective battle from Jimmy Furey the mail-carrier, who, like the Marathon runner of antiquity, raced on foot across the hills of New Port and burst breathless into Father Lambert's presbytery, saying :

"Father, get on "Devil Skin's" back as fast as ever you can, and ride over to Brady's Shebeen at Old Bridge ! The boys are all there, and they're getting the seal guns to rights, and if you don't go over and stop them they'll be at it and that before long."

Father Lambert waited to hear no more, but he got Jimmy to saddle "Devil Skin," and then he sprang into the saddle and rode away as hard as he could across the hills and over the worst roads that a horseman ever risked his neck on.

To make matters worse "Devil Skin" was a horse that deserved his name. He was so stubborn, so vicious, and so treacherous that Father Lambert would not use him for the saddle except in the most extreme cases. It would seem on this occasion as if Devil Skin knew there was a fight in progress and would do everything he could to delay the peacemaker, or even to throw him from the saddle. At one time he would stand stock still in the middle of an unbridged stream ; then he would turn aside and begin to eat from the ground as if in a world like this leisu

was the best policy; he would stay at some bridge, or pick out with his hoofs the broken beams in it; and to vary the proceedings he would gallop down the hills, flinging his heels in the air and trying to fling the rider over his head. But in a cause like this Father Lambert was willing to risk his limbs, so he laid his riding whip well into "Devil Skin's" sides, and it was not many minutes before he came down Old Bridge hill at a break-neck gallop.

Nor did he arrive a second too soon, for the word had just gone through the crowd, "the priest is coming," when Bill Braggin, a ruffian, whether drunk or sober, seized his sealing gun club-fashion and, dashing forward with a blood-curdling oath, yelled like a demon.

"If it were twenty Father Lamberts I'll have wan life for my hand, though I'd swing for it."

He poised his sealing gun as he dashed forward, ready to strike the first blow, whence a blood-stained riot would ensue. In passing Mr. Braggin just went so that the galloping horse brought Father Lambert in reach of his head with the whip. Then Father Lambert for the first time in his life struck a parishioner. He brought the heavy end of the riding whip down on Mr. Braggin's skull between his ear and the edge of his elsinore cap. Braggin flung up the sealing gun with a roar and went headlong into a dyke. That blow saved general bloodshed, for it distracted the people from their quarrel, and enabled Father Lambert to speak to them a few words of warning.

He told them that he wasn't accustomed to interfere with them in politics, but this was an occasion when his duty to God and man compelled him to interfere. He warned them that every man in that crowd had his neck in a halter; and if bloodshed occurred more than one of them might have to die

on a scaffold, and all because of some foolish quarrel that wasn't worth sixpence to most of them.

He spoke so sincerely that both parties took his advice, and formed themselves in loose processional array, and marched in peace and good humour to the place of nomination. In fact, Skipper Mickle Wells, who was popularly supposed to vote for "the man that gave him the last drink," said that the boys going to the place of nomination were as orderly as a temperance procession.

After the nomination, some days elapsed before the polling. It was then "open voting," and the Hon. Batt Smiles, as an anti-confederate and an anti-Treaty Coaster and anti-anything else that was necessary, headed the poll and beat the Getthere party by hundreds of votes.

When Batt and his conquering patriots arrived in St. John's, undertaker Murphy and Bill Nectar, an uncle of Nectar the barber, organized a tremendous procession, which extended from Chain Rock to King's Street. Murphy and Nectar were mounted on Outer-Cove horses, and waved the flag of Britain and the native flag of Newfoundland in a most hilarious manner. The Getthere newspaper was in shocking bad temper and accused the Smileites of attempting to set South Side Hill (now Mount Howley) afire in celebrating the victory. It was also said by the same paper that one of the Hon. Batt Smiles' colleagues got hundreds of votes by giving the young men of South Bight free lessons in boxing, as that colleague had taken lessons himself in that art in St. Louis.

"Thus it is," said the newspaper, "that the rascally Smileites would turn a peaceful, self-respecting people into pugilists and drunkards."

In reply Smiles asked if the "Editor himself were not drunk when he wrote such a slander?"

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CHAPTER XLIII

THE MINSTREL BOY TO THE WAR IS GONE

JIM McDOUGALD induced Lan Bennett and Billy Mahoney from Lick Sapit Town, an Irish youngster, to join the American army of the North and from now our friend Bennett has the blue uniform of the Federals and we find him literally "in the ranks of death," where Moore's hero is supposed to have gone.

It was one of the most blood-stained days in the whole five years of the civil war that the Northern and Southern armies found themselves drawn up at that close range which betokens a murderous engagement. The Southern army was advantageously planted on the slopes and crests of an almost inaccessible hill which bristled with their bayonets and was forested by their artillery. At the foot of this hill ran a stream which was fordable in some places, but at others could only be crossed by swimming.

Now on the preceding night the Northern army with almost reckless daring had approached to the other side of the stream, with the purpose of dashing across the river at daybreak and making a straight attack on the Confederate position, the hope being that the hill could be carried by strategy.

A small division of the Northern Army, with which Bennett, Mahoney and McDougald happened to be

joined, was to rush across the stream and attempt the ascent of it by a winding pathway where overhanging bushes and large boulders of rock afforded shelter to the attackers, at least for the moment, from the death-dealing guns of the Confederates on the hills. Then the rest of the army, that is, nine-tenths, was to follow and attack the forces on the height, just when they were most divided and distracted by their efforts to defend their position from the smaller but more daring force that came up the winding pathway. If the hill was to be carried by these double attacks, as the Federals expected, it would only be done at an appalling sacrifice of life.

However, "war is hell," and next morning the word passes through the ranks to make ready to cross the stream and carry the hill by storm. A thick screen of rock sheltered the Northern forces from the Confederates on the heights. But for this shelter the Confederates might have shelled the position of the Federals, or rather hindered them from encamping within miles of their heavy guns.

To the small division of the army that was to cross the stream in advance of the main lines there were attached about 500 Newfoundlanders, whose deeds of reckless daring in that day's battle compelled the generous praise of the American press. In fact, it was said of the Newfoundlander soldiers in the American army that their bravery went beyond the verge of prudence and that they exposed their lives to danger when other nationalities would fight from covert places and thus risk less. Even if they got less credit for military daring.

And yet it was not for the mere empty boast of being heroes that our shrewd and sober Newfoundlanders risked so very much, but rather because their

industrial pursuits placed them almost habitually in the front ranks of danger. Take our seal hunters as an example; they have to confront every species of danger, from broken ice, Atlantic cyclones, and the swamping of their laden vessels. Then, too, our Banking fishermen; they are habitually situated with merely "a plank between them and eternity." In one word, the toilers of Newfoundland have had to do such perilous work in earning their bread whether on land or sea that a certain spirit of almost reckless daring would signalize them in the day of battle.

Of this spirit James McDougald would be a very emphatic personification, only that his courage was almost of the reckless kind. Now, indeed, when the order came for his company to cross the stream and attack the hill, he felt in his natural element, and for fair joy of the approaching battle he would have let a cheer out of him, only that he knew that for such a breach of discipline he would have been court-martialled and perhaps shot. Of Alexander Bennett's courage on this occasion it is unnecessary to speak. He was more self-controlled and better disciplined than his more reckless co-patriot.

The officers of the attacking party gave the order to cross the stream and carefully to keep their guns held well above their heads. Many of the Newfoundlanders went over by the ford, others of them had practically to swim, but as might have been foreseen, they had not more than crossed half-way over the water when they were seen from the Confederate camp on the hill and a perfect storm of bullets poured down on them. The Newfoundlanders did not move for an instant, though more than one blood-stained body floated away on the current. Jim McDougald's voice rang out the old battle cry of the sealing fleet, "Carry

on her, she's all oak." "Drive her boys, drive her," said Jim Doran, who gave Jim Marshall and Tom O'Neil a playful poke with the back stock of his rifle. And thus actually jesting and laughing and jibing at Dick Norton, who stumbled twice, the Newfoundland volunteers had crossed the stream and began the deadly work of climbing the hill by a winding and only partially sheltered path, whilst Confederate sharpshooters "sniped" at them from a dozen vantage places.

And now the second act in the drama of death begins, for the main line of the army is fording the stream, and that without attracting the concentrated fire which it would have to sustain if the Newfoundland volunteers had not attracted the aim of the Confederate artillery. But a very amusing incident occurred as the Newfoundlanders were forcing their way up the zigzag pathway towards the position of the Southern army. Some one said, "Now, boys, give it to them hot; they're Confederates, you know." At that time Newfoundland had heard something about Confederation with Canada, and hated the word, so that all Jim McDougald had to do at the moment was to shout "No Confederation," when his highly intelligent comrades took up the cry and charged the hill like demons. Thus showing how ignorance can sometimes be as great a power as knowledge, and especially so in the politics of an island.

"Come along here, Slattery and Robinson, and don't be skulking there behind the rocks. Hold up your heads and die hard."

Thus spoke Jim McDougald to two young men from Mussel Cove, whereas Slattery was doing as well as he knew how and so was Robinson, although Bill Singleton surpassed both of them in courage.

Now our Newfoundland volunteers, led by Bennett and Jim McDougald, have scaled the cliffs, having lost nearly half their men. They have just come to an open space along which they will rush to seize the Confederate guns, and as sure as they do they will be mowed down to the last man. Just as they are about to make that fatal move the whole front of battle is "metamorphized," as Val Burke used to say: The main body of the Northern army had crossed the stream and successfully ascended the hill and gradually driven back the Confederate soldiery. It had now become furious hand-to-hand contest, in which the combatants, having expended all their ammunition, made at each other with bayonets or even with rifles used as clubs. Carnage and bloodshed was everywhere.

The Confederate soldiers, who were mostly gentlemen of property from the Southern States, fought with that desperate courage which had characterized them from the outbreak of the war. They believed in the justice of their cause. The Northern army was more generally composed of foreign mercenaries, of which Jim McDougald and Cyrus Coady were fair samples. But the North had numbers and guns and men, and in this battle as in many others the "Boys in Grey" had to yield to those in blue. Before the day closed the Confederate army was routed, leaving their guns and mules in the hands of the Federals. It was whilst running away on a Confederate mule that Murphy sustained some of his most serious injuries.

When the battle was finished the regular attendants on the dead and wounded went over the field to pick up the victims. From out the piles of dead or dying Ian Bennett and Jim McDougald were dragged and brought off to hospital. They had fallen when the

fight was thickest. Lan Bennett had received a violent bayonet thrust which had not pierced a vital place. But Jim McDougald had fought his last fight, for the bullet that caused his death could not be located even by the skill of Dr. Gruff, whose manner was as gruff as his name, but whose surgical skill was of national recognition.

This physician came to Bennett's and Jim McDougald's beds, and without much sign of sympathy cut a slit in their shirts to examine the wounds. Dr. Gruff was too accustomed to cutting off legs and arms to be nice, and he had more than a usual supply to amputate that day. When he cut open the inner garments of our two poor victims of the fight he discovered on each of them a pair of scapulars. Now the doctor was a recent convert to Catholicity, his conversion being brought about by seeing how cheerful the Catholic soldiers were when attended by the priest, in contrast with the gloom of the non-Catholic after the minister had been with them. Seeing the scapulars he called to a Sister of Charity that was bandaging the wounded.

"I say, sister, these two chaps are Catholics, and they look like as if they hadn't been to confession for the last year or so. Where is Kirby?"

"I suppose you mean Father Kirby, doctor?" said the sister reprovingly.

"Certainly I mean Father Kirby, sister. Are there two Kirbys?"

When turning to Jim McDougald the doctor said, "Young man, you're in a bad mess, and you'd better go to confession before I'll go chasing that bullet that's inside of you."

Even the death sentence could not suppress Jim McDougald's impudence. "Yes I'll go to confession,"

he said, "but I'll not go to you. Send the right man and I'll do the job."

Father Tobias Kirby entered and gave both Jim and Lan the last sacraments in preparation for death. "Hey, do you perceive," said Father Kirby, "we must pray hard for them, do you perceive?"

Jim McDougald in his dying hour was as cheerful as when confronting the Confederate guns. In fact, almost before he died those around the bed could distinguish words that sounded suspiciously like "Cathy on her, she's all oak." Evidently Father Kirby had done his work well.

Lan Bennett recovered slowly, and going to a soldier's lodging house in Boston he stayed some days, after which two important letters came to his address. One letter was from the paymaster of his regiment enclosing a large supply of money for four years' service, and assuring him of high promotion for bravery if he returned immediately to the army. The other was from New Port, written by Father Lambert in the name of his dying broken-hearted mother, and begging him to return home to get her good-bye blessing. Lan Bennett did not hesitate a second as to which call he would obey, but took passage next day in a barquentine sailing from the Port of Gloucester for Newfoundland.

CHAPTER XLIV

WRECK AND RESCUE AT DEADMAN'S HEAD

"WELL, I'm sixty years, man and bye, goin' to say, an' I never seen such a night of storm as this since I left the river Shannon," said Skipper Michael Wells, as he looked out from the window of Rube English's house, where the blazing dog-irons seemed to contend against the wind howling down the chimney. "It's a fearful night on land, and that's what it must be on sea."

As Skipper Mickle spoke, the wind seemed to rise to the fury of a cyclone in which land and sea and sky were all involved in a general confusion. The wind came rushing along over the forests and shores, uprooting trees, breaking down chimneys, rolling huge waves shoreward, and sweeping away all such fishing stores, flakes and other properties as came in its reach. The storm was felt not only in a few places, but it swept the shores of Newfoundland from the Straits of Bell Isle to the extreme south, and not only over the two thousand miles of the country's sea-front did it rage, but it passed with about equal violence over the interior of the island, and wherever it swept in its destructive progress, it left scenes of desolation. As Skipper Mickle continued to look out into the fury of the night, he was startled by something remarkable, and almost shouted to Mr. English—

"See, Rube, see the lights down in the harbour passing back and forward. And look, there's a distress signal out on the sea beyond the cliffs. And look, look up yonder on Deadman's Head. Do you see a light moving like a ship's lantern up there? Why, I do declare 'tis near the old witch's den the light is swinging. I wonder if that owld demon the Widow Gadder is at her divvle's work again, perhaps ladin' some misfortunate ship on the rocks!"

Mary English, too, rushed to the window to see what the lights meant. She and her mother and Rube and Skipper Mickle had just finished the rosary, praying especially for those in danger at sea, and the thought struck her mind with the force of a physical blow: What if her long-expected lover and prospective husband—what if Lan Bennett should be at sea to-night in the heart of such a storm! What if he were on that very barquentine which was even now driving to the reefs of Deadman as fast as winds and tides could drive it! And Mary English, as she looked from her window on to the sea, felt the presentiment grow stronger that Lan Bennett was really on board that doomed ship.

There was a superstition in New Port amongst the people that on nights of great storms dead seamen used to appear on the shores. Father Lambert denounced and ridiculed such an idea, but certainly no face of the dead could ever be more deadly pallid than the face of Mary English at that moment as she looked out at the furious white waters on Deadman and saw in imagination the form of Lan Bennett smashed by the waves against these merciless rocks.

Yes, and even as she continued to look seaward, Lan Bennett himself was actually on board the doomed ship, and not only was he on board but he was

in charge of the vessel, for the captain, though an experienced seaman, was a stranger in those treacherous waters, and he besought Bennett, as a native who knew the place well, to see if he could manage to reach some harbour. Lan complied with this request, and caused himself to be lashed to the wheel, because he knew the seas off Deadman would sweep the decks and carry everything overboard.

To picture a vessel going to destruction on a storm-torn sea is not so very easy as it might appear. It is only when we read of or see a ship actually buffeted by the waves that we can realize the fury of the tempest, and if the Storm King of which poets wrote had his throne on Deadman's Head, he could not have chosen a more strategic place to spur on the battle between rocks and billows. Two armies coming against each other with cannons and bayonets and regiments of charging cavalry are impressive scenes. But what two armies of mortal men could engage each other more furiously than the forces of wave and wind which met in such an encounter at the foot of those sea-worn cliffs of New Port? No matter how furiously the waves may charge up against the iron-bound cliffs, they are bound to be broken a thousand times and flung back in confusion and disorder, and no matter how long the cliffs may withstand the concentrated fury of an aggressive ocean, they are bound sooner or later to show breaches and caverns. Those at the foot of Deadman might, for anything geology can tell us to the contrary, have been due to the Atlantic friction of many thousand years.

But there is one being that the forces of land and sea appear to treat with supreme contempt, notwithstanding all his devices, from aeroplanes and dread-

noughts to submarines, and that creature is man. Before the sinking of the so-called unsinkable *Titanic* on the Banks of Newfoundland, and of the equally valuable *Empress* in the calm St. Lawrence, very few would have had the hardihood to say that the science of the twentieth century had not conquered the seas. But the world knows better now. Man to-day is nearly as much at the mercy of the mysterious ocean as he was when John Cabot discovered the quickest route between Europe and America. In some ways he is more at the mercy of the waves.

Now when the barquentine of which Alexander Bennett was temporary commander became involved in the seas and storms of Deadman, it would seem as if the ocean were lashed into uncontrollable fury at the very spectacle of insignificant humanity affecting to ride on its billows. At such a sight demon derision might well raise its ha! ha! even above the voice of storm itself.

What care these roarers for the name of King? "said the man in "The Tempest," and if Shakespeare ever visited the shores of Newfoundland (as he might have done in that roving age of Elizabeth) he would no doubt have found scenes to give a basis of truth to such descriptions as those of Ferdinand swimming ashore—

I saw him beat the surges under him
And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung away and breasted,
The surge most swollen that met him, his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him, I've no doubt,
He came alive to land.

What native Newfoundlander that has been at the

seal-fishery or the banking fishery, or in the fish-freighting business from Gaultois to Greece, but must have seen the above picture exemplified in real life, and that frequently! If that famous Pittsburg millionaire, Mr. Carnegie, who has established a "Hero Fund," if he but knew of the history of bravery that is connected with the lives of the fishermen and sealers of Newfoundland, especially as regards landing on storm-battered coasts like Deadman, he would give special rewards for such deeds of marine chivalry, for we venture an opinion that Newfoundland heroism in risking life to save the drowning has nothing to equal it in the whole American world. The writer gives this merely as an opinion, which may be wrong.

That Old Ocean would slash the barquentine of Bennett was now very evident. Even as some great giant athlete might be supposed to fling a cricket ball, so do the waves fling the barquentine forward, and then rebounding drive it back again, until the ship is as much the play toy of the water as would be a piece of cork flung on their crest. Now its prow is "shooting at a star and now harpooning a shark," as the American satirist phrases his idea of a storm-captured vessel. The water is turned up from its deepest and the barquentine, to use Mr. Wells's figurative language, does not know "whether its top-mast or its keel is uppermost." At times, indeed, it seems buried in the waves, and then again comes to the surface and throws off floods of water from its deck, as some gallant Newfoundland water-dog might fling off spray after swimming.

And all this while the brave Newfoundlander stood to his post at the wheel as immovably as did the Roman sentinel who died in his harness at the gate of Pompeii when an ocean of burning lava descended

on that city. Yes, Captain Alexander Bennett showed no uncertainty in that hour of most dreadful uncertainty. A popular legend tells that the Duke of Wellington once said that the victory of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. Perhaps a little of that persistent courage which Bennett now showed in guiding the barquentine on through the waves might have been a reminiscence of old cricket days on the Parade Ground, or again it might be agreed that our sturdy Newfoundland lads contributed more nerve and courage to the St. Bonaventure Club than they got from it. This is a debatable point, and the present writer is not a party man, but trying to give both sides of the question.

Bennett, in all his experience, whether on the frozen pans of the North, or midst the waves of the Banks of Newfoundland, or even amongst the shot and shell of American battles, had never confronted a crisis to test his manhood as did this supreme effort which he had to make to get a drowning crew ashore out of that doomed barquentine. And see, is success about to reward his courage? His signal light has been answered from the land. Ashore there in New Port, lighted lanterns are being hurried from place to place. Yes, they have seen the lantern which he had caused to be waved from his deck. This is their answer, and it was made just as the rosary was finished in Mary English's home.

But do these advancing lanterns really mean that Bennett's crew is saved? Perhaps not. But these lights do mean that a hundred Newfoundlanders have rushed to the shore, and that the first twelve of these that can reach a skiff will rescue those who are on board the doomed barquentine or die in the attempt.

Such indeed is the spirit of Newfoundland, and "bold Havelock and his Heelanders" never ventured on an enterprise of greater hazard or truer chivalry.

"Look up, the danger's past;
They're coming for to die wi' us,
Or save us at the last."

The danger is not past by any means, but Bennett's steering has brought the barquentine into smoother water, although by this time its canvas has been blown into ribbons, and its spars have gone by the board with the smash of the seas. And now the New Port crew has launched the heavy eight-oared skiff and double-manned the oars. They pull towards the wreck whilst every wave threatens to swamp them. By extreme skill and daring they have managed to reach the side of the barquentine, and with still greater risk they transfer the crew of the larger vessel to their lifeboat, Bennett being the last man to leave the deck, doing so only after seeing that every one else, as they thought, was safely in the skiff.

The only place they could land without being instantly smashed to pieces was on a ledge of rock under the cliffs and near the smuggler's grave. Even in landing there, they just contrived to get all their passengers on shore when the skiff was broken like matchwood against the rocks. And now Lan asks if every one had come ashore from the barquentine. It is discovered that every one had not come ashore for one poor girl, an invalid from Boston returning to her widowed mother, was found to have been forgotten in the rush from the wreck.

Lan instantly takes the responsibility of saving the poor girl at all hazards. He ties one of the long ropes around his waist, and bidding three of the strongest of the men hold the other end of it, he is off sever-

yards swimming towards the barquentine before any one has time to dissuade him from such a seemingly hopeless enterprise. His strength and activity were equal to the need, for he has succeeded in dragging himself in over the rail of the ship, and in a minute reappears and is swimming towards the shore with the rescued girl on his back.

The men pull in the line and Bennett places the nearly dead girl with the others, and they begin the work, the most critical work of all, that of getting the rescued people up the cliffs. A group of men at the top of the hill have let down ropes one by one, and the saved passengers are pulled up to the top.

Bennett himself remained, as usual, until all the others had been pulled up to comparative safety. Then as he is brought along the face of the cliffs he steps at intervals on a projection to ease the strain on the ropes, and as he jumps at the top, about twenty tons of earth, loose stones and gravel, are dislodged and fall on the ledge below, with a crash heard above the roar of the storm. Bennett required to be a hero in the true sense of the word, because even in that last effort to climb the cliffs he might so easily have been plunged back into the sea.

And now having reached the top of Deadman, it might be supposed their perils were over, but no! so, for the gale blew so furiously that if the men did not clasp hands and thus construct a human chainwork against the storm, they might have been swept like leaves over the edge of the abyss. As they forced their way along in the very teeth of the wind, suddenly they all paused. The moon, driven through the blackest clouds like a tempest-tossed ship, shines for the moment with a clearer light. A crashing sound reaches their ears, and as they look down into the depths,

fascinated by the very horror of the scene, they see that the Gloucester barquentine is being driven against the sea-wall by the merciless seas. And now one wave, concentrating all its strength as for a final effort, lifts the barquentine on its crest and sends it with such force against the side of Deadman that the crash of the broken vessel can be heard over land and water, and next morning the people of New Port could see piled up on the shore a collection of casks, planks, and ropes, all that was left of as stout a ship as ever sailed from America's greatest fishing port.

But in the midst of all this, where is Robert Bennett? Is he that was ever the very leader of New Port in all deeds of daring, is he dead? No, not dead, but bowed with grief. Lan and his friends enter the old home-stead, and there in the darkened room is the scene that explains everything. Robert Bennett's grey head is bent with grief that has crushed even his strong spirit. Father Lambert, drenched from head to foot with salt water, for he has in answer to the sick call just come twenty miles in a row-boat through the heart of the storm, he the pastor wearing his purple stole, had his hands raised in the act of giving the last absolution to Lan's dying mother, Elizabeth Bennett.

Lan himself understands everything. He throws himself on his knees, and that grand old mother, conscious to the last, fondles his sea-drenched hair as she might have done when he was a baby, and with the words, "God bless you, boy; we'll meet in heaven to separate no more," that saintly soul passes from time to eternity, and Lan deems all his dangers of land and sea as nothing since he has got that mother's last blessing.

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CHAPTER XLV

JAKE RUGLEY SPRINGS A MINE

BENNETT was not many days in New Port when he asked Mary English what time her father would give consent to their marriage, which would have taken place some years before but for the occurrences we have here detailed. In fact, at that time youthful marriages were the rule rather than the exception in Newfoundland. Mary English replied to her prospective husband that she could not say, as her father was as headstrong as ever.

"What," said Lan, "is he still spiteful about that old dispute he had with my father about the fence round the garden? Well, Mary, I'm glad it's you I'm marrying and not your father, as we'd never get along together."

Lan meant this as a joke, no doubt, but Mary knew Rube's temperament too well to see any margin for laughter in the whole business. "Besides," she added, "father is changing, but not for the better. He thinks he can drive everything as he wishes, but mother and I can see that he is himself driven by Jake Rugley, who comes to the house every day, and has great power over him. Do you know, Lan, I believe that terrible Rugley man can do what he likes with father, and will try to compel me to marry him by the influence he has with father."

Lan started as if suddenly stricken. This was a

view of the matter that had never before occurred to him, and yet now it seemed logical enough. The fish merchant, Getthere, had advanced property known as "supplies" to Rube English. The fisheries continued to fail, and Rube English became more deeply involved in debt. Mr. Getthere himself did nearly all his business on borrowed money, so the more bad debts he met the quicker would he have to go into insolvency and, as his political critics said, get a "new coat of white wash" before starting business again. Now Getthere was the most open-handed and open-hearted fellow that ever lived, especially when he could get hold of other people's money to gamble with in the fishery. He could not be too strict with his customers, but if he could get cash out of any by fair means, and occasionally by unfair, it would be most acceptable. Jake Rugley offered to become his agent and engaged to collect the money off Rube English or know the reason why. Mary's hand in marriage with Mr. Rugley was to be the price of Rube's freedom from the everlasting tangle of heavy debts.

"But, Mary," continued Lan, "what do you say personally to this proposal to marry this man Rugley? Are you in favour of it?"

"Would I marry Jake Rugley, is that what you ask me?" said Mary. "Do you see that high peak over there above Deadman's Head? Well, I would sooner be tied hand and foot and flung from that peak and dashed to atoms on the rocks below than have to live one hour with such a one as Jake Rugley. That is," continued Mary, "if left to myself, but the trouble is, will I be left to myself? Will that devil use the power he has over my father to compel me in some way to consent to his proposal for marriage?"

"()," said Lan, "he can't do that. Newfoundland

is not a nigger plantation of that kind ; but in any case I'll step over to your house to-morrow and ask your father to consent to our marriage before Advent. You can never lose your youth or beauty, but I'm beginning to feel like a crusty old bachelor, so it's time to settle the business for life."

"Yes," said Mary, "but Rugley may be there at the same time."

"So much the better if he is," said Lan, and acting on that arrangement, Bennett appeared at Rube English's house next day. As he expected, Rugley was there smoking and talking confidentially with Rube.

Perhaps nothing could better show the extent to which Jake had secured influence over Rube than the fact that the latter seemed to be no longer master in his own house, but tacitly resigned his authority even to the welcome of a guest to the other. And Rugley appeared to have taken full advantage of this, and thanks to the geniality created by a few glasses of liquor, Rugley gave a most cordial greeting to Lan at first, and then, as half-drunken men so frequently do, he fell back into a more sullen state as the conversation proceeded. Lan declined to touch liquor, and instantly opened the subject which he came to discuss.

"Mr. English," said he, "in case you may not guess why I came here to see you this morning, I might as well say that I came to ask your consent to marry your daughter Mary, considering that we have been engaged for so many years."

Rube did not know whether to say yes or no, and looked helplessly towards Rugley as if for inspiration or prompting. Rugley helped himself to another glass of Dutch courage from the decanter, and then with the insolence of a man nearly drunk and yet

with an assumption of coolness which was inexpressibly ridiculous, he proceeded, saying, "You see, Captain Bennett, we're all mighty proud to see you back here in South Bight, and we heard that you did fine in the American War; but as regards any chance you have of marrying Mary English, you must hear from me first on that subject."

Here Mary English and her mother entered, and Mary with flashing eyes turned furiously on Rugley: "How dare you," she screamed, "how dare a scoundrel like you speak of me or any honest woman in such a way? What power have you over me to speak that way?"

"Ha! ha! my fine lady," said Rugley, "I have no power over you, but I hold a good whip over the head of your old father here. Listen to me, Mary English: your father here is head over heels in debt, but his business is given over to me by Getthere in St. John's. This Getthere man is in debt himself to every one he could raise so much as ten shillings off. He's of my denomination, too, so he'll play my game. Now listen to this, if you marry me your father will hear no more about his debts, but if you don't marry me I can seize his boat and gardens and all his property, and send your mother and father as well as yourself out of this house to-night, and make you all tramps and beggars. Is that plain English for you, Miss English?"

Mary could not deny that Mr. Rugley expressed his ideas in the very clearest terms.

"Father," said she, "is all this true? Are you in the power of this man as he says?"

"What he says is true, Mary. I am an old man now to leave a place I worked so hard in. But at the same time, Mr. Rugley," said Rube, turning like an old bear on the astonished Rugley, "I'd see you in flames before I'll force my child to marry you, since,

whether she loves Bobby Bennett's son or any one else, she seems to hate you worse than the devil hates holy water. So do your worst, Jake Rugley, and be damned to you for a bloodhound."

Rugley was staggered but not dismayed. He was always a bully, and at that moment he had too much liquor in to show any immediate signs of cowardice.

"All right, Rube," he sneered. "All right, old skinflint. Your big talk will never pay Getthere's debt, unless you can back it with solid cash."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rugley," said Lan Bennett quietly, "but would you mind if I had a word or two to say in this business?"

Here Lan put his hand in his breast pocket, and Rugley surmising that he was going to draw a pistol, hastened to stop him.

"Look here, Bennett," he shouted out, "don't try to frighten me with your Yankee bluster about drawing pistols. You are not in the United States now, You are in a British country, and there is a crowd of policemen in New Port to-day. So if you fire your pistol you'll put your head in a halter worse than it is already."

"Oh," said Lan, "keep cool, calm and collected. This is the only weapon I'm going to draw," saying which he took from his breast pocket a large purse, which seemed to be filled with American gold. "There," said Bennett, as the purse fell from his hand on the table with a metallic sound, "there's enough coin in that to pay Mr. English's debt twice over."

Rugley saw that it was so, and he knew also that Mr. Getthere would be only too glad to get so much ready money. He was so thoroughly beaten that he determined to crush Bennett and Mary by a final blow. He merely said in reply to Lan, "Very well, Bennett,

you think you have conquered, but wait here for only one minute and I'll teach you better."

Thus speaking he went to the door and uttered a loud halloo, which seemed to be a pre-arranged signal, for instantly five men rushed to Rube English's door and entered, the foremost of them being Lan's old acquaintance, Sergeant Throttle, the other four being assistant constables who had come with the sergeant on the preceding day from St. John's. To the astonished Bennett and the rest Sergeant Throttle explained the nature of his mission, and there was a genuine sympathy in the fine old fellow's voice.

"Captain Bennett," he said, "I'm as sorry as ever a man was to meet you again on such business as I have now to do. But I must arrest you and that, for a serious affair." Here he made a sign to the constables, and they promptly manacled Bennett's wrists. "You are arrested, Captain Bennett, for the real or supposed murder of Louis Grenville, some years ago in St. Pierre. Don't say anything now for your own sake, but come along in the Queen's name."

"Ha! ha! ha!" yelled Rugley in triumph. "Now, Mary English, go to St. John's and marry your Yankee soldier, after his body is cut down from the scaffold. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mary English was not prostrated even by these terrible words. On the contrary, she seemed inspired with some new, strange life, as a prophetess of old. "Listen to me, Rugley," she cried, "it's your body and not his that will require to be picked up before this business is over. I'm as sure of that as I am that there's justice in Heaven."

Without more words Lan goes forth surrounded by the police. As they go down towards the shore a strange incident happens, simple indeed, but so

touching that it caused Bennett, who was not an emotional man, to break down and sob like a child. The incident was this: the widow whose daughter he swam ashore with from the wreck ran up to him as he was passing and said, "Oh, Captain Bennett, my poor daughter that you saved from the wreck has just died, and her last words were, 'May God save the man that saved me in his hour of bitter need.'"

This poor girl's dying gratitude had more effect in unmanning Lan than any of the scenes of terror and misfortune through which he was passing. He broke down as he heard the pathetic words, and the constables had to aid him with their arms in going into the boat, just as they would aid some criminal who had been overcome by the consciousness of his own guilt and the terrible shadow of the impending scaffold.

CHAPTER XLVI

BROPHY THE BLACKSMITH HEADS A POPULAR INSURRECTION TO RESCUE BENNETT FROM THE SCAFFOLD

ST. JOHN'S from Signal Hill Road to the most distant west end, and from Twenty Mile Pond to the south side of the harbour, was in one flame of turmoil, disorder and excitement. Men were seen going everywhere armed with their long sealing guns, whilst the police and red-coated military lined all the streets which led towards the Court House. Besides all this the "*Sword Fish*" had just arrived from West Newfoundland, or the Treaty shore, and was landing her full force of "bluejackets" and marines. The city was practically under martial law, the Riot Act had been read, and henceforth all peaceful citizens would be abroad only at their own peril.

The space around the court-house was packed with people, notwithstanding the danger. It was the day fixed for the trial in the Supreme Court of Alexander Bennett for the wilful murder of Louis Grenville. There was a profound sentiment in the public mind that the Newfoundlander would be sent to the scaffold, first because Judge Roper was notorious as a hanging judge, and then because several politicians in St. John's for their own selfish ends wished to make favour with the imperial authorities and satisfy France by

hanging a Newfoundlander for the supposed wilful killing of a French citizen and in French territory. Now this knowledge excited the native public beyond description.

No very open manifestation of insurrection had yet been made by the people, but it was currently believed that a concentrated effort would be made to overpower the police and military and snatch Bennett from the very foot of the scaffold.

It was subsequently stated that some of the leaders in the proposed insurrection were to have been Newfoundlanders who had acquired their soldiership in that most practical of training schools, the American Civil War. The plan of battle appears to have been as follows, as far at least as we can learn from the voice of local tradition.

The first attack on the military was to have been under the leadership of Brophy the blacksmith, from South Bight. He was to have concentrated a thousand men with sealing guns at the head of Garrison Hill, and when the fire-bell rang he was to rush his regiment down the hill and pierce the military lines at the centre.

Now it would seem that some of the insurgents had the audacity to go to the Catholic bishop, Rt. Rev. Dr. Mullock, and ask him to allow the cathedral bell to be rung as a signal for battle, nothing less.

The bishop, astounded by the impudence of the proposal, denounced the deputation and threatened to let loose a big Newfoundland dog known as Slattery on them if they came again on such business. Being Newfoundland Catholics, they withdrew respectfully, and merely changed their plans, sending half a dozen of their number to seize the fire-bell at the centre of the city.

Now whilst Brophy the blacksmith was to pour

down his "whiskered Pandoors and his fierce Hussars" through Central St. John's, the Hon. Batt Smiles and Jimmy Shortis were to bring five hundred gunners at least from Water Street West, and Martin Murphy, Jim Dragon and John Hollaway were to lead another eight hundred from Chain Rock and Battery Road. It was hinted that Mallin and Folly would desert to the enemy at the last moment, but this was supposed to be merely a calumny set afloat by the malice of Bob Jarry and Jarvis Jasper, who wished to have Jilling put in charge of the sealer for their own ends, possibly to "capture the legislature," as John Gaston truly said in a letter to the bi-weekly *Star*.

Nor did the plans end here, for the directors of the insurrection saw shrewdly enough that after the military under Captain Angler had been overthrown, and the *Sword Fish* taken as a prize, the British Government would send another warship to shell the town. Now to prevent this, or try to prevent it, the insurgents had a steamer chartered and ready to proceed with a deputation to the United States (Newfoundland is an awful country for deputations). Coholan Pat Kenny, Olden and Gimmer were on the deputation, and its mission was to induce the American Government to send a fleet and protect the island against France and England.

At that time the mischief done by the *Alabama*, in its unhappy meddling in a domestic quarrel in the United States, was only too apt to make trouble on any sort of a pretext between British America and its most powerful neighbour. The unsettled Treaty Shore question was really the cause of the difficulty in St. John's, and we can scarcely wonder at the headlong passion with which the Newfoundland public undertook to rescue Bennett when there was reason to believe

that he was to be judicially murdered to promote the ambitions of a few dozen island politicians, some of whom would sell not only Bennett's neck but their own souls in order to gain the approval of old-country imperialism.

CHAPTER XLVII

BENNETT BEFORE JUDGE ROPER'S TRIBUNAL: AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS APPEARS

BILLY DEXTER had been promoted from under-turnkey in the penitentiary to crier of the Supreme Court. Now no matter how tragic the occasion, the St. John's public always smiled vociferously in hearing Dexter's way of declaring the court open. The old phrase was the "Supreme Court of Newfoundland. Oyez! oyez! oyez!" But Dexter improved on that by squealing, "The Supreme Court of Newfoundland. Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes!" In spite of everything, the whole assembly in the court-house roared with laughter, and Judge Roper became furious. He looked at the people like "death and daggers," but as he saw that he could not hang the whole town, no matter how benevolent his intentions, he contented himself by asking Sergeant Throttle to seize Dexter by the scruff of the neck and "drop him over the nearest wharf."

Then the regular proceedings began. The jury was in its place, and the lawyers for the defence and the prosecution discharged their duties. Judge Roper was visibly prejudiced against the prisoner, and more than once the word "hang-dog" was muttered in the crowd. The substance of the charge against Bennett was that

he had with malice aforethought "killed Louis Grenville, either by strangulation or drowning, in St. Pierre harbour."

Various witnesses had been called, the most important of them being Jake Rugley, who testified "he had been in constant correspondence with Louis Grenville; that he had written him prior to his death; that he knew there was enmity between Lan Bennett and Louis Grenville; that Louis Grenville, on the evening that he disappeared from St. Pierre, had been seen going on board Bennett's schooner, and finally that Lan Bennett himself, being rescued from the water by his own men, was found to have a deep wound in his head, such as might have been inflicted by his victim Grenville in self-defence." All this looks very bad for Bennett, and now the prisoner's lawyer, Mr. Sharping, rises to cross-examine Rugley.

"Are you ready to swear," he said, "that Louis Grenville was really murdered by Alexander Bennett, or by somebody else?"

"Certainly I'm ready to swear it," said Rugley, with the utmost assurance. "What do you think I am?"

"What do I think you are?" repeated Mr. Sharping. "I think, Rugley, if you will pardon me for using an unrefined and an ungentlemanly expression, I think you are the most infernal liar that ever disgraced Newfoundland. I thought so from the moment I saw your evil countenance in that witness-box, and now I am ready to prove you a liar before God and the world."

Every one that knows St. John's also knows that neither swords nor bayonets nor battleships can suppress the enthusiasm of that good old city, and when the country's greatest native lawyer had made the above statement, a shout—an actual shout—burst from the public there assembled, and Judge Roper might

as well have tried to turn back the Atlantic tide in the Narrows as to suppress that shout.

"Well done, Sharping," says a voice from the crowd, "hit 'em again."

Judge Roper stormed and raged and fumed and gesticulated, and hurled a volume of Hoyles' at the head of Billy Dexter, but it was all "love's labour lost," for the court-house almost rocked on its foundations with the storm of public approval.

But what was it all about? It was this. The people knew by intuition, they knew by the galvanic battery ring of his voice, they knew by a dozen tokens that the great national Newfoundland tribune, Mr. Sharping, had won the battle. What he would spring next on the court no man could even guess, but every one present felt that Sharping would now emerge victorious from the fray. He alone was unruffled by the hurricane of emotion which his words had evoked, and turning towards the Chief Justice, he said, with an almost siken suavity of tone and yet with a world of suppressed passion—

"My lord, this man Rugley, this highly veracious witness for the Crown, this glory and honour and very prince of false witnesses, has spun such a spider-thread of lying testimony against my client that nothing but some extraordinary evidence to the contrary can save him."

"Can even your wit prevail to save your valued client from the scaffold?" said the infuriated judge in his most severe tones.

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury," continued Mr. Sharping, "I can bring as evidence to the contrary, not the mere word of some double-dealing rascal who has an interest in the hanging of an innocent man; I can bring into this court, not an eye-witness, or an ear-

witness of some real or imaginary occurrence ; but I can bring forward the very man himself, not murdered, but still living, and in obviously excellent health. Yes, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, you may shudder at what I say, but at this moment I can and will produce in this court the living personality of Louis Grenville, falsely asserted to have been slain some years ago by my client Alexander Bennett in St. Pierre harbour."

Now if Southside Hill had toppled over in St. John's harbour, if Long Pond had swept in a wave over Fresh Water Valley, or any other marvel had occurred, it would not have produced a deeper surprise to the people than did this announcement of Mr. Sharping's that he would call a murdered man into court.

Judge Roper saw in the words of Mr. Sharping, or thought he saw, a disposition to trifle with the dignity of the court, and he said to the lawyer, " If you think that you will ridicule this court, you will find yourself very much deceived."

" What, my lord ? " said Mr. Sharping. " You were ready a minute ago to hear the testimony of this Rugley, a man whose very countenance shows that he would ' scuttle a ship or burn a town,' to use the famous phrase of Lord Byron about another smuggler not much worse than Rugley ; and yet when I say I can produce a witness who is so essential as the very man himself who is supposed to have been killed by my client, do you dare to refuse to have or see such a witness ? I demand, my lord, that you order Louis Grenville to be called."

Judge Roper nearly choked with rage, but without any reply to Mr. Sharping he made a signal to Billy Dexter to call Louis Grenville at least as a matter of formality.

Dexter was overpowered at the very thought of calling a witness from the grave, but he feared Judge

Roper too much to hesitate, so he hobbled out beyond the bar of the court, muttering to himself and saying, "Wish-a but this bates banangher all out. To call up a dead man, a spirit, to give evidence in coort!" But he mustered up courage enough to squeak—

"Mr. Louis Grenville, God save yer sowl, but wishing you no harrum, could you step this way till we see if it's yerself or yer fetch?"

Owen Glendower, the Shakespearean Welsh captain, could call "spirits from the vasty deep." But Billy Dexter, though a much less significant man than the Welsh captain, could make the spirits come, for the moment he said, "*Louis Grenville*," that very man whom every one believed dead walked into the court, with Captain Angler, of *H.M.S. Sword Fish* standing by his side.

It was Louis himself, though a big black beard covered his face, and his head was so bald that the small boys compared it to the skating-rink recently opened above the Long Bridge.

Now how explain the apparition? It was in this way: Louis Grenville had not been killed or drowned, but nearly so when his quarrel with Bennett ended. He had fallen over in St. Pierre harbour, yes, and drifted away with the tide, but in some mysterious way continued to float; was rescued by a schooner leaving St. Pierre harbour, and brought to France; came over to Canada after some years and then back to West Newfoundland, where he started a sheep and poultry farm; met Captain Angler whilst selling hens to the cook on the *Sword Fish*, and was brought to St. John's in that warship, just in time to be the instrument of saving Bennett from the scaffold.

Well, the rest is soon told. When Lan was declared "free and innocent," Brophy the blacksmith and his

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thousand sealers, and all of Captain Angler's mariners and bluejackets joined in triumphal procession to bring him on a huge "car of State" around the town, and Judge Roper was dismissed from the bench three months later by the Imperial authorities for gross partiality and harshness in his office.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE HON. BATT SMILES RISES TO THE OCCASION AT A CERTAIN WEDDING AT THE "LOOK ALIVE" HOTEL ON PLAY HOUSE HILL

AT the time of Bennett's trial and acquittal in St. John's, people were in that town from all parts of Newfoundland, for then nearly all the fish merchants of Newfoundland did their business in Water Street, and consequently the port was almost one canvas camp in the autumn, so numerous were the schooners. Even the accents of the people in Newfoundland differ with different localities. St. John's then had a thick but not very musical Irish brogue, blended with a dash of Glengarry, and the north of the island had the sharp twang of Devonshire, or perhaps Wales, whilst the west and south were slightly Yankeeified, or if you will, Canadianized.

Miss English, spinster, had come on from St. Pierre, to assist at her niece's wedding to Captain Bennett, and Fathers Carafagnini and Forrestall assisted at the marriage ceremony in the cathedral. Rev. Dr. Carafagnini after the marriage said to Lan—

"Alexander, you are a good man, but I knew you'd never be a priest: you were too full of tricks in the college."

"Well, doctor," replied Lan, "considering what I went through since leaving the college I'm glad I didn't turn out a parson, not to think of being a priest."

"And now," as Mr. Malone expressed it in a full and elaborate account which he sent a few days afterwards to the *Delineator*—"and now the wedding party adjourned to the 'Look Alive' Hotel, conducted by an enterprising citizen of London, Ontario, who recently declared that the name of his hotel would form a very excellent motto for the city of St. John's in its totality. And," continued Mr. Malone, "the tables were all arranged under the personal supervision of the genial proprietor of the 'Look Alive,' and plates were laid for an incredible number of guests, urban and suburban, metropolitan and provincial. That mighty South Biglit Vulcan, Mr. Brophy the blacksmith, led hundreds of sealing guns who surrounded the Look Alive Hotel, and made that institution 'look alive' indeed with their fusillades of jubilation, and even of joy."

Thus far Mr. Malone in his correspondence with the *Delineator*, some numbers of which may still be found in the archives of Colonial Building.

But seated on either side of the bride and bridegroom were Robert Bennett on one side and Rube English and the spinster Aunt Kitty, on the other. And to tell the truth, the spinster aunt did not look such a model of contentment as might be expected. Or, as Rube English said, "She's mourning the hopes that leave her," as she looked on her niece and thought of the dim and distant days when she was the dashing Kitty English. Before supper Robert Bennett and Rube English shook hands for the first time in fifty years. And there are people who wonder at the outbreak of European wars, when a wretched foot or two

of potato-ground could keep neighbours thus severed for nearly half a century.

"Well, Robert," said Rube as he shook the latter's hand, "the deuce ever I thought that th' day would come I'd grasp your hand or eat at the same table with you. And as for marriage between our two children, why, I'd as soon think the sky would fall down on Deadman's Head. But anyhow, I'm a proud man to meet you here to-night, so give me your flipper and we'll make it all up and be good friends for ever."

This was an unusual outburst of cordiality for Rube English, and the hearty Robert responded to it with all warmth.

Then the supper proceeded, whilst Fathers Carafagnini, Lambert and Forrestall were seated as guests of honour, with Mr. Batt Smiles, the senior member for South Bight in the House of Assembly, beaming all over the board, so that there was no one excluded from the sunshine of his countenance. Father Forrestall explained to the company that he was detained a little late, attending the funeral, in fact, of Bill Hogan, whom the reader may remember as butler of the college in our earlier pages. Bill was a very large, or rather a bloated man, who died rather suddenly, but he had made a will prior to his death in which he expressly stipulated that he should get the "rounds of the town" on the occasion of his funeral. In other words, that his funeral procession should so proceed as to take in all the possible territory from Riverhead to Magotty Cove. Can anything exceed the vanities of humanity?

"Yes," continued Fr. Forrestall, "I was delayed an hour following that Hogan man's hearse, and now we're all glad to be here at the 'Look Alive' Hotel, with Father Lambert of South Bight and so many of

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" This tale of love in Terra Nova, of love crowned and consummated by pure and honourable matrimony, they were witnesses of that day in the wedding of two respectable young persons, Captain Alexander Bennett and Miss Mary English."

After Father Lambert had ceased to speak, the Honourable Batt Smiles arose and proposed the " good health " of the district of South Bight, coupling therewith the name of one of his oldest and best friends, that grand old Irish and Newfoundland patriot, Mr. Robert Bennett. The Honourable Bartholomew could not be surpassed, especially on a festive occasion.

Now it so happened that the balcony of the " Look Alive " Hotel overlooked an open space on Play House Hill, and as Captain Bennett's wedding took place just at the time when hero-worshipping St. John's had lionized him, the shrewd Canadian proprietor of the " Look Alive " knew that it would be good business, even in the financial sense, if he were to ask Mr. Smiles to speak to the people who had surrounded the hotel from the front thereof. The wedding company adjourned to the balcony, and there the Honourable Bartholomew " astonished the natives " in a speech of sensational interest, as the party newspaper described it next day, (Batt having sent in his manuscript in advance and ordered a thousand copies for circulation in South Bight.)

" But," said the honourable speaker, " I have two announcements to make which all our friends will be delighted to hear. The first is this : that the Government has placed a new steamer, and in fact the first steamer on the route from St. John's to South Bight, and has named Captain Bennett the commander of that steamer, which position he will retain as long as he wishes to hold it. (A tremendous hurrah from the

crowd and even a tiger called for by Myles Murphy.)

There may be some, indeed, who may criticize this appointment on the ground that Captain Bennett has fought for a foreign flag—(This was a thrust at the editor of the opposition paper, who was supposed to have wanted the captaincy for his nephew).

"But," continued the orator most dramatically, "will they criticize this?" and he held aloft a shining medal. "Will these envious people criticize this medal?" A Queen Victorian medal procured by our worthy Governor, and specially struck to commemorate the gallantry of Captain Bennett in saving so many lives from the wreck near Deadman's Head.

"Here, let me say," said Batt, "that Deadman is the only real rascal in South Bight, and he's a terrible old scoundrel." (A voice: "What about Jake Rugley?") "Now," continued Mr. Smiles, "the pleasing duty of pinning this medal on Captain Bennett's coat I shall leave to the bride, only saying as I give her the Queen's medal that I hope she will never meddle with her husband's politics unless he changes his mind so much as to vote against your humble servant, Bartholomew Smiles." (A voice from the crowd: "Good luck to you, Batt, but when it comes to the tongue you can't be jammed.")

It would be quite impossible to describe the wave of emotion which swept over the St. John's crowd as the graceful and blushing bride stepped forward and pinned the Queen's medal on her husband's breast. It would be still more impossible to describe the ovation given by the people next day as Captain Bennett, in charge of his new steamer, left Molloy's wharf and headed for the Narrows, flags waving everywhere for the nation's hero, whilst cannon boomed from Signal Hill.

But it would be most impossible of all to describe

the enthusiasm of prosaic New Port, when the steamer, covered with bunting, came in around Deadman and dropped anchor not an hundred yards from the Bennett homestead. Even Bill Slavin was out with a sealing gun-party of twelve, who lay hidden in a clump of bushes, and suddenly sprang up and discharged their guns over the heads of the bridal party as it stepped ashore. All New Port joined in the acclamation of welcome to Lan Bennett and his bride. New Port cheered, and New Port sang ; New Port hoisted all its bunting ; New Port lighted all its hills with bonfires ; New Port fired all its sealing guns ; New Port burst the old cannon on Deadman with its jubilation ; New Port kept up the festivities for a week, and did not forget that week for over fifty years, when the children and grandchildren of Alexander Bennett and Mary English had arisen in the land.

CHAPTER XLIX

SUSANNA GADDER AVENGED

AFTER the triumphal welcome extended by New Port to Lan Bennett and his bride, Mr. Jake Rugley felt that in some way or other he was grievously wronged, and determined to devise some means to wreak vengeance, full and complete, on the Bennetts and Englishes, and he determined to bring about this revenge on his neighbours in such a way as not to implicate himself, for Jake Rugley was a deep, shrewd man, whether drunk or sober, although if he were really as deep and as shrewd as he thought he was, he would not have taken so much ardent liquor as he did, nor would he have kept in such close contact with the Witch of Deadman's Head.

The Witch of Deadman's Head owed Mr. Rugley a spite which nothing but the best blood in his veins would wipe out. And now her daughter, the virtuous Susanna, was in league with the mother to bring about the destruction of the perfidious Rugley, who had dared to ignore her claim on his affections and to evince a preference for another.

The widow Gadder and her not very exemplary daughter had now joined forces for the overthrow of Rugley. Up to this time the gentle Susanna would have beaten the old dame if she so much as hinted anything to the prejudice of Jake Rugley. But now

the old dame verified the saying that Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned, and Susanna's not very filial way of addressing her ancient mother concerning the bag they were to put Mr. Rugley's head in may give an insight to her feelings.

"I don't care a dang, you old devil," said the gentlemaned Susanna. "I don't care how you get his head, but the main thing is to get it one way or another. There is a place along Deadman where the path goes close to the cliff. There is only one foot between that path and the edge of the cliff. The man who stumbles out of the right path will get a fall of three hundred feet if he gets an inch. Now, old mother, I lave it to you to find some way by which Jake Rugley can be turned head over heels as he passes along that part of Deadman's Head, and he'll be too drunk at the time to get his balance if ever he does stumble near the edge of the cliff that drops down a straight three hundred feet into the smuggler's grave."

The old witch or pirate or piratess responded to the charitable and forgiving Susanna with a grin that the Premier of Hell might have envied for the depth of its malignity.

Whatever plans the mother and daughter devised to get "Rugley's head in a bag," the first thing the infernal pair did was to construct a letter in Susanna's handwriting, and in the letter invited Rugley up to Deadman's Head. The letter was so constructed as to flatter his deepest passions, his love of revenge against the Bennetts. The correspondent hinted that some plan could be devised to injure the Bennetts and the Englishes in their property at least. In fact the whole affair had many of the features of a Kentucky novel as shown theatrically. Jake Rugley received the letter, and taking a double dose of St. Pierre rum,

thus adding to his natural daring and completely blinding him in the use of his naturally keen and shrewd judgment, he set out to walk along the edge of Deadman cliffs until he came to the witch's den, where the chaste Susanna dwelt with her satanic parent. Now to show what apparent trifles determine man's destiny, we may note here that a night or so after Alexander Bennett and his bride returned to New Port their good old dog, the faithful Crimea, was found to have been shot. The noble beast was killed deliberately by some one who took advantage of the general discharge of joy guns to fire the fatal shot. It subsequently transpired that it was by Jake Rugley's orders this deed of cruelty was done and from a motive of miserable spite. In destroying the brave and loyal Crimea Mr. Jake Rugley made the last and worst mistake of his life, because this noble dog knew every foot of Deadman's Hill, and Robert Bennett was accustomed to let Crimea accompany any of the neighbours that had business along Deadman's dangerous pathway, especially after nightfall. If Crimea had been still living on the night Jake Rugley made his last fatal visit to the witch's den on the gloomy misty hills, that gallant dog would have led him past the dangerous places; and if anyone rose from cover to attack even Rugley, Crimea would have torn the throat out of such an enemy, man or woman, dog or devil, for in fulfilling a trust Crimea's loyalty was the theme of song and story.

But this was not to be. Jake Rugley, by his extraordinary malice, was to build a road for his own destruction.

In answer to Susanna Gadder's "loving epistle" Rugley strides forth along the Deadman's hills, treading such familiar ground that he was quite indifferent to

danger, or seemed to be. Often before had he come along these hills on some business or rascality. More than once he was a partner with old Witch Gadder in showing false lights and thus luring vessels to their doom on the sharp rocks below. How little did he think that in a few moments the barque of his own life was to be dashed to pieces, and on those very rocks where he had caused many lives to be lost from wrecked vessels which he helped to pirate in the worst way.

Now see him striding along by the precipices of Deadman, unmindful of danger. But what is that? Surely it is a glimmer of light in that clump of bushes inside of the narrow path where the side of Deadman descends three hundred feet into the smuggler's grave? Rugley sees the glimmer of light too, but does not heed it, for he laughs in his half-drunken way at his own imaginations and continues his course. And now he has reached a point on the cliffs where the path runs on the edge of the abyss. Here he walks cautiously with his eyes fixed on the ground so firmly that he does not see what is about to happen. He does not see that his deadliest enemy, old Witch Gadder, is crouching in that clump of bushes like a wild creature in its lair making ready to spring on its approaching victim.

Rugley moves along by the edge of the precipice, eyes fixed on ground. Then the mother of the dishonoured Susanna Gadder seizes a long sought opportunity. With a laugh and a yell that a fiendess from the infernal regions might have envied, she jumps from her hiding-place and swinging a huge lantern which she kept to lead wrecked ships astray, she suddenly flashed that lantern in Rugley's face not an inch from his eyes. As she fiercely swings the lantern her words were, "Remember Susanna Gadder, you d——d

scoundrel, and remember Susanna Gadder's mother who now sends you to hell."

These were the last words that Jake Rugley was destined to hear on this side of eternity. The shock caused by the sudden and almost satanic appearance of the witch and the glare of her lantern made Rugley fall backwards and completely lose his balance. And before he could recover that lost balance he had gone headlong over the three hundred feet of cliff, plunging down through the darkness and scarcely pausing until his huge bloated body was dashed to pieces on the rocks that protruded from the smuggler's grave at the foot of the precipice.

As soon as widow Gadder saw that her work was done, and done to her most perfect satisfaction, she took a bottle of strong liquor from her pocket and uncorking it she held it over the cliff, and by way of a toast to the dead she cried in a demoniac voice:

"Here, Jake Rugley, here's wishing you a good wish for my daughter as well as myself on your first night in Hell. May the devil lodge you in the southwest corner and fling plenty of ashes in your eyes—ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho," and the cliffs of Deadman fairly rang back the echo of her diabolic laughter.

Her next step was to fly into New Port as fast as she could and put abroad the news that Jake Rugley, being drunk as he usually was, had fallen into the smuggler's grave from the heights of Deadman. Instantly the New Portians dashed to the shore to get out the eight-oared skiff to rescue Rugley's body from the sea. "What is it, Mrs. Gadder, what is it? D'ye think it's another wreck out at the smuggler's grave?" said one of the rescuers. "The devil skin you, but your family go to bed to drame on wrecks," retorted the malevolent widow as she went on board

the skiff, bringing a rough bag to carry Rugley's remains in, at least so she said.

But Mrs. Gadder had sworn to get Rugley's head in a bag, and now she is about to keep her word to the letter, for see that horrible sight in there amongst the rocks, yes—it is indeed the seducer's head; his face bloated and wearing the same sly smile that was habitual to him in life. As he fell headlong from the cliffs, three hundred feet, his body so descended that the back of his neck came precisely on a sharp ledge of rock and his head was sliced off as neatly as if done with an executioner's axe. Mrs. Gadder had no sentiment about burying the dead, consequently she sprang ashore from the skiff and seized Rugley's head and dropped it into a bag, and then with a cry of joy and defiance at the horrified oarsmen she disappeared amongst the cliffs and was never heard of again.

After the skiff's crew had rowed to the smuggler's grave the men stepped ashore there on the big rocks, and midst the trembling seas and at the risk of their lives got the body of the dead pirate, and putting it in the skiff and covering it with a sail they brought back their gruesome load to the deadman's house. The circumstances were such that it was decided instantly to coffin the remains and have them buried near the cemetery which extended in beyond the New Port church. As Jake Rugley had never been a Catholic, and as there was no Protestant cemetery in New Port, he was buried in a plot of ground outside of the regular burying ground, and there was left the seducer in his dreadful isolation.

After Rugley's funeral Miss Susanna Gadder, being driven out of New Port, departed for St. John's, where she went regularly into the liquor business, doing quite

a lively trade with the French islands and most skillfully defying even Sergeant Throttle.

New Port eventually became a thoroughly sober prohibition town, and the horrible example of the Gadders and their victim, Rugley, had much to do with this improvement. Rugley himself had always claimed that he was a native of Halifax; but Skipper Mickle Wells insisted that he was "bred," born and reared in St. John's, not ten yards from Play House Hill, and that Rugley called himself a Halifax citizen only to make a big man of himself. But the question is of very little importance.

Lan Bennett and his wife were more horrified by the fate of Rugley than anyone else in New Port, as his shocking death occurred so soon after their happy homecoming; and yet they had less reason to regret his departure, because Rugley was a thoroughly bad man in every sense and he was a most artful dodger as well. Besides that, he hated the Bennetts, and if the Gadder woman had not given him that three hundred feet drop from Deadman's he would most certainly have continued to annoy the Bennetts, and as there was no police protection in New Port he could have injured them on the sly in a hundred ways.

As it was, the happiness of Lan Bennett and his faithful spouse was unclouded as the midday, and when the firstborn of the third generation of Bennetts appeared in New Port there was a friendly dispute as to whether the new boy should be called Reuben like his maternal grandfather, or whether he should perpetuate the sturdy name of Robert Bennett.

We are pleased to state that the boy was called Robert, and Robert senior was more proud of young Robert than he was even of Lan when he saw him hailed as a hero by all Newfoundland.

CHAPTER L

THE DOMINION OF NEWFOUNDLAND

BEFORE closing our story of the personal interests of that group of Newfoundlanders—good, bad and indifferent with which we have hitherto dealt—we may turn for a moment to take a glance at Newfoundland itself, and in order to do so let us proceed on a voyage of imagination along the coast and through the centre of the island. Over 2,000 miles of coast line, 42,000 square miles of territory, holding a central position between Europe and America the oldest of all Britain's over-ocean Dominions, the Norway or Switzerland of the West, surely such a country so diversified in its scenery, its industries and its history, must make a manifold appeal to the tourist, the huntsman, the mining expert, and even to the farmer. In one word, to all classes of Britons.

In order to give expression to our views on Newfoundland in general, we shall make with our readers an imaginary steamer voyage along South and West Newfoundland, returning to St. John's by rail. Our only regret at present is that we cannot write of a railway from the extreme south to the straits of Bell Isle. But such a highway of traffic must inevitably come. The fisheries of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland are too important to the Empire in general to remain impeded in their operation for lack of railway

communication. The scenery of North Newfoundland and Labrador and the mining wealth of that territory will yet astonish the world.

The South Bight of our story is supposed to lie near Fortune Bay. We shall now make our tour of imagination by steamer, and having left St. John's on a fine, clear day, we have now proceeded along the southern shore and landed in Ferryland or Renew's. All this is a fine seaside country, rich in fishery resource and well adapted to do a large tourist trade. The new railway has made a new southern shore. One of the latest industries there established is the manufacture of peat for fuel purposes.

Ferryland lies close to the misty ocean, and is remarkable for the Galway-like impressiveness of its sea margin. All that shore is like the Scottish or Irish coast. Englishmen visiting Ferryland will find there a deep interest in its being the foundation of the settlement made by Lord Baltimore.

As we move farther south we go by Cape Mary with all its tragic associations of marine disaster, and we enter the Port of Trepassey, which has lately been connected with St. John's by railway. There is in all that region a goodly amount of agricultural land, besides fishing resource. St. Mary's Bay comes next on the route, and here too the farmer may find good return for his outlay.

It may be remarked in passing that there has been little or no immigration into Newfoundland since the earlier days of the nineteenth century. After the island's discovery by Cabot in 1497, there was a general rush across the ocean from the British Islands, but in course of time the more extensive regions of Canada and the United States absorbed the European immigrant literally in millions. The great drawback to

Newfoundland has been the lack of communication, both internal and external. It has suffered by isolation. The people of all Newfoundland's eighteen districts have with one or two exceptions enacted temperance legislation such as has reduced the island's drinking bill to the least possible figure.

In St. Mary's Bay there is the rich and beautiful sea arm called "Salmonier," a name which of itself suggests streams and cataracts where the salmon makes its headquarters. The woods that embower Salmonier and neighbouring ports are the most abundant to be found in that part of Newfoundland.

And now we enter the great Bay of Placentia and come to its chief town, Placentia, where in 1660 our now gallant allies, the French, built up a military stronghold which even in its ruins tells the strength of the original structure. No British traveller in Newfoundland should omit the trip to Placentia. The railway system of the district will probably be completed before many years have gone by, and the British tourist, angler, huntsman, or artist will find much material of ancient and modern interest in every bit of Placentia Bay. The streams that pour into its sea arms are richly supplied with trout and salmon, whilst all that region known as Cape Shore is a place whose resources of air, earth and water will only be duly appreciated when the whistle of the locomotive awakens the echoes of Branch, St. Bride's and Golden Bay.

As the British traveller stands on Castle Hill and in one sweep of the eye takes in a bay no less famed for the purple and gold of its sunlit landscape than that of Dublin or Naples, he will think with pride that the British flag now floats over the broken battlements of that historic hill and he will think with admiration of that gallant French race, which by the energy and

courage of its Basque colonists built up a town with church and convent on the great level beach of the peninsula of Placentia, and planted guns on all the hills to defend the Fleur de Lis and the honour of the Grande Monarque, Louis XIV.

But Placentia is now British. It became so by treaty. The Fleur de Lis of France has long since departed, but as long as France and Britain stand shoulder to shoulder for the peace of Europe, and the liberties of mankind, they will never again meet to exchange shots in anger but rather to direct their joint efforts for the highest principles of honour and humanity.

Placentia is gradually building up a big business, worthy the capital of the most extensive district in Newfoundland.

We have already been on a visit to St. Pierre in company with Lan Bennett. All that remains to say now is that the French islands are strongly English in sentiment, and if ever they separated from the old country France, they would probably unite their destiny with Newfoundland and become the most flourishing tourist metropolis on the American coast.

Across towards the west from Placentia is the district of Burin, a fine business centre, and then we come to the sea-built towns of Fortune and Grand Bank. The latter place is the headquarters of an extensive fishery. There is a fleet of schooners out of Grand Bank as remarkable or nearly so as that which leaves the port of Gloucester. All these places have begun to cry out for railway extension.

Fortune Bay is called the "Home of the Herring." Its chief towns are St. Jacques and Harbour Brittain—both remarkable for shipbuilding.

Farther west we meet such places as Hermitage Bay, Gaultois, Burgeo, Ramea, Rose Blanche, Channell

and Portaul Basque. No part of Newfoundland requires railway extension more than that region. Without railways its mineral and other resources are practically lost to the Empire.

And now having rounded Cape Ray, we enter on the west coast of Newfoundland, and also on a new chapter in our story, but before doing so we must warn our British readers that no country has been so persistently misrepresented to the world for 400 years by ignorant and malicious writers as Newfoundland has been. Nor was it all politics either. No, but in a spirit of malevolent prejudice the rock-bound front of Newfoundland has been misrepresented for centuries. These writers were in an unhappy alliance with a small group of cod-fish speculators, who were unwilling that wealthy agricultural capitalists should come, lest their own "claims," procured from dishonest politicians, should be invaded. The old argument that Newfoundland's destiny is merely to be a fish station is only an appeal to the lowest form of ignorance that can be found in the island.

THE WEST COAST.

It was Lord Salisbury who described Newfoundland as the "sport of historic misfortune." From the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, until near the end of the nineteenth century, all of West Newfoundland was practically under foreign domination. We have seen in another part of this volume of fiction founded on fact that this domination of British territory by a foreign though friendly power, could lead to many complications for individual natives.

As the historians of the island often remarked when the treaty of Utrecht was signed in 1713 there was supposed to be no "native Newfoundlander," but

either Britons or French—using the word Briton in its narrower sense. Now, in the course of two centuries, Newfoundland acquired a "native population" of a very sturdy and determined kind. In other British dominions and in minor colonies the word native usually means "aboriginal" or "coloured." Newfoundland is the only absolutely white man's overseas dominion in the whole Empire. With us native means a person of British parents or ancestry, born in Newfoundland.

Many amusing contradictions have arisen from an eccentric use of the word "native." The story goes that in early immigration days, when families came to Newfoundland the children that were born in the British Islands used in the home circle to beat with their fists their young brothers who happened to be born after the family had arrived in Newfoundland. Then of course when these younger brothers, the "natives" grew up, they returned the compliment with clenched fists against the old country stock, their elder brethren. Of course this is only one of the many exaggerations of folk-lore history.

Native means in Newfoundland a white man born in the island. There will scarcely ever be a colour problem in Newfoundland as there is in Canada and U.S.A. There are only a few Indians who came into Newfoundland some years ago from their native island of Cape Breton. In fact the admission of undesirable immigrants into North America is now universally regarded as a curse to the whole continent. Newfoundlanders would start a revolution against any politicians that would bring in the so-called "scabs." Unhappily some did get in, but the people had not been aware of the plot until too late. Nothing would do a greater injury to the British Empire than

to import doubtful colonists into any part of British American Dominions. The people believe that a White British Empire is the only one worth existing and dying for.

In steaming along the west coast, or in going by train from Bay St. George to Bay of Islands, we may see where farming settlements have been formed by immigrants from the neighbouring island of Cape Breton. They are mostly of Scottish Highland stock, industrious, thrifty and "canny." But it is curious the power that Newfoundland has of Newfoundlandizing its people. The grandparents and parents may have been English, Irish or Scottish, but the native-born children or grandchildren always call themselves "Newfoundlanders," and that without any hyphen—such mongrel phrases as "Irish Newfoundlanders," "Scotch Newfoundlander," "English Newfoundlander" are never heard in our island.

Regarding immigration into Newfoundland which has already begun, there is some danger of the country being overflowed with undesirable immigrants. Such a danger can be obviated by foresighted statesmanship, and should be obviated in the best interests of the Empire as well as of the Dominion of Newfoundland itself.

The best class of immigrants that the Newfoundland can get or can afford to admit, are those of the farming class, by preference from the British Islands. The fullest development of Newfoundland's agricultural wealth which is now hidden can only be had when the whole public of the island is actually educated to farming; when the Government gives a good share of attention to this interest, when the farmers of the island become more combined; when a big share of the revenue is spent in opening the island's farming areas; when

colleges to teach farming are started ; when scientific lectures on farming are held in every hall all over the island ; when annual farming conventions are arranged for ; when agricultural papers are circulated ; when farming exhibitions are made yearly ; when colonies of men are sent out from St. John's to start farms along the railway line, and above all when thousands of farming immigrants from Europe or Canada are brought into Central Newfoundland.

After that, or rather before that, there should be branches of railway and good roads opened up to every farming region in the island. Better ten miles of railway for farmers than a hundred miles for mere excursion traffic.

Some of the things mentioned above are being done, and the press of the island is now pursuing an active campaign in an agricultural direction. The " West Coast " is supposed to be a land of promise as regards agriculture. The railway run from Portaux Basque to Bay of Islands shows the beginnings of colonization all along—Bay St. George with its centre at Sandy Point largely interested in the herring fishery and inland culture. Its growth since railway days has been rapid and continuous. " Bay of Islands," called by the Scotch " Bonny Bay of Islands," recalls the words of Sir Walter Scott :

" Land of brown heath and shaggy wood
Land of the mountain and the flood."

Surely here might some gifted poet find material almost equal to that which the " Wizard of the North " found near Loch Kathrine or in the Highlands. No traveller by train that passes through the vast panorama of crags, forests, meadows, islands and sky-blue bay that mark this part of Newfoundland will easily forget its

impressions. It literally bursts on the view with a brightness and a variety altogether surprising.

But it is the canyon of the Humber that gives an almost Rocky Mountain aspect to Western Newfoundland—

"Where would you see in foreign land
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

"Where would you see in foreign land" a smoother, fairer sheet of water than that space where the salt waves of the bay join with the dark tide of the onrushing Humber river? "Where would you see" greener islands or fresher verdure than along these tree-clad shores? "Where would you see" a sturdier mountain height than that near Humber mouth? Where would your train pass through a finer avenue of natural scenery than that which you traverse here along the banks of the Humber and the great lakes that lie in its pathway?

It was in the spirit of sincerity that West Newfoundland and the whole island extended a few years ago the traditional "Hundred thousand welcomes to the Governor-General of Canada," the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia, as also to his predecessor, the Earl Grey.

Close to the mouth of the Humber a new town is to be started. Its industry will be such that it may eventually attract population. As the purpose of these pages is not to slavishly glorify or passionately belittle any political party, we shall content ourselves with saying that this new project was the subject of strong criticism. It is a many-sided question this, but anyone may see that Newfoundland at present is on the eve of great industrial developments, and whether such developments shall be for good or ill will depend largely on the wisdom of those who direct the country's affairs,

whether they be a progressive government or an energetic and critical opposition.

CENTRAL NEWFOUNDLAND

Newfoundland has no great navigable rivers, although the estuaries of the Humber and Exploits float steamers even of the largest tonnage. Nature, however, has compensated for this by piercing the coastline of the triangular island with a series of bays or inlets running inland from the Atlantic for miles, and deep enough to float the heaviest ships almost into the heart of the country at various points along the shore.

Although there are no very great rivers, there are lakes that might be called inland seas, so big are they. Why do not such lakes pour forth immense rivers? Perhaps because of their nearness to the sea, the stream's course is short; or perhaps because of the lack of great mountain chains, such as might precipitate the floods in torrents upon the low-lying plains and thus cut deeper channels for rivers. The biggest lake in the country is "Grand Lake," or as the Devonshire men called it "Big Pond." It is sixty miles long, heavily fringed with timber, surrounded by excellent agricultural land, and yet scarcely known to the public.

Though Newfoundland is not a mountainous country, it is far from being a dead level. There are many hills of Alpine picturesqueness on the west coast, and to one crossing the country by train the "flinty spires" of the "Topsails" rise over that region of "perpetual granite."

Newfoundland building stone of the best kind is found all over the island, and when the late Archbishop Howley was reconstructing the Catholic cathedral in St. John's he ordered native granite for the new building. It is probable that similar material will be used

for the Newfoundland Catholic University. Rumour says that Power's Court Conception Bay, the Brighton of Newfoundland, is likely to be chosen as the site of the new Catholic University.

The traveller crossing Newfoundland will notice that nearly every station bears the name of some person who figured in the public life of the Dominion of Newfoundland. The railway, whatever its defects as regards agricultural advantages, was well laid out as a tourist line. The traveller who in the morning has refreshed his vision with the beauty and variety of the Humber and Bay of Islands, will towards sunset gaze on the landscape and sea views of North-east Newfoundland at the mouth of the Exploits. And many think that some great coastal town will spring up in the Exploits valley near the sea in future years.

The town of Grand Falls is one of the most remarkable growths that interior Newfoundland has yet witnessed. Lord Northcliffe, the famous London newspaper king, has there established colossal pulp factories which employ thousands of people. The town of Grand Falls is much too solid to be called a mushroom growth. It now has its streets, churches, shops and country mansions, and may one day be the Birmingham of Newfoundland, just as Norrise's Arm may become the island's Liverpool or Glasgow.

It is some district on the north-east coast of Newfoundland, probably Green Bay, that will be the stopping place for the prospective fast lines of steamers which will connect the British Islands with Western Canada by carrying freight and passengers and mails a three days' ocean voyage from Blacksod Bay, Galway, to North-east Newfoundland. Fast trains and gulf steamers and the Canadian Pacific Railway will then run them to the Pacific coast. And thus our Empire

will have the greatest and swiftest line of travel that humanity has ever seen.

Of course there are some obstacles in the way, but the British race would not have planted its flag beside the World's Seven Seas if it were to hang back either for real or imaginary obstacles; and most of the obstacles to this fast line of steamers between the old world and the new are imaginary obstacles, or rather they are the invention of unscrupulous speculators and monopolists who believe in no "short route of travel" except that route by which an extra dollar is transferred to the port of their own personal pockets.

We believe that all British statesmen would favour such a line of Atlantic steamers, although they would prefer to see the immigrants that might come by such a line located in Eastern Canada and Newfoundland than diffused all over the prairie provinces of the distant West. That Central Newfoundland will get a wave of immigration within the next few years is morally certain. But the difficulty will be not as regards numbers and quantity but quality. We want by preference the best and most reliable scientific farmers that Britain can send us.

In starting such a new town as Grand Falls, Lord Northcliffe has done a good bit of work for the Newfoundland farmers for miles around. He has given a market town to the whole west coast. The people can there sell their produce and get of course straight cash instead of the old "truck system," which prevailed in St. John's where, let us say, a Torbay man might drive his humble nag laden with birch splits, billets and whorts or codfish to some shop in St. John's and take in exchange for it any old rubbish the shopkeeper chose to give.

New towns like Grand Falls and even Whitbourne

have at least made that much improvement in the conditions of the farmer and fisher. Most of the London people who read Lord Northcliffe's papers are unaware that the material out of which these papers are made was the pulp manufactured at Grand Falls and grown in the woodlands of Central Newfoundland.

A common argument against new towns of a factory kind is that they are merely of a temporary nature. That however, is not always a correct view. Such towns generally acquire other auxiliary industries, even after the main industry with which they started has gone back somewhat. And since the system of re-forestation and preservation from fire has been adopted in Newfoundland, and since penniless timber grabbers as they are locally called have been suppressed, there is no reason to doubt that the pulp industry of Newfoundland may endure for centuries. It certainly can never be a more precarious or less profitable industry than the over-rated cod fisheries.

WHITBOURNE AND THE NORTH

The students of English colonial expansion will be gratified to know that the grand old man of our history, Sir Richard Whitbourne, is commemorated in the name of our first and for years our only "inland town."

A graceful and gifted Newfoundland poetess has written some very happy lines on Whitbourne when it started as a bustling railway town (I quote from memory and perhaps inaccurately)—

"Whitbourne midst the virgin forest,
In the future what's thy part?
Even now the pulse of progress
Permeates thy sylvan heart."

And again—

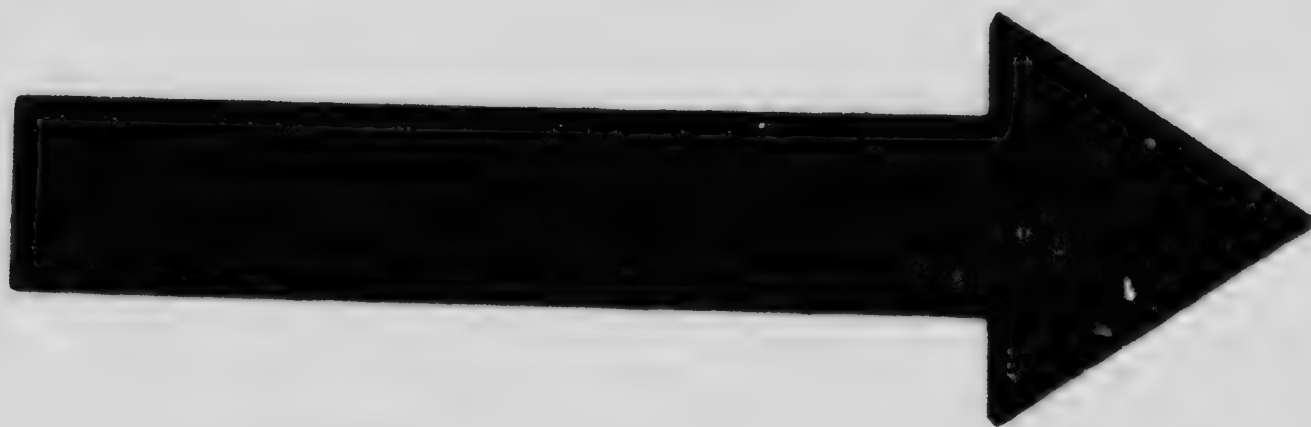
“Making belief thou art a power
Mid the cities of the world.”

Whitbourne's future seemed to be “all behind it,” as the Scotchman said, especially a few years ago when its “machine shops” were transferred to St. John's West. But Whitbourne had taken root in fertile soil and it is still plodding along, cultivating its land and keeping its fine broad streets open, and even extending its frontiers a little. All travellers regret that the old carriage road between Placentia and Colonette has gone into a state of collapse. It passes through the finest scenery in Newfoundland.

Like Washington, Whitbourne might be described as the “city of magnificent distances.” It is a splendid level or undulating site, rising here and there in gradual hills, embowered in rich and graceful foliage, with beautiful mirror-like lakes, and possessing good land and plenty of it. Whitbourne roads and railway lines branch out in every direction. Towards the south and west it communicates with Placentia and St. Mary's Bays. The traveller at Whitbourne may take his ticket for Harbour Grace, Carbonier, Brigus, Trinity Bay, Bonavista, Twillingate, or New Zealand for that matter.

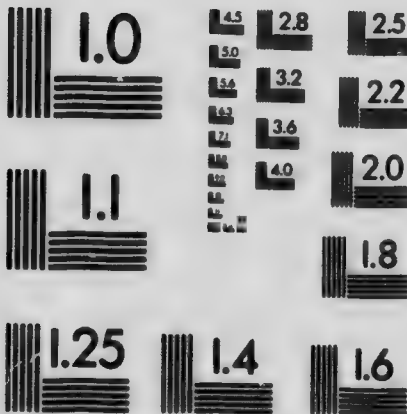
One who wants to get an idea of the mineral history of Newfoundland will go to the copper regions of Little Bay or Betts Cove or Placentia Bay. These mines have fallen off a little, but they did big business in their day, and amongst those who worked them were hundreds of men from Wales and Cornwall.

Whilst every one admits that Newfoundland should be one of the richest mining countries in the world and capable by its mines of employing millions of people, there seems to be some sort of “conspiracy of silence”



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in political circles to keep all specific knowledge on our mining wealth, a sealed book to the general public. The truth is the country has never been thoroughly explored, even though it might be a Klondyke in potential mineral wealth. Considering that the Dominion of Newfoundland has been discovered 418 years, the practical British reader will feel inclined to say that it is high time either to explore it thoroughly, or else stop bragging about its mines.

It would require the graceful and ingenious pen of the poet to give appropriate description of the scenes of Northern Newfoundland. There are places where the steamer moves along through channels as smooth as the waterways of Venice, whilst overhead there tower the cliffs that rise like in the fjords of Norway. Then as the steamboat advances, it seems to be caught in a cluster of tree-clad islands and the passenger wonders how the boat can work its way through what seems to be a perfect labyrinth, but there are few seamen in the British Empire to compare with our shrewd native Newfoundland captains and their daring dreadnought crews. No man is so fearless at sea as the native Newfoundland seaman, and no man is so humbly trustful in Providence or so careful and so truly courteous to those under his charge.

If instead of going north from the junction town of Whitbourne, we go in the direction of St. John's, then shall such a trip repay our efforts.

The town of Holy Rood will recall to the British traveller many old-time Scottish memories, even in its name, and in its physical features too, for it has peaks and crags that ascend to a sublimity of almost Highland impressiveness.

The railway station of Kelligrews brings us in view of Conception Bay, where Bell Island seems to float

on the waves like the legendary Hy Brazil. Although the ocean "hollows the rocks," and although Bell Island in golden summertide is as beautiful as Hy Brazil, it is not like Hy Brazil composed of such stuff as "dreams are made." On the contrary, its foundations at least are composed of good prosaic pig iron which runs ever so far under the sea, and which is making Bell Island a new Pittsburg. The island employs two thousand men in extracting its ore, and if Britain had no other interest in Newfoundland than Bell Island, it would consider that alone as a property worth almost as much as the mines of Peru were worth to old Spain.

"Manuel's River has near it a railway station, too, and this charming place on the margin of Conception Bay is spoken of as the probable site of the Newfoundland Catholic University. A more ideal place could not be imagined for an educational establishment, near the city, and yet not near its distractions.

Scenes are there fair, in every land,
Where nature shows her wondrous hand,
Rivers I've seen in East and West,
Where tourists throng for change and rest,
But still to my contented mind
Hath "Home, Sweet Home," its meaning kind,
Far might I roam and yet for ever
Find "Hearts Delight" near Manuel's River.

Topsail now! Topsail! What a typical Newfoundland name! There it is, the future Brighton of Newfoundland: surrounded by green fields and orchards; in front a long surf-covered beach which only requires artificial appliances to become by its bathing and racing facilities the playground of the nations, and now St. John's.

NEW ST. JOHN'S AND HIS EXCELLENCY THE
GOVERNOR

With the name of St. John's, the island's capital, Britons everywhere will associate the name of the representative of Royalty—the Governor. For the most part, Newfoundland has been happy in the gentlemen sent by the British Government to represent the King's power in the Dominion. There is perhaps a deeper sentiment of veneration for a Governor in Newfoundland than there is for a similar functionary in Canada. This, of course, is merely a difference in national temperament. Both Dominions are taught to give proper respect to all legitimate authority. And is not respect for authority the only, or at least the best, safeguard against anarchy? Is it not better for such respect to be rendered freely and voluntarily than to be enforced at the point of the bayonet as in the case of less favoured nations than Britain?

Newfoundland has, therefore, much reason to be pleased with a majority of those who were sent to fill the viceregal chair. True, there have been "horrible exceptions" to this honourable rule, as in the case of the "old fishing admirals," who were occasionally tarred with the brush of bigotry, but they could scarcely be said "to have been sent" in any regular way by the British Empire. They rather came as semi-pirates than as self-respecting, sober naval officers. To-day we read of them as the half-legendary personages of our history. The Governor sent by Britain to Newfoundland to-day is usually a gentleman of refinement; a scholar; an empire builder in the true sense of the term. No man would do more to injure the Empire in Newfoundland than a Governor who would not understand his own place and position. That is why the "old fishing admirals" failed. They

meant well but they were afflicted with "invincible ignorance." They were like that American army officer of whom it was said "he not only filled the position but he overflowed it (with self-complacency) and ran down on the other side." Newfoundland has had no "fishing admirals" for a hundred years, and is not likely to ask for any for another thousand years at least.

To understand a Governor's position in St. John's, it will be as well to take a glance at the general position of the town in all its aspects. Let the Briton who has not yet visited Newfoundland imagine himself entering the St. John's port by an Atlantic passenger steamer. As he stands on the steamer's deck he looks skyward and sees the view impeded by the tall and frowning walls of Southside and Signal Hills, which spring from the bed of the Atlantic and form the "native bulwarks of the pass" into a triangular harbour, where on the south side rises a lofty range of hills now called "Mount Howley," in honour of its poet, the late Archbishop Howley. "High on the north through middle air" rise the dual towers of the Catholic Cathedral, from the steps of which you look over the roofs of the hill-side city clear down to the water's edge, where lie fishing vessels, and in the spring sealing steamers from all Newfoundland.

The south side of St. John's is lined with fish and sealing stores; whilst near the north side of the harbour runs Water Street, the principal business avenue of a town of about 30,000, suburbs included. Government House and the Parliament of the Newfoundland Dominion are located at the north side of St. John's, on nearly the same line of Street with the Catholic Cathedral and Catholic Archbishop's House, viz. Military Road.

This latter street, as its name implies, was built over fifty years ago, when St. John's was a "garrison town," and to this day there is a hill in the city ascending towards the cathedral called "Garrison Hill," whilst close to this hill on the west is the Fort Towns end, and beyond is the old Parade Ground, now enclosed as a city park. From this Parade Ground the soldiers opened a military road, along the northern brow of St. John's; this road terminates at Fort William, near Signal Hill. The entrance to St. John's had been fortified, and it is thought that after the war it may be again fortified and manned by native Newfoundland volunteers.

We have mentioned some of these things in another part of this volume, and we now refer to them again merely to show what problems might confront Newfoundland Governors in modern times.

There was an historic conflagration in St. John's in the summer of 1892. It swept over the east and north section of the city, nearly up to Military Road, leaving miles of skeleton houses, shops, halls and public buildings to mark its course. Thousands of people were left houseless, and had to take temporary shelter in canvas tents in parks on the north and west side of the town. St. John's West escaped the ravages of the fire, and that by the mercy of Providence, for in case of a universal burning many lives of young, old and feeble would have been endangered.

Now to show how rapidly, St. John's, Newfoundland, can recuperate, a new St. John's has arisen out of the ashes of 1892, within the course of twenty-two years; and that new St. John's has now included and covered with fine modern residences all those spaces which before the fire were merely uncultivated land. Two years after the fire came the bank crash of 1894.

Even that did not kill the national spirit of Newfoundland. In fact, it turned the people's minds towards farming and new industries, and made them far more honest and self-respecting than in the old days, when they were running their mercantile shops and fishing business on the credit system and by crooked dealings with the banks, out of such fish-merchant business they got nothing but debts and poverty. Some people say the "bank crash" actually saved the country.

During these soul-trying years the Governor of Newfoundland was Sir Herbert Murray, as strong and as competent a man as ever filled the position. No man ever cared less for the public opinion of Newfoundland than Sir Herbert did. He used to tongue-lash all the politicians, and snap his fingers at all local criticism. But the people believed in his fearless honesty. He was so different from the oily politicians and the fish merchants they knew before his time.

Sir Cavendish Boyle was remarkable not only for great gifts of diplomacy and excellent sanity and judgment but he was also the Poet of Government House. His strong, manly ballad, "God guard thee, Newfoundland," has become almost a national anthem.

Sir Cavendish Boyle would frequently meet the people of St. John's in their clubs and halls, and there address with rich British fervour and eloquence as to incite their most enthusiastic patriotism for the Empire. Sir Cavendish was highly and universally respected for virtue, integrity, and statesmanship; and even after leaving the Dominion of Newfoundland, he still maintained a friendly correspondence with many of its leading citizens.

Sir William McGregor was a thorough Highland chieftain in appearance as in name. "Where the McGregor sits there is the head of the table" is an

historic saying, and it was well verified even in the physical appearance of him who so illustriously represented the ancient name as Governor of Newfoundland.

Sir William was a man of great scientific acquirement. He had been a distinguished scientist and scholar, and wished to see Newfoundlanders industrious, painstaking, persevering, and temperate. He urged the importance of temperance legislation in his addresses to the people, and took a keen, scholarly interest in the cause of education. He had withal a deep, shrewd Scottish humour, and in his public speeches he had always something to say that was worth remembering. Like all true British statesmen, he believed in the fullest development of Newfoundland's industrial resources.

His successor, Sir Ralph Williams, appears to have had a rather stormy term of office. But Sir Ralph was not a bit afraid of the storm and "rode it out" like a British Dreadnought—quite triumphantly. He published a book on Newfoundland which evoked much criticism of a hostile kind in some sections of the Press.

Notwithstanding all that, he was a strong man in his office, and one who made himself acquainted with all phases of Newfoundland political life. Like most of his predecessors Sir Ralph Williams was a scholar and an Empire builder. He had boundless energy and fearlessness, and was a type of man that would make the flag respected in any part of the world.

His Excellency Governor Davidson is yet in the midst of his activities, but he appears to have done work for Newfoundland and the Empire in a manner worthy the very best traditions of his office. It is during Governor Davidson's administration that New-

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foundland has sent nearly four thousand soldiers to fight with the Allies in Europe; that it has contributed nearly two thousand naval reserve men to the British fleet in the North Sea; that it has raised an immense Aeroplane and Patriotic Fund.

The Historian of the future will name Governor Davidson amongst the greatest statesmen of Britain Beyond the Seas.

These few remarks on general current history will introduce our readers to the final chapter in the story of the "Last Sentinel of Castle Hill," and will bridge the gulf between the older Newfoundland and the Newfoundland that is yet to be.

CHAPTER LI

NEW PORT SIXTY YEARS AFTER- WARDS

NOW we have to solve a problem as regards the tremendous industrial progress which had been made by New Port, the shire-town or electoral capital of South Bight, in 192-.

How is it that the route between Gorman's Foot to Deadman, which was but a "rocky road to Dublin" in Father Lambert's day there, is now, in 192-, a splendid street-car line and such an automobile track that American millionaires who returned to New Port for its historic "Old Home week" and city tournament of 192- said that a better motor road did not run even in British Columbia, which had the best roads in all America?

How is it that the olden school-house in which Mr. Malone wielded the staff of authority is now exchanged for a magnificent structure of granite and brick, and is surrounded by most elaborate athletic grounds and a city park, which park, by the way, contains a statue of Captain Alexander Bennett, taken from his favourite picture of himself, in which he wears the uniform of an American soldier, although his grandson with still deeper pride wears the uniform of a British officer?

How is it that the space beyond Jake Rugley's stores and flakes is now covered with workshops of the most elaborate kind?

How is that by the side of Brophy's blacksmith shop a grandson of Brophy has opened a magnificent hotel? And the splendid set of theatrical buildings in which none but elevating pictures and dramas are shown? How can all these and a hundred other developments, including convents, and a presbytery inhabited by three priests, members of one of America's most zealous and learned religious orders—how can all this be explained?

We answer that "Deadman" is the word that unlocks the puzzle.

What, Deadman, hitherto associated with wrecks and storms and destruction: Deadman in which Silas Flusher spent so much borrowed money to raise imaginary mineral—how can any good come out of Deadman?

Well, it all happened in this way: Deadman was actually full of mineral, but of a much richer kind than Silas Flusher ever so much as dreamed of, and at last a vein of mineral was opened up which proved to be practically inexhaustible, for it ran under the sea as well as to the top of the cliffs. And it was because of the developments following this rich discovery in Deadman that a new town sprang up on the margin of New Port harbour which surpassed all such places as Grand Falls, St. John's, and Bell Island. Even the *West Bight Skit*, a paper bitterly opposed to that great agricultural and scientific journal, the *South Bight Volunteer*, was forced to admit that the mere tourist traffic to New Port for its internationally renowned salt-water bathing was worth a million dollars a year at very least.

And so well and truly had Father Lambert laid the foundation of temperance work in New Port by his total abstinence and prohibition campaign that the

religious order which succeeded to his mission was enabled to build the finest temperance hall in Newfoundland there, the structure being composed of granite from the famous Deadman quarries.

About the time that the Deadman mines surprised the world, a great immigration carefully selected by the Government was beginning to pour into Central Newfoundland, and mostly from Western Canada, which immigration brought thousands of scientific farmers, miners, and skilled workers generally.

It may be noted that the great bishop whose name has frequently dignified these pages had predicted in one of his lectures that the time would come when the movement of migrating nations would flow back from Western Canada to the Eastern Province, and would gradually extend over Newfoundland. This was the prediction of Bishop Mullock, a most profound student of history; and in 192- the bishop's prediction began to find its literal verification in that great multitude of the best kind of European farmers and miners that came from the prairie provinces in their eastern trek.

Nor was the Government of the day unmindful of its duties as regards admitting only the very best class of European Immigrants from Western Canada. In fact, the "South Eight Volunteers" threatened an armed rebellion if the Government so far betrayed the people as to make Newfoundland a dumping ground for undesirable aliens from any country whatsoever. And by taking that stand the circulation of the *Volunteer* instantly grew to 50 per cent. more than it formerly had, and the *West Bight Skit* joined in the cry for a "clean immigration," otherwise its office would have been wrecked by an indignant public.

And the thousands of acres of smiling farms, re-

claimed and cultivated by educated farmers who emigrated from Western Canada to New Port, proved that hitherto farming in Newfoundland had been retarded rather by popular ignorance, illiteracy and sloth, than by any lack of fertility in the soil.

Also it is pleasing to add that the first railway branch to New Port was due to the spirited advocacy of the Honourable Murphy Robinson Smiles (a grandson of the Hon. Batt), who from his place in the House of Assembly denounced the Government for its lack of public spirit, to say no worse, in leaving such a town as New Port without railway communication.

But the occasion in which we are interested is the great holiday of August 1, 192-, held by the New Portians. On that occasion the distinguished New Portian, Lieutenant Robert Bennett, a great-grandson of Robert, the father of Lan, and the grandson of Lan, our hero, appeared in his ancestral town on the occasion of his wedding tour. He came with his bride in an aeroplane, having by that "chariot of the air" toured all Newfoundland, from St. John's to St. Pierre, and thence home to New Port. Now Lieutenant Robert Bennett was an officer in the Newfoundland Imperial Volunteers, which organization had been initiated at the time of a visit to Newfoundland of a personage immediately connected with British Royalty.

The Newfoundland Imperial Volunteers had been in active service prior to 192-, and Lieutenant Bennett, though a man of less than twenty-five years, had served with distinction. The Volunteers had a regular military garrison in New Port, and on the occasion of Lieutenant Robert Bennett's return to New Port with his bride the local regiment, privates and officers, gave him a royal reception. Every building in the town was decorated with bunting, from the Brophy Temperance Hotel to

the Marconi Station on the very summit of Deadman.

A Newfoundland battleship, manned and officered by natives, and called the "*Wadhams*," thundered forth its heaviest artillery in honour of the gallant lieutenant's wedding; whilst the miners in Deadman responded with such dynamite charges that the old hill almost toppled over, and the reverberating shocks and clouds of smoke could be heard and seen even in the town of St. Pierre.

The *South Bight Volunteer* refuted the insinuations of the *West Bight Skit*, that Lieutenant Bennett's visit had a political significance. "Our contemporary," said the *Volunteer*, "seems to do nothing else but talk politics even in its sleep. But in spite of its miserable criticisms, Lieutenant Bennett's personal claims on the goodwill of South Bight are second to those of no man in Newfoundland, and very much superior to any claims that could be put forward by the wretch who edits the despicable *Skit*, which makes West Bight ridiculous."

From the tone of this remark we may infer that journalism in South Bight was not always as gentle as it should be. We, however, are not concerned with Lieutenant Bennett's politics, but for the sake of his grandparents, Alexander Bennett and Mary English, whom we have known so well and respected so deeply, we wish the gallant lieutenant and his fair young bride many long and happy years, and thus at peace with all who have accompanied us on our voyage, we now proceed to furl our sails and drop our anchor, expressing a hope that we all may be in company once again on the buoyant seas of Newfoundland literature.

THE END.

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